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CONTENTS.

I. Party Politics and the War.....	<i>Edinburgh Review</i>	1
II. Lord Lytton's Novels. BY WALTER FREWEN LORD.	<i>Nineteenth Century and After</i>	19
III. The Persistence of Youth. BY G. S. STREET.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	26
IV. Finding the Way to the Pole.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	31
V. A Prayer. BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.....		37
VI. The Art Problem in the United States. BY ADA CONE.	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	38
VII. Reflex Action and Instinct. BY W. BENTHALL, M.B.....	<i>Nature</i>	53
VIII. An Unpublished Poem by Robert Burns.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	61
IX. The Mechanism of a Sunset. BY ARTHUR H. BELL.....	<i>Knowledge</i>	62
X. Mr. Gladstone. BY JOHN MORLEY, M.P.....	<i>London Times</i>	66
XI. Robert Browning. BY MARY A. WOODS.....	<i>Academy</i>	74
XII. Recent Science. BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.	<i>Nineteenth Century and After</i>	74
XIII. The First Line. 21st October, 1805. BY HAROLD BEBBIE.	<i>London Times</i>	91
XIV. The Circus. The Lament of a Pure Mind. BY E. V. LUCAS.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	92
XV. Casilda's Mind. BY ARTHUR MOORE.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	97
XVI. The Secret of Emerson. BY DR. RICHARD GARNETT....	<i>Literature</i>	108
XVII. Too Late. BY GEORGE BIRD.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i>	111
XVIII. Anthony Trollope. BY LESLIE STEPHEN.....	<i>National Review</i>	112
XIX. The Montenegrin Jubilee. BY W. MILLER....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	125
XX. A Londoner's Log-Book. VI.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	132
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.....		137

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JANUARY, 1902.

No. 1

PARTY POLITICS AND THE WAR.*

The Empire stands to-day in a position of great difficulty and of some danger. Lord Salisbury's Government is unusually strong in the support of Parliament and nation; but it has not as yet found itself able to satisfy the hopes and expectations of the electors who a year ago gave it their confidence. "Can we not, ought we not to, be doing better?" That is the question which all men are asking, and which means, when Englishmen ask it, that they are turning enquiring eyes beyond the administration of the moment to political possibilities of the future.

Let us look, then, beyond the supporters of the Government to the broad political situation, the position of parties, the condition of the House of Commons and the state of things produced by this most deplorable South African war.

The Liberal party has never recovered from the blow inflicted upon its credit and its power by Mr. Gladstone half a generation ago. In 1885, for the last time, the united party appealed under a leader, recognized as such by

every section of it, to the country. It obtained in Great Britain a very substantial majority. The Liberal party was not indeed, in 1885, entirely homogeneous, but comprehended, as it has always done, many shades of Liberal opinion, from Liberal-Conservative on the one side to advanced Radical or Socialist on the other. Between these sections, or between their leading representatives, relations sometimes became strained; just as in former days there was occasionally sharp antagonism between Whig leaders such as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and the spokesmen of the Manchester school, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. But in 1885, as in earlier times, it was found possible for the party, and advantageous to the country, for Whigs and Radicals to make common cause. The zeal and popular enthusiasms of the latter, when practical measures of reform were under consideration, had often been brought face to face with the more cautious views of experienced Whig statesmen; and the happy result had been achieved

* 1. "Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., at the Reform Club, July 9, 1901."

2. "Letter from the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., to the City Liberal Club, July 16, 1901."

3. "Speech of the Right Hon. H. Asquith, M.P., at the Hotel Cecil, July 19, 1901."

4. "Speech of the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., at the City Liberal Club, July 19, 1901."

5. "Speech of Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., in the House of Commons, August 2, 1901."

of steady progress in almost every direction, no spirit of reaction having been caused by a shock to public feeling brought about by revolutionary change or even premature advance. In the autumn and winter of 1885 Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, Mr. Dillwyn, Sir Charles Dilke, to name eminent members of the House of Commons only, fought the battle of a common Liberalism, and won for that party with the electors of Great Britain its last victory.

It was, however, evident enough to those who looked below the surface that the elements of discord within the Liberal party already existed. The Radical Caucus was determined to assert its own power, which, be it said, it greatly over-estimated; representative Radicals, such as Mr. Labouchere, constantly urging on the public that what the Liberal party really needed was to throw off the burden of Whig influence, in order that unadulterated Radicalism might for the first time enter upon its inheritance. Still there were moderate men amongst Whigs and Radicals who earnestly deprecated the efforts of the headstrong or foolish members of either section to create a breach with the other. Above all, the high character, the eminent service, the transcendent abilities of their great leader gave Mr. Gladstone an unrivalled ascendancy with the people. It is strange that the only statesman who could have kept his party united and victorious in the autumn of 1885 should, a few months later, have been the man to shatter "the great instrument" in pieces, to reduce it to a condition of powerlessness and discredit, from which, even sixteen years afterwards, it finds it impossible to emerge.

In 1886 Mr. Gladstone made the question of Home Rule—that is, the establishment of a separate Irish National Parliament and Government in Dub-

lin—the sole test of Liberalism. In the light of subsequent events, it is difficult to suppose that the new cause was embraced by the more prominent of Mr. Gladstone's adherents (with the exception of Mr. Morley) with any great intensity of conviction. Still, at the word of command, Home Rulers they became, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt vied with each other in the vigor with which they denounced the wickedness of Liberals who maintained their own former principles of attachment to the cause of the Union, admirably expounded as they had been up to the last moment of 1885 by Mr. Gladstone himself.

What the people of Great Britain thought of all this history has made plain. In the gifts which draw popular support the Liberal party has never had a leader comparable with Mr. Gladstone. From 1832 to 1885 the Liberal party was distinctly the popular party in Great Britain; their opponents relying largely upon what was known as "influence" against the mere voice of the crowd. After 1885, it is hardly too much to say that all constituencies were "popular constituencies." In these fifty-three years the Liberals had for the most part prevailed. In the sixteen years since the conversion of Liberals into Home Rulers, notwithstanding the democratic character of the constituencies, notwithstanding that in two out of the three general elections the Liberal party as newly constituted was led by Mr. Gladstone himself, Great Britain has steadily supported their opponents; and so decisive has been the national verdict that Liberal statesmen in opposition now themselves dread nothing more than the accusation that they are pledged to carry out that Home Rule policy which they had made the supreme test of Liberalism!

So far so good. Home Rule has been killed. Progress and reform have been proved to be no monopoly of the Liberal party. As a final result of the great measures of 1832, 1867 and 1885, there is no longer possible a conflict between parties relying the one on popular forces, the other on privilege and personal or class influences. Each party now draws strength from the same source, and has to appeal to popular opinion—the opinion of the masses. Mr. Gladstone's taunt about "the classes" did not deceive the electors fifteen years ago. The appeal was out of date then. It would be even more hopelessly absurd now; for the classes and the masses are in truth indistinguishable. The changes that have been made in our electoral system, and not less the change that has come over opinion, have made it almost impossible that the old root distinction between political parties should prevail. There is nothing nowadays to make a strong desire for reform incompatible with Conservative statesmanship. Democratic developments are as likely to come from Conservatives and Unionists as from Liberals and Home Rulers. Free education, representative county government, extension of Irish land purchase, have been amongst the works of Lord Salisbury's administration; and stronger evidence there could not be that the historic prejudices of an antiquated Toryism, if not extinct amongst individuals, can no longer direct the political action of the modern Conservative party.

It seems to be supposed in some quarters that the breaking down of the old distinction between the two English parties, the existence in the House of Commons of a third—the Irish party—*independent of them both*, and the tendency of the parliamentary Opposition to break up into groups, portend a permanent change in the working of the parliamentary system. It is, of

course, at the present time impossible to classify members of the House of Commons simply as supporters of the Government, and as members of the Opposition. The majority, it is true, whether they call themselves Conservatives or Liberal-Unionists, do form one party, in the old sense of the term; but the Opposition, consisting of those who till lately made Home Rule the principal plank of their platform, having for the most part dropped Home Rule, seem to have no common bond to unite them, no leader to whom they all defer, no general tendency even to see eye to eye together on those political questions of the day that have the most interest for Englishmen. Still, it is certainly premature to suppose, in consequence of the disintegrated condition of the Opposition of to-day, that the two-party system has permanently broken down.

Men who have little practical knowledge of popular assemblies, and who are shocked by the unfortunate length to which blind partisanship often carries politicians, imagine that a House of Commons in which six or seven hundred members looked alone for guidance to their own individual judgments would be an improvement upon the present, and certainly very far from perfect, representative assembly. In truth, such a body would be nothing more than an irresponsible mob, which it would be impossible practically to call to account, and which would have all the characteristics—excitability, fickleness and general foolishness—for which mobs, large or small, have from all time been distinguished. Parties there must be, and it is surely better that there should be two great parties the opponents and critics of each other, each having before its eyes the responsibility which attaches to office, actual or potential, than that politicians should be divided into sections, or groups or cliques, with an administra-

tion dependent upon the alliances, combinations and intrigues amongst them.

The truth is that the powerless condition of the Opposition to-day is the natural result of what has occurred. There is nothing so abnormal in the present situation as to lead us to suppose that the party system in politics, such as we have known it in the past, is breaking down, and will not resume its old sway. The Liberal party in 1886 lost credit with the public, as completely as Mr. Fox and his friends a century earlier lost credit with the country in consequence of their coalition with Lord North. The power of Pitt throve upon the deep national distrust of his rivals. Lord Salisbury's authority since 1886 has been largely due to a similar cause. The effect of the coalition between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, after all that had occurred, gave a shock to the steadying elements in English politics, the effect of which has not yet passed away. When on the top of this discredit the Opposition found itself in the position of official critic of a popular war, it needs little knowledge of English history to explain the distressing condition into which it has sunk. To refer again to the eighteenth century, Lord North's ministry was one of the most unfortunate that ever governed England, yet it lasted longer than almost any other; and for this reason—that England would have none but a fighting ministry, and the Opposition was bent upon peace. The disasters of the American War would have sufficed to turn out Lord North's government half a dozen times had there been another set of statesmen ready to carry out the policy of conquering the Americans, upon which nine-tenths of the nation had set its heart. When, again, in 1857 the Peelites opposed the war with China, Lord Palmerston swept the country; and naturally, since the elec-

tors regarded the issue as one between "an insolent barbarian at Canton" on the one side, and Lord Palmerston, the upholder of the honor of the British flag, on the other. One of the unhappy Peelites who urged that "the barbarian" had been unjustly treated, and who suffered in consequence, long afterwards recorded his opinion that the occasion must be rare indeed in which the British people would not support its government at the beginning of a war.

These are considerations of a general character, and they are amply sufficient to show that of necessity the position of an Opposition at the present time must be an exceedingly difficult one. There are, however, special circumstances that have helped still further to promote actual demoralization in the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal left his followers without any commanding authority to which the rank and file of the party, not to mention those of more outstanding position, were willing to defer. In Opposition Lord Rosebery found it impossible to lead the party in the country and Sir William Harcourt to lead it in the House of Commons. Each may be taken as, to some extent, the representative and leader of a strong body of Liberal opinion. Each had failed, not on account of deficiencies of his own, but in consequence of the divisions which rent party Liberalism, to consolidate into one powerful Opposition the jarring fragments and sections which only Mr. Gladstone's great personality had been able to control and combine. In these adverse circumstances Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman felt it to be his duty to the party to accept the Liberal leadership in the House of Commons, when it was pressed upon him by every section of Liberal opinion, and never did any one take upon himself a more thankless task! It was to be his first duty, sub-

ject, of course, to the higher interests of the country, to keep his party together. Every party-leader is of necessity required to hold the doctrine of "the great instrument," and we have no doubt Sir Henry conscientiously believes that the existence of a strong and united Liberal Opposition is essential to the welfare of the country. Was he, as the accepted leader of the whole party, to identify himself with either section of it, and compel the other to leave the ranks? This would have presented the singular spectacle of a statesman (selected for the express purpose of keeping men together) giving the *coup de grâce* to every hope of their ultimate union.

In his capacity of leader Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was entirely justified in inviting the whole body of Liberal members of Parliament to meet him at the Reform Club. As he truly said, the reasons were obvious, for recent events had disclosed a discord in the party which had made united action exceedingly difficult. "It is my prime duty," he continued, "as well as my chief desire, to maintain harmony in the party—the harmony without which it cannot fulfil the part it ought to play and cannot exercise its due influence in the State—it becomes necessary for me to ascertain . . . whether I still retain your confidence—the confidence which is absolutely indispensable to any effort that I may make to achieve the purpose of maintaining harmony in the party." That the great difficulty arose in consequence of the party being hopelessly divided about the war was not in his view correct; for what concerned practical men was not the origin nor the past conduct of the war, but rather "the present administration of affairs, and above all the future policy to be adopted in South Africa, a question fraught with the most momentous consequences to the Empire, and to the

position of this country in the world. The whole matter, however—and I would impress this strongly upon you that we should never forget it—rests not within our responsibility, but in the responsibility of His Majesty's Government. I have from first to last, so far as in me lay, done all in my power and exercised every endeavor that I could put forth to save the Liberal party from any share in that responsibility."

In speaking as he did Sir Henry used language which would in similar circumstances have been employed by any leader of Opposition. His position required him to be conciliatory, and to minimize differences. Constitutional precedent justified him in placing responsibility for the present state of affairs entirely upon the advisers of the Crown. As a matter of course the vote of continued confidence in his leadership was carried with acclamation. But of greater significance than the vote itself was the line taken at the meeting by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. Their speeches were evidently the result of deliberation, and, taken in combination with the subsequent deliverances of Lord Rosebery, they indicated possibilities of party development of vital importance to the Liberal party and of considerable interest to the country at large. Mr. Asquith spoke with eloquent enthusiasm of the traditions, the name, the hopes and the aim of the great Liberal party, which "was to be in the future as it had been in the past, the most fruitful and potent instrument of national progress." He, however, entirely disagreed with his Leader in thinking that differences of opinion as to the origin of the war might be minimized with a view to agreement as to present policy. Honest differences as to the causes of the war must, he insisted, "color and influence men's judgment of the present and their esti-

mate of the future." Sir Edward Grey, who, as well as Mr. Asquith, spoke with friendly warmth of the great services of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was no less explicit. "I know his (Sir Henry's) opinion all through has been that it was possible to find a common ground by suppressing certain differences. I have felt all through that the differences were too deep to be suppressed."

And they both recognized the importance of the meeting as establishing henceforward their right to express their own individual opinions on the subject of the war, a right which, it must be said, they had already most properly established for themselves. It was a national as well as a party crisis, said Sir Edward Grey; "but there are two things of which no one can think. One is that no man can think of retiring from public life, and the other is that no man can think of going over to support the present Government. They are a worn-out Government that have neither foresight nor grasp in things abroad, and no conviction in things at home. There is no health nor hope to be found in them."

The public felt a little puzzled at the advice thus given it. It is, indeed, clear from Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey that statesmanship, wisdom, virtue are the inheritance of the "Great Liberal Party," though what that remarkable political combination has done, or aspired to do, to entitle it to so much public admiration, since it has had the honor of the support of these two gentlemen, is not very evident. But surely the simple fact dwelled upon by both—that deep differences of opinion divide the Liberal party as to the policy to be pursued in South Africa—is sufficient to prevent the British people in a time of national crisis from feeling a great desire to avail itself of that famous instrument.

If, and it is a mere supposition, Liberal-Imperialists take substantially the same view of the South African question as does the Government, both as to the policy that has been pursued, and the policy that is to be pursued, and if the times are as serious as Sir Edward Grey most justly considers them to be, on what ground is it forbidden to think that Liberal-Imperialists might patriotically support the present Ministry? They might, perhaps, supply some of that "grasp" and "foresight" which they deem so lacking.

Some five days after the meeting at the Reform Club Lord Rosebery wrote a letter to the City Liberal Club discussing the condition of the Liberal party. "Neutrality and an open mind," the basis of the Reform Club reconciliation, was little to the taste of the late Liberal Prime Minister. "The whole Empire had rallied to the war." In such circumstances Liberal impotence was impossible. "The area of comprehension is too wide. On this question it embraces the whole human race. And this question is vital, morally and politically. Morally, either the war is just or unjust. Either the methods are civilized or legitimate. If the war be unjust and its methods uncivilized, our Government and our nation are criminal, and the war should be stopped at any cost. If the war be just, carried on by means which are necessary and lawful, it is our duty to support it with all our might in order to bring it to a prompt and supreme conclusion. These are supreme issues; none greater ever divided two hostile parties. How, then, can our party agree to differ on them?" This difference was, according to Lord Rosebery, but one amongst a host of other differences. How (he asked) could men such as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Edward Grey be members of one party? The evolution of the Empire had produced all this diver-

gence. There were two irreconcilable schools between which the Liberal party must decide; between, that is, "Imperialists," as the one school calls itself, and "Little Englanders," as it calls its rival. Until this decision was made "It is of no use to speak of the grand old principles of the Liberal party. That is all very well for a peroration. But for practical or business purposes it is necessary to know what these principles are as applied to the British Empire in the present condition of the world." As for himself, Lord Rosebery was determined never voluntarily to return to the arena of party politics.

Lord Rosebery would therefore, it seems, restrict the Liberal party to Liberal-Imperialists and enthusiastic supporters of the war—a rather strange contribution to the controversy, if his object be to build up a Liberal Opposition—but natural enough, and patriotic to boot, if his intention be to strengthen Lord Salisbury's hands in prosecuting the present war to a victorious conclusion.

Having written his letter to the City Liberals on July 16, Lord Rosebery on the 18th delivers a long speech to the same highly-favored gentlemen, in which the views expressed in his letter are expanded and revised. He did not complain of the vote of confidence in his old friend, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and he should not like to call the meeting of Liberal members of Parliament at the Reform Club "an organized hypocrisy;" but if its policy of party comprehension was pursued, it meant the paralysis of the Liberal party. What was needed was a party in earnest as to matters of domestic reform, as to which the failure of the Government afforded a splendid opportunity to the Opposition. "You start," Lord Rosebery continued, "with a clean slate as regards these cumbersome programs, with which you

were overloaded in the past. You are disembarrassed from some entangling alliances. You may proceed to deal in a new spirit with the new problems of the age as they arrive, and I, for one . . . do not yet despair of seeing the Liberal party, or some such party, because if the Liberal party will not undertake it, the matter is of such necessity that some party will create itself—I do not despair of seeing the Liberal party purged of all anti-national elements, and confident therefore of the support of the country in regard to Imperial and foreign questions of policy, proceeding in the work of domestic reform. . . ." And Lord Rosebery indulges a hope that Liberal-Unionists will rally to this promising "Liberal party" of the future; and concludes his address by declaring that for the present he must remain alone and plough his furrow by himself, but before he gets to the end of it he thinks it very possible he may not be alone.

What is the upshot of these enigmatic utterances? That the present Government is to be turned out is common ground to the Reform Club meeting and to Lord Rosebery. The latter would supply its place by a Liberal Government, supported by a party freed from entangling alliances (that is to say, which has repudiated Home Rule), and "purged" also of those who believe that unwise policy on the part of the Government at home and in South Africa had a very large share in bringing about the Boer war. We wish Lord Rosebery's speech could have been made to the assembled representatives of Liberal constituencies at the Reform Club. The purging process to restore the health of the Liberal party sounds a little drastic, and perhaps it might be safer to try it, in the first instance, upon Lord Rosebery's late colleagues on the Liberal Front Bench before applying it to the whole party in the House of Com-

mons. How far its effects might extend, it is not within our province or competency to say.

We can judge with more confidence of the probable result of the audacious appeal of the late leader of the Home Rule party to Liberal-Unionists. Lord Rosebery and several, possibly a large number of, prominent Liberals are exceedingly and most intelligibly anxious to bury Home Rule altogether. Under the name of Liberal-Imperialists they have adopted the principles, so far as we can understand, professed and acted upon by Lord Salisbury's Government. *Therefore* the Liberal-Unionists are to quarrel with Lord Salisbury, and join a party, of which all we know is that "it will proceed to deal in a new spirit with the new problems of the age as they arrive!" Liberal-Unionists see with great satisfaction the desire of Liberal Home Rulers to return to the older faith of the Liberal party. But 1901 is not 1886. Surely there is a more logical conclusion to be drawn from the approximation of Liberal-Imperialists to the principles of the whole Unionist party on Home Rule and South African questions, than that Liberal-Unionists should turn their backs on a leader and a party with whom they have now no fundamental difference. But then Sir Edward Grey tells us that that conclusion is unthinkable. And it is for Liberal-Imperialists, not for Liberal-Unionists, to judge.

With an Opposition thoroughly disorganized and disunited amongst themselves, the House of Commons cannot show itself at its best. The presence of the Irish members, who make a boast of their national hostility to the cause of the Empire, has in the purely party sense been of considerable use to the Government. Both as regards policy and administration, the interests of the country require that the action of the ministry should be subjected to public criticism by men

who, if they see things from a different standpoint, are as patriotic as ministers themselves. But the effect of such criticism is destroyed by the association of the critics in the lobby with members who frankly avow their determined hatred of the British nation, and their hope that victory will be on the side of her enemies. In time of war an Opposition is always more or less exposed to the hurling against it of the party taunt that it sides with its country's enemies; but since the Opposition of the present day has been till lately closely allied with these gentlemen, and still depends upon their votes if it wishes to present a tolerable appearance on a division, the familiar party missile tells with crushing effect.

Under these circumstances, where legislation has not been in question, the Government has had its own way in Parliament, and has been subjected to very little effective criticism. The ministry has the support of a very large majority, fresh from the country, ministers themselves always present a united front, and there have been no symptoms whatever of differences in the ministerial ranks. Yet the Unionist party is not happy! Its frame of mind is not that of a triumphant majority, which has lately had from the constituencies a new lease of power. It votes straight, but it grumbles mightily; and both inside and outside the House of Commons it would be absurd to pretend that "depression" is not the special note of the day.

Why is this? Too much by far has been said as to the unpopularity caused by the ministerial reconstruction. No one, however, has pointed out the omission from the office of those who would conspicuously have brought weight to the administration. Dissatisfaction of this sort is keen, rather than widely spread; for the country at large takes very little interest in the filling of

minor offices. Putting the matter at its worst—viz., that Lord Salisbury has shown an "undue preference" for his own relations, some of whom happen, as a matter of fact, to be amongst the ablest men in Parliament—the country would hardly take it very seriously to heart. What oppresses the Unionist party is a deep sense of dissatisfaction with the state of the House of Commons and with the state of the country; and it looks to the Government to show vigor and determination in putting things right.

It is certain that the arrangements for the satisfactory transaction of business in the House of Commons require to be thoroughly overhauled to enable that assembly adequately to perform its proper functions. Legislation, of course, is only one of these functions. Another, not less important, is to debate the policy of ministers of the Crown, and to criticize their action and the conduct of the administrative departments. The failure of the Government last session to pass into law the principal measures that had been promised in the King's Speech ought not to be entirely attributed to the defective business arrangements of the House of Commons. The country being for the time indifferent to everything but the war, and Parliament closely reflecting the national mood, it is natural enough that little important legislation was accomplished, and that there has been no strong general dissatisfaction expressed at the smallness of the legislative output.

It would be premature—and this would hardly be the place—to consider in detail the alteration of parliamentary procedure which the times demand. When a minister of the Crown proposes in any way that the House should restrict what are called the privileges of private members, a storm is at once raised, as if the issue were one between a bureaucratic ad-

ministration on the one side and a free House of Commons on the other. Now, the simple truth of the matter is that reform, involving no doubt the restriction of much-abused privileges, is as much needed in the interest of the House of Commons as in that of the administration. Supplies must be voted. Administrative business must be got through; but upon the adequacy of the debate depend the usefulness and the reputation of the House of Commons. During last session—and the same may be said of all sessions—far the most important business with which Parliament had to deal was so-called "ministerial business." It was this in which the country, as well as nine-tenths of the House of Commons, was interested, and for which it was desirable to have ample time for debate. Yet, whenever Mr. Arthur Balfour, who after all cannot make time, asked to increase the time available for the discussion of this, the principal business before Parliament, at the expense of the time allotted by the ordinary rule to what is known as "the business of private members," a storm arose as if his proposals were not made mainly in the interests of the House of Commons itself. There is ample time between February and August for the House of Commons to do its work thoroughly, if only it will conduct its business in a businesslike way, and if only private members will remember that they owe some consideration to the working efficiency of the assembly of which they are a part. Of course, if 670 individual members were to proceed on the principle of putting as many questions, and making as many speeches at any possible stage, as the forms of the House permit, the whole thing would break down. The House has been too long-suffering towards those who, whilst they of necessity respect the letter and its rules and forms, do violence to the spirit by which in

the past Parliaments have been guided. We are afraid it is impossible to ignore the fact, due to various causes, that the respect of the individual member to the House as a whole, and as an institution, is far less than it was.

The great difficulty in reforming procedure lies in the fact that it is the abuse of privileges and rules, in themselves very valuable, that has to be checked, and care must be taken in uprooting the tares not to tear up the wheat also. The right to put a question on the floor of the House to any minister about the conduct of his department affords, undoubtedly, great protection to the public, and many of our permanent officials are aware of the good that has sometimes in this way been effected. Undoubtedly, also, it is a protection to the public that private legislation should at certain stages have to face the ordeal of public debate in the whole House. Publicity in private Bill legislation is of much importance for many reasons, and there is no publicity to equal that obtained by full parliamentary discussion. Again, motions for the adjournment of the House in order to discuss some definite matter of urgent public importance may be of the greatest utility. It is clear that, whether the Government likes it or not, there should be a means of discussing in the great assembly of the nation occurrences of real urgency and national importance. Here it is easily conceivable that the immediate interest and advantage of the ministers may not coincide with the interest and advantage of the nation; and if they wished to burke discussion a mechanical majority would always enable them to do so.

Now, as regards these three matters—Questions, Private Bill Legislation, Motions for the Adjournment—if only members would make a moderate and responsible use of the privileges afforded them there would be no neces-

sity for making great changes in the rules. It must always be remembered that it is only by a very limited number of members that what may be called the business-spirit of the House is set at nought. These are, however, sufficient in number and persistent enough in temperament to inflict great injury upon the House by diminishing the time available for the proper purpose of debate. The first feeling that strikes a stranger visiting the House is the sense of what can only be called the insincerity of a large part of its proceedings. Questions, maybe a hundred and fifty, are asked, eight or ten, perhaps, by the same member. There is hardly a pretence that any public purpose is served by the putting or answering of nine-tenths of these questions in a full House at the time of public business. The member could be supplied with the information sought by the written answer of the minister, and the answer might, if it were thought desirable, be circulated with the votes. It was in this fashion that till lately almost all members obtained the information desired. It would be interesting to know how many questions were put during their long parliamentary careers by the last three "Fathers of the House of Commons," and it is certain that the total of all three would not approach the record of several individual members during last session alone. During that session 6,448 questions were asked, and there are no existing means of preventing this preposterous number being largely increased. The quite modern practice of debating at length private Bills on the second and third reading has grown largely out of a desire to shorten the time available for public business, and thereby to hinder the progress of some ministerial measure or other Bill to which objection is taken. Even where these debates are quite genuine, it must be said that as a rule a full House of

Commons is a tribunal singularly ill-fitted to perform the semi-judicial functions required. The judgment should turn on the evidence; but here *ex parte* statements are only put before a generally empty chamber, and the decision is then given by a comparatively full House, the majority of members voting in complete ignorance of the merits of the case!

Motions for the adjournments are also unfortunately largely resorted to for the purpose of abstracting time intended to be allotted to "Government business," that is, to the principal business before Parliament. If what was intended to be an exceptional proceeding in case of national urgency comes to be used as a convenient method of delaying Government business, or as a suitable occasion for delivering speeches on the subject of the leading articles in the morning's newspapers, the rule must, of course, be modified.

It is important to notice that in all the three cases with which we have been dealing, it is the efficiency of the House itself much more than the mere convenience of the Government of the day that is concerned. It is the House of Commons as a legislative body and as the great arena of national debate that requires protection against those who are hampering its action and injuring its reputation. It behooves the Government, and in an especial degree the leader of the House of Commons, to lay before that assembly at an early date proposals to restore it to its old efficiency, to give to it something like a command of its own time, and to defend it against those within, whether they be the avowed foes of the British parliamentary system, or those whose personal idiosyncrasies cause them to flout every consideration of parliamentary propriety and convenience.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is singularly well fitted to perform what is undoubtedly a difficult task. He has been himself

something of a free lance, and his long subsequent career as minister and ex-minister has not led him into a favorite delusion of the official mind—that the two Front Benches constitute the House of Commons. It has been his duty to make more free use of the instrument of closure than any of his predecessors, but yet it is universally recognized that no one is by nature less inclined to silence arbitrarily *bona-fide* opposition and argument. When debate proceeds far beyond that limit the House of Commons in the past has been able to defend itself against indefinite prolongation of unprofitable talk on the part of members lacking the sense of personal responsibility, and without respect for the general sentiment and dignity of the assembly. Closure by orderly clamor, if the expression may be used, that is to say, by the refusal of the House itself to hear more, worked in former days well enough, and by its means certain well-understood practices as to the regular winding-up of debates were enforced. Some years ago, however, it was demonstrated that the old instrument of closure had lost its efficacy, and it became desirable to form a new one. In one way or another it has always been necessary for the House as a whole to protect itself against the domination of reckless or perverse individuals or cliques amongst its own members. It is the root principle of parliamentary government that after full discussion the majority shall prevail; and those are not the friends but the enemies of free parliamentary institutions who, in the much-abused names of freedom of debate and sacredness of the privileges of the representatives of the people, are ready to take from majorities their power.

There are two great and guiding principles which we hope will find very large support on both sides of the House of Commons, when in the near

future it becomes necessary to revise its rules. Every precaution must be taken to prevent the repression of unpopular opinion. The opinions, for instance, of the Irish members cannot but be deeply offensive to the sentiments of Englishmen and Scotsmen. Nevertheless, they are the representatives, the constitutional spokesmen, of the majority of the Irish people. Ireland is the sore part of the generally healthy body of this kingdom, and if there is any merit at all in the representative system, the representatives of an uneasy, troubled, discontented region will surely reflect the temper of those who elect them. In these times we hear it glibly said that the House of Commons should not tolerate within it men who express this, that or the other opinion. For these opinions they are accountable to their own consciences and to their own constituents, not to the majority of the House of Commons, were that majority ninety-nine hundredths of its whole body. What would be the use of a House of Commons if the representatives of the dissatisfied portion of the community were to be excluded? and where would exclusion end?

The second great principle concerns the due enforcing of order. During last session lamentable want of respect was shown to the spirit of the injunctions that came from the Chair. If one member was called to order, another member would spring up and commit precisely the same offence; and occasionally an offending member seemed to think it was his business to argue with the Chair rather than to obey it. In Mr. Gully the House has a Speaker of absolute impartiality and of singular quickness, discretion, tact and temper; qualities which it is given to few men to combine in an equal degree. Nevertheless, his authority, that is the authority of the House itself, was several times violently dis-

puted, and scenes took place calculated greatly to discredit the House of Commons. It is not sufficient merely to punish offenders in these cases. Indeed it is not at punishment we should aim, so much as at the saving the House of Commons from a state of disorder fatal to its efficiency and most damaging to its reputation. For flagrant and determined resistance to the authority of the Chair, the House of Commons should suspend the offender for the duration of the Parliament which he has done his best to injure and degrade.

The task of reconciling liberty with order is never an easy one; but if the Government will proceed upon sound principles they will surely find it possible to do much to restore the House of Commons to its proper position in the eyes of Englishmen. Mr. Balfour has behind him a very large majority, and there are men opposite him not less eager than the Unionists to maintain the dignity and efficiency of Parliament; next year, therefore, should see the accomplishment of internal reforms, which cannot in safety be longer delayed if the efficiency of the parliamentary machine is to continue.

The proposal to reduce the number of Irish members has been discussed, as if it formed part of a scheme for the improvement of House of Commons procedure. Doubtless the diminution, by thirty or so, of the Irish representatives would improve the composition of the House, since amongst the Irish party is to be found almost the whole of the flagrantly disorderly element of which we have been speaking. That would be an incidental advantage, resulting from a measure demanded by sound policy and equity on other grounds; a reform which should be carried into effect at the first convenient season. The Home Rulers in these latter days have become affected with an extraordinary reverence for the

Irish Act of Union. The Act provided that the representation of Ireland should be one hundred members, that figure having been chosen after a consideration of the numbers and wealth of the Irish people as compared with other parts of the kingdom a century ago. A hundred years before, at the time of the Scottish Union, the number of Scottish members had been fixed permanently in a similar fashion. But 1707 and 1801 are respectively two centuries and one century behind us. It is no real disrespect to our ancestors to be just to ourselves, in circumstances which they were unable to foresee. We must not let the dead hand rule too rigidly the energies of the living. So, at all events, statesmen and Parliaments reasoned in 1832 and 1867 and in 1884. In 1832 the representation of Scotland was increased from 45 to 53, that of Ireland from 100 to 105, that of Wales from 24 to 29, whilst the representation of England was reduced by 18 members. In 1867, 7 more seats were given to Scotland, 1 to Wales, while 8 were taken from England. In 1885, England had an increase of 2 seats, Scotland of 12, Wales remained unchanged, and Ireland lost 2. In the last half century there has been a very large migration from Ireland to England and Scotland, where the result has been to modify very considerably the political color of many constituencies. It is difficult under all these circumstances to understand the contention that Ireland should forever retain a much larger proportionate share of representation in Parliament than other parts of the United Kingdom. Of the justice and desirableness of the change proposed there can be no doubt; but as to the means by which it should be brought about there is room for much difference of opinion. Should Ireland alone be dealt with, or should the redistribution be general, and on one principle,

throughout all the constituencies of the kingdom?

It is, however, certain that in times such as these Parliament will postpone domestic questions of great difficulty to the primary object of bringing to an end the South African war. We have now entered upon its third year. Many delusions, due to British ignorance of the conditions of the South African problem, have been swept away. The gloomiest anticipations of those who in the past deprecated every step that intended to bring nearer to us the overwhelming calamity to the Empire and South Africa of racial war have been more than fulfilled; and men are now beginning to ask themselves, as well they may, whether, after all, the ultimate effect of a war which has cost us so dear will be to render more secure than formerly British rule in South Africa.

We do not intend now to go into the right or the wrong, the wisdom or the folly, of what occurred before the war. Since it began the great majority of Englishmen and Dutchmen, on the one side and the other, have been convinced that with their foes it was simply from the beginning and by design a war of conquest. The British meant to conquer the Republics. The Boers meant to drive the British out of South Africa. And each nation, looking only to the evidence in support of its own side of the case, triumphantly appeals to the annexation declarations of its enemy as proof positive of the truth of its own contention.

What we have to deal with is the war as it stands to-day, and, however men may differ as to its causes, there surely can be no difference as to what it now involves. If the British are victorious, the Republics will be conquered. Nothing less than complete annexation—that is, conquest—can possibly be accepted as the condition of peace. The Boers, therefore, are fight-

ing for national independence. On the other hand, Boer success *now* would mean the overthrow of British power throughout South Africa. For such causes as these brave men will fight their hardest, and make almost any sacrifice. Already the British have sacrificed very much in the loss of valuable lives and in a gigantic expenditure of public money. The Boers have lost almost everything they possessed. A very large proportion of the whole manhood of the population, including old men and boys, are in exile. Never probably in modern times have the consequences of war fallen with greater severity on a whole people; for we have had to fight, not an army of professional soldiers, but the whole citizenship of the two States. As with every war of independence against overpowering strength, the majority of those possessing means and substance—that is, those having most to lose—are willing to succumb sooner than the “broken men” who, under high-spirited leaders, determine whilst life remains to prolong the struggle. This is the stage at which the war has arrived.

Yet it can hardly be described with truth as a guerilla war. The Boers are led in the field by known commanders, in considerable bodies. As a general rule, they respect the laws of war. They attack positions even when strongly held. And they pursue our own practices of night attacks, sudden surprises and the “rushing” of encampments. They still show themselves able to make considerable captures of men and supplies, and almost invariably put their prisoners at liberty after they have possessed themselves of their ammunition, coats and boots. They do not indeed, wear uniform, for the sufficient reason that they never possessed any; but they, nevertheless, seem to come within the meaning of the term “belligerent,” as asserted by Sir John Ardagh, when representing Great Brit-

ain at the Hague Conference. After the commandoes have been dispersed, and their leaders have been taken, it is by no means improbable that in so vast a country we shall still have to meet and put down with a strong hand a good deal of real guerilla warfare and sheer brigandage. For the present the war goes on.

The Government at the last general election received a double mandate. The war, then believed to be very nearly over, was to be brought to an immediate and victorious conclusion; and a constitutional system of government, resting upon the basis of political equality amongst Europeans, was to be established throughout South Africa. No efforts were to be spared to accomplish the first. When the first had been accomplished, the second was to follow as soon as possible. The Boers had excluded the British from the franchise in the Transvaal; but under the British flag all would be equal; and South Africa would take its place by the side of Canada and Australia as a great self-governing colony of the British Empire. The Government has found itself unable so far to give effect to the popular demand. And, truth to tell, the nation has not even yet grasped the gigantic nature of the task which lies before it; for when at last the conquest is complete, will the constitutional government of South Africa be much nearer?

What is only too certain is that the condition of South Africa at the present time, in the annexed States and in the British Colonies, is disastrous, and that the longer this lasts the more impossible will it be to return to a healthy state of things. Not only so. The British Empire has interests to guard all over the world, and it is sheer blindness to ignore all dangers that do not arise directly from the mobility of the commandoes of Botha and Delarey. The violence of the feeling against

Great Britain among the nations of Europe cannot be disregarded. Sometimes even wise and prudent Governments have in unhappy moments given way to, or been carried away by, the vehemence of popular passion which they were unable or unwilling to control. These are democratic times, and even autocratic rulers may find it necessary, or at least highly desirable for their own sakes, to ride on the crest of the wave of strong popular feeling. Nothing is to be gained by blinking the fact that every month that the war lasts increases the dangers to which an Empire such as ours always stands exposed—dangers which might very easily become greater than any that have threatened it since the close of the great war at Waterloo.

Do we know the whole truth about South Africa? Never in recent times has the public been so completely dependent for information upon purely official news; and for months together all that we get from these sources is the result of disconnected skirmishes fought at distances of many hundred miles from each other, which are very often without any important consequences. Lord Milner is now back again at Pretoria, and it is time that another general view of the whole situation should be laid before the country, such, for instance, as he gave of South Africa in the month of February last. It was then frankly confessed that the preceding six months had been a "period of retrogression." Has retrogression ceased? Is the complete subjugation of the two States really close at hand? And has the danger which has seemed of late to trouble Cape Colony and Natal finally passed away? It is distressing to find after two years' war that our troops have still to be employed in defending the frontiers of Natal from Boer attack, and to read accounts of aggressive Boer action in very widely separated districts of Cape

Colony itself. It would seem that a country of the almost boundless extent with which our forces are dealing does not feel itself really conquered because of the military occupation of the railways and the holding of the more important towns.

Now our wish is not to deal with the detail of the military situation in South Africa, so much as to consider the political position created by it at home, and what prospect there may be of the country finding a way out of very pressing difficulty and danger, by having recourse to new political combinations. The Government have, it is true, not, so far, succeeded in carrying out the mandate of the nation. But, for our part, we are entirely unable to see, considering the essential difficulties of the case, that any other Government following the same policy would have been more successful. If Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey are really in possession of "foresight, grasp and skill" which will enable them to triumph over all difficulties, and to give us victory and peace, we believe that in the present national emergency the country, setting aside party predilections, would gladly entrust them with power. There is the only section of the Liberal party which the nation would trust to carry out its will, that is in the first instance to achieve complete victory in South Africa. But we are entirely unable to discover when these statesmen in the past have been more in the right than the Government, in the view they have taken either of the political condition of that continent or of the conduct of the war. In the light of the great events that have been taking place, the letting loose of tremendous forces, the clash of national passions, the criticism of Liberal-Imperialists strikes the public as almost microscopic. Had five or six thousand more troops been sent to Africa earlier before the

outbreak of war, how much better it would have been! If only Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley had pulled better together! If only the Government had despatched disciplined regular troops of the best quality rather than raw yeomanry! If two years ago these statesmen had been in power, they would not have had, any more than had Lord Salisbury, an army of a quarter of a million men at command. They would have had to do what after all Lord Lansdowne and his advisers achieved very remarkable success in doing—they would have had to create one. Why they should have done this better does not appear. Surely all this is to make the mistake natural enough to statesmen in opposition—that of attributing difficulties intrinsic to the policy pursued entirely to errors of management and administration. In such gigantic operations as we have been engaged in, some mistakes will always be made. We do not wish to excuse them; but in the last two years the faults and blunders brought home to administration have been far less frequent and less important than those that have marked the carrying on of any of our historical great wars. The grand error of all, the blindness as to the consequences which racial war would bring upon South Africa and the Empire, a blindness which in our opinion at least told upon policy, they shared to the full with the members of Lord Salisbury's administration.

We are not concerned to deny the truth of some of the criticisms that fall from the Liberal-Imperialists, nor is the criticism that comes from the more Radical section of the Opposition without weight. For instance, what has been said as to the mischief done by farm-burning as a military policy was certainly well founded. And the objections taken to some of the proclamations both of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were perfectly sound,

and it was right that they should be noticed in Parliament. The proposed exiling for life of those Boer leaders who had not surrendered before September 15, was rightly shown by Mr. Asquith to be beyond the authority of the military or civil executive. When Lord Durham, possibly for very good reasons, exercised authority not altogether dissimilar in regard to French Canadians, the Whig Government of the day found it impossible to support his action. After the Republican States have been really conquered, their citizens will have the rights of British subjects according to law, which law can, of course, only be abrogated or modified by a competent legislature, local or imperial. The idea that when the war is over, the liberties and rights of South African Dutch will be determined by military proclamations issued during the extreme stress of a mighty struggle, ought to be completely dispelled. Martial law has unfortunately been a necessity of the position with which we have had to deal. Enforced over limited districts, and only for a short time, it might do little harm; but nothing can be worse than its effect upon the ordinary population where it is unduly prolonged. The dislike to martial law is a natural and most wholesome instinct of Englishmen, and no folly could be greater than the maintenance of such a system in any locality an hour longer than the safety of the people and the actual peace of the district demand.

We have no desire to deprecate public criticism of the action of the Government or its agents. During the last few years we have had perhaps too little rather than too much criticism. Only do not let us suppose, because occasionally mistakes have been made in administration, some of them serious ones, that our present most difficult position is mainly due to them. The conquering of the Republics, hav-

ing regard to the general condition of South Africa, could not in the nature of things be anything but a gigantic undertaking; and it would be most unfair to attribute our present stress to the supposed lapses of Mr. Brodrick or to an alleged want of genius amongst our generals in the field.

Far the best speech made in the House of Commons during last session on the South African question was that of Sir Edward Grey. It was admirable both in substance and in tone. Whilst criticizing with effect where he had to blame, he did not forget the necessities of the case, nor lose sight in these necessities of the ultimate result which we hoped to achieve. "You cannot, when the country is in a state of war, have the operation of the ordinary law, but admitting that martial law is necessary, the more reason for great care in the execution of it." Capital punishment might be unavoidable in certain cases; but in our proceedings there should be at least some sort of dignity, and he censured most properly the conduct of those who had compelled the friends of the condemned men to be present at their execution—"a reversion to ancient methods" which is hardly credible, and which, as he said, "must tend to greater exasperation without having any more deterrent effect." Again, it was probable that the camps for the Boer women and children were a necessity, but the Government in doing its best to improve the sanitary condition would receive assistance—not hindrance—from the utmost possible publicity as to their real state. Vigorous common sense also marked the comments on that most serious step—the suspension of the constitution in Cape Colony—a step which could not but be regarded with suspicion.

But we have it before us as a temporary measure, which excites no pro-

test in Cape Colony itself, and I make no protest against it here. But I dwell on this, the suspension must be temporary; otherwise your government in the Cape must tend to become arbitrary; and if you once carry the suspension so long as to have discontent excited, the mere existence of discontent makes it more difficult to resume the constitutional situation afterwards.

But the words which it is most essential for Englishmen to bear in mind were those spoken of the future:—

After the war we want South Africa to settle down. Two races there must be; but if we are agreed on the lines of the settlement, though there be two races, may they not feel that there is but one mind at home? I can imagine nothing more deplorable than having one race appealing to one party in this country, and the other race appealing to the other party.

And Sir Edward then referred with approval to Mr. Chamberlain's excellent speech last winter as to the terms on which the Government were willing to make peace, and the sort of settlement to which they were looking. On those lines he thought Englishmen in general might agree to work.

That, no doubt, is what they ought to do. But a moderate course, if the only right and wise one, and the only one moreover which has in it any prospect of success, will be little to the taste of either of the extreme parties in South Africa or at home. It is but natural that there almost all should be extremists, and the Government will have to exhibit considerable firmness if it is to adhere to a really statesman-like policy of South African reconstruction. Here the Liberal-Imperialists may do good work in strengthening Ministerial hands.

The Liberal-Imperialists, if they understand their own position, may render great services to the State in

its present exigencies. They may strengthen the Government for good, they may do much to keep it out of mistakes, into which possibly some of its own followers might push it. Amongst them are very able and public-spirited men, and their leaders at least are aware of the conditions of local self-government under which alone our great Colonial Empire can be retained. But do not let them flatter themselves that they can, as things stand, reconstruct the Liberal party in opposition to the Unionist Government and prepare to take its place. No opposition was ever founded upon the basis of agreement with the Ministry on the great question of the day; and this, so far as we can understand it, is the position at present taken by Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith. They are ready, even anxious, to abandon Home Rule; and though to zealous partisans amongst their opponents it may seem the clever game to identify the whole of the Liberal party with the principles of its least admirable members, more patriotic men will rejoice at the tardy escape of an effective portion of the Liberal army from a policy so much opposed to national well-being. We fail, however, to see how all this brings "Liberal reconstruction" any nearer, or to understand what is to be done with Liberals, and they are many, and many of them are statesmen of mark, who repudiate the principles of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith. If Liberal-Imperialists are prepared to part with so large a section of Liberals, in what way is the loss to be made good? Lord Rosebery is sanguine that in the future a "Liberal party, or some such party," will put everything straight. We shall watch with interest the growth and

development of the "Some Such Party." "Imperialists" are, we believe, Unionists. Indeed, this seems to be not the least definite part of their creed, and so far at least we wish them success. But if on the great subject of Home Rule, and on the great subject of the war, they are in agreement with his Majesty's Ministers, what about their opposition?

Till the Unionist Party breaks up, the notion of a Liberal Ministry victorious over Unionists, Radicals and Home Rulers is, of course, a dream. But the Unionist Party shows no sign of breaking up. Should Lord Salisbury, after a long and brilliant career, feel himself compelled by the weight of advancing years to withdraw from public life, great though the loss would be to his party and to the country, the consequences would not be such as followed the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. The choice of his successor would be limited by the fact that in the House of Lords no one could take place above the Duke of Devonshire, whilst in the House of Commons no one could be put over Mr. Balfour. It would be for the Sovereign to decide which of the two statesmen he should ask to form a Ministry, and there are no precedents to prevent him selecting the Minister in his opinion best able to form and keep together a strong Government. Whatever his choice, the party situation would remain unchanged.

The almost unanimous desire of the people is to strengthen the existing Ministry, not to weaken it; for in the existing crisis all men feel that party considerations are small indeed as compared with the national interests which are at stake.

LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS.

The nineteenth century was essentially the Age of Faith; people would believe in anything. At the beginning of the century a new religion was founded upon the basis of polygamy, with a gospel demonstrably of human origin. It prospered greatly, and has only been stamped out by the pressure of that tyrannical public opinion which is rapidly moulding the mind of the States on lines which, for dull uniformity, can only be paralleled in Russia. But even that opinion has not yet succeeded in stamping out the other new religion, more prosperous even than Mormonism, which was founded at the end of the century, which includes in its ritual a parody of the Lord's Prayer, and which is based upon the blank denial of obvious facts.

These are two comparatively sane manifestations of the strangest phenomenon of the century. There are many others. People who denied the Apostolical succession were quite prepared to maintain the apostleship of Edward Irving. Even the gods of ancient Egypt lived again; and men and women to whom Christianity was an idle dream bowed awestruck at the name of Isis. The miracles of the Gospels were challenged and championed in turn by giants of controversy; but while the giants wrestled in the classic arena, thousands of lesser mortals were stirred in their obscurity by miracles involving tricks with teacups and cigarettes. Jeremiah was rejected as a prophet; but Kut Huml took his place. Nor are we to suppose that this was mere idle speculation. Action followed on conversion, and men and women who spurned the idea of a Lenten fast as something superstitious and even shocking, were quite ready to hound themselves into mental and

physical anemia at the command of Mages who dwelt beyond the Himalayas or the Rockies. How far it is true that Devil-worship revived is uncertain. The reports of sects of "Diabolistes" (the orthodox), with their Protestant rivals the "Satanistes" (or *vice versa*), may have been exaggerated. But it is certain that men satisfied their hungry faith by worshipping each other. In their "Temples of Humanity" they preached a quaint if intelligible pessimism, which found outward expression in a kind of mundane Nirvana, where dinner came regularly.

In the track of this gruesome array there trooped a crowd of camp-followers—fortune-tellers, table-turners, spiritualists. Witches thrived again; not the awesome hags of Saul and Shakespeare, but well-dressed people who dealt in daylight for guineas. The gentler impulses, of our nature were pressed into the service of these fallen angels. The revolt which all noble minds must feel at the gross abuse of alcohol, the tenderness for animal life which is one of the most attractive traits of the English character, were both enlisted and dragged at the chariot-wheels of less respectable impulses.

In all this Lord Lytton saw his chance. At first for pleasure, and later for curiosity, and at last for business reasons, he saturated his mind with the lore of magic. Its vocabulary was familiar to him, and among crystal globes and steel divining rods and elixirs of life he moved as a professor in his laboratory. There is another reason why Lytton's supernatural writings remain, while so much else that was highly considered at the time has been forgotten. In the first Lord Lytton there were two men: one the man

of business, clear-headed, industrious, a man among men; the other, the being gifted (or cursed) with a riotous imagination. His pen was equally at the service of either of these interesting characters. When he was in the world he was of the world. As Cabinet Minister, playwright, sportsman or man of fashion he took high rank. One would naturally infer that a mind nourished on such various food would produce remarkable work when it turned to fiction. But, on the contrary, when the study-doors were closed and the pen was taken up, imagination—so long repressed while its master dealt with leases, and treaties, and copyrights and points of honor—was no longer kept in wholesome check. Where works of imagination were written, when the subject answered to the exaltation of Lytton's character, results permanent, because the offspring of natural effort, were obtained. "The Haunters and the Haunted" is the most terrifying ghost story ever written, not even accepting "The Mark of the Beast" and "At the End of the Passage." Not only is it the best story but it is the best piece of narrative prose that Lytton ever signed. In almost all his other works we feel the conflict between what Lytton would fain have written, and what he was condemned to write by the exigencies of his situation. For here we come to the secret of the considerable output of Lytton's genius, as well as to the explanation of his atrocious style. He wanted money badly; he wrote for money, careless of what he signed so long as it sold. When his imagination was too long kept in hand, it rebelled against the prolonged restraint, and condemned its master—since he must write of every day life—to a confusion of ideas and expressions.

So much was said in the nineteenth century, so much will probably continue to be said in the twentieth cen-

tury, of the sovereign effect of classical education on the mind of man, that the case of Lord Lytton has too long escaped notice. A classical education, so we are told, has a twofold effect (like some springs at Homburg); if a mind is flabby the classics brace and strengthen it, if exuberant and somewhat undisciplined the classics steady and chasten it. Without the classics no man can write English. English without a stiffening of Latin and Greek is like a plant requiring support; it sprawls ineffectively; whereas when braced up by its only possible supporter it will look well and perhaps bear good fruit. The opposite school of thought disdains metaphor, and maintains that a language which cannot be perfectly mastered except by the aid of two other languages, both dead, is itself not fit to live. But it also rejects with scorn the idea that English must always remain in the subordinate and degraded position that votaries of the classics consider its proper place.

According to Mr. Isaac Todhunter, the issue was not fairly joined until the year 1861. We may accept this date from so eminent an authority as trustworthy; it gives exactly forty years of conflict up to the present moment, during which time the case of Lord Lytton has never been cited by the eager combatants on either side.

His education was exclusively classical; it was conducted firstly at a classical seminary, and later at Trinity and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was awarded a Chancellor's medal, and although he did not distinguish himself otherwise (except at the Union) he always posed as essentially the man with the "education of a gentleman." Yet if we examine his writings we find a very melancholy series of compositions.

Just as the young orator begins "Good Heavens, Sir!" when addressing the

Speaker, while the maturer man adopts a less impassioned exordium, even so are we prepared to find very young writers indulging a weakness for italics, notes of exclamation and little comments in two or three foreign languages. But we do not expect to find a practised writer allowing himself to write "Diavolo!" or "tout Paris" or "auf Wiedersehen!" when the rest of the page purports to be written in English.

So far from endeavoring to weed these schoolboy tricks out of his pages, Lytton relied a great deal upon their effect, and very wisely, no doubt. He was addressing ignorant readers who had a few shillings to spare, and were for the first time in their history prepared to read fiction. He fooled their taste to the top of its bent. The odd little tags in Greek, Latin, French, German and Italian with which he filled his pages were found to be very acceptable. Lytton discovered his public early and it never deserted him. His hold upon it was unshakable, and his business instinct told him as much.

But he must not only have felt sure of his readers, he must have felt considerable contempt for them (and perhaps for himself) before he could venture on a grimace like the twenty-seventh chapter of "Paul Clifford."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from
heaven?—"Tempest."

Peter McGrawler.

Lytton was paid about one thousand pounds for each of his novels. The books contained some forty chapters apiece. Consequently, if he could persuade his public to accept a deplorable antic like this, and pay him twenty-five pounds for it he was quite right in putting no more into the twenty-seventh chapter of "Paul Clifford" than a line from Shakespeare, and 106 notes of exclamation. But what has become of the dignity, the polish and the self-restraint that we are given to understand are inevitably acquired by the study of the best classical models?

Lytton was neither ignorant, nor untrained, nor inexperienced. He deliberately wrote down to the level of the paying public of his day. For example: "There is a certain tone about London society which enfeebls the mind without exciting it; and this state of temperament, more than all others, engenders satiety." This profound reflection occurs in the novel of "Godolphin," which was dedicated to Count D'Orsay. The dedication probably increased the sales considerably.

There is something great about audacity when it rises to such heights. But the quality which brought Lytton a considerable income proved his ruin as a man of letters. He accustomed himself from early manhood to write his worst and to thrive by the process; and there came in his later days a time when he might in the maturity of his powers have written something really great. The opportunity was there, but Lytton had ruined himself mentally, and the "Parisians" was a failure. This novel, taken in contrast with the rest of Lytton's work, tells in forcible language an old tale, often forgotten, but ever true. For Lytton, it had been the choice of Hercules. He might learn to write well, but clearly (after "Pelham") he could safely throw style to the winds. He could sell what-

ever rubbish he chose to write as fast as his pen could travel. It did not matter if the social and moral reflections were babyish; it did not matter if the plot wandered; it did not matter if a glossary was wanted for the thieves' slang—all was swallowed whole by a greedy public. He did not require to polish his dialogue; his cheap sneers were accepted eagerly for philosophy. He wrote much of love-making, and he wrote in such a fashion that we hurriedly turn the page to escape from the distressing scenes. His heroines are mostly consumptive, and his heroes are always in some doubt as to whether or no they really are attached to the young lady whom they are addressing at the moment. We turn with hope to the scenes of foreign travel, and we wish that we had stayed in England, however trying the company there might have been. Lytton wrote a great deal about foreign travel, and he wrote like a tourist. He wrote also about politics, and he was well qualified to do so. He was one of the very few novelists who have sat in both Houses of Parliament and also held office, but he wrote about politics like a schoolboy. It was not that he could not have done better if he had wished; but the superficial manner paid best. His writing is, therefore, far less impressive than that of Mr. Trollope, who never sat even in the Commons, and who was compelled to study the forms of the House (for the purpose of his novels) under the ægis of Mr. Speaker Brand.

Lytton thought a great deal, and wrote a great deal, about eating and drinking. There is no more difficult subject to approach with dignity. In "Paris," M. Zola describes a sumptuous breakfast, and notes the effect of the coffee afterwards: "*qui caressait les digestions ravies.*" One turns with shame from the scene; and very probably, M. Zola desired to produce that

effect. But at least his method is sound, and his terms of expression apposite. In "Pelham," Lord Lytton described two young gentlemen feasting in Paris, and contrasted their delicate food with that of their neighbors (English) who were calling for fried soles and potatoes. Fried soles and potatoes is probably exactly what Lord Lytton's readers would have ordered, and they would perhaps, be impressed with a sense of their rusticity in finding their taste derided by their favorite author. But the incident is not interesting, or amusing, or important.

If these views are sound, what was the secret of Lytton's success? The secret is that he carried on, in prose, the Byronic tradition. There was much in common between the two men. Lytton possessed Byron's prodigality of expression, his undisciplined energy, his sense of the sonorous. Neither man really cared for, or understood, art—not even the art of his own craft. Both men were capable of any height, and deliberately preferred the lower level. Both possessed the gift of posing—for which, perhaps, there were more opportunities seventy years ago than there are now. Lytton, like Byron, contrived to envelop himself and his works in a romantic atmosphere, where both the author and his creations looked far grander than they were in reality.

The days in which Lytton prospered were the great days of English novelists; but nobody cared to carry on the Byronic tradition except Lytton. Even Lytton, industrious though he was, might have failed if he had not woven the supernatural into every work where he could create an excuse for its introduction. Besides the attraction of melancholy, melodrama, passion and languor, Lytton provided a thrill which was all his own. The "Thing," the "Horror," the "One," which dogged characters, and which rested in all the

terrors of the Unknown—about which pages and chapters were written, but of which nothing was stated definitely, except that it began with a capital letter, excited the nerves of his readers. When a creature like Zanon! assures his pupil that he has lived 5,000 years, and adds that after all he cannot penetrate the secrets of the heart of the meanest boor, we feel on good terms at once with the supernatural; after all, it is something like ourselves. It is in "Zanon!" that we are first introduced to Adon-Al, a being who was presented a second time to the British public with such appalling seriousness forty years later.

This all-pervading sense of mystery is perhaps the only point which Mr. Calverley missed when he wrote his famous lines on Lytton's works:—

Read not Milton, for he is dry; nor
Shakespeare, for he wrote of common life;
Nor Scott, for his romances, though
fascinating, are yet intelligible;
Nor Thackeray, for he is a Hogarth,
a photographer who flattereth not;
Nor Kingsley, for he shall teach thee
that thou shouldst not dream, but do.
Read incessantly thy Burke; that
Burke who nobler than he of old,
Treateth of the Peer and the Peeress,
the truly Sublime and Beautiful;
Likewise study the "creations" of "the
Prince of Modern Romance;"
Sigh over Leonard the Martyr, and
smile on Pelham the puppy;
Learn how "love is the dram-drinking
of existence;"
And how we "invoke in the Gadara of
our still closets,
The beautiful ghost of the Ideal, with
the simple wand of the Pen."
Listen how Maltravers and the orphan
"forgot all but love,"
And how Devereux's family chaplain
"made and unmade kings;"
How Eugene Aram, though a thief, a
liar and a murderer,
Yet, being intellectual, was among the
noblest of mankind.

So shalt thou live in a world peopled
with heroes and master-spirits;
And if thou canst not realize the Ideal,
thou shalt at any rate idealize
the Real.

Nothing is missed here except Lytton's remarkable command of the machinery of the supernatural, and the amount of attention which his mysteriousness won for him at a time when all men and women of his public were easily attracted by hints of the Unrevealed. It was no doubt, good to read of Romance; but much better to read of Romance written by one who "could an' if he would" tell of the Impossible and the Unimagined.

Before we consider what Lord Lytton might have done, had he been born in 1850 instead of 1803, let us consider what he might have done had he not deliberately debauched his intelligence by writing down to the level of a public which he despised. There came a time—1870—when a great thing had to be written; it has not been written yet. The drama, or melodrama, of the Second Empire is full of light and shadow—a magnificent subject. France, the land of charm, gallantry and romance, was still ruled by an Emperor. That Sovereign's government had been denounced with invective so fierce that it calls for courage to maintain that the invective is unnecessarily fierce. The Court, we are told, was tawdry; but it was as magnificent as expenditure could make it, and we in England were not ashamed to copy its fashions. A magnificent French Court must have been a wonderful sight; and Lytton knew it, and might have described it. The Emperor, we are told, was a criminal; but he was incontestably a mighty force, if only by reason of that knack of throwing an atmosphere around himself, in which Lytton excelled. And after all he was a man, haggard with the burden of eighteen years of Empire; not such an Empire as we have

been privileged to see ruled by one Sovereign for the period of Napoleon's whole life, but an Empire dogged by secret societies, with the memory of Orsini behind it, and the shadow of Bismarck ahead, a shadow growing ever darker and darker as the Empire raced to its fall. There, too, was Paris the beautiful, a capital gay and grand while Berlin was still a provincial town and London the squalid London which Charles Dickens knew. The entrancing beauty of the Empress, and the attractive character of the child heir to the throne—an heir destined to so tragic a fate—engaged the sentiments and the affection of Frenchmen. The sad memories of Queen Hortense dwelt in the land, and the bands played "Partant pour la Syrie" in the evening. We never hear "Partant pour la Syrie" now; the "Marseillaise" has played it down. Everywhere was the Army; the Army of France, hitherto invincible, maintaining the foppish traditions of the Grand Century, a gorgeous array with great memories behind it, and some base ones, but still the Army of France, hastening like everything else that was French, except the inexhaustible charm of the people, to its tragic end, as the patient clerk Von Moltke labored at returns and statistics beyond the Rhine.

Here are the rough materials of a great romance; and if Lytton had used the opportunities which forty years of literary work must have thrown in his way he might have produced something as great as the "Vicomte de Bragelonne," or "Esmond." But, on the contrary, we find that Lytton's mannerisms are as marked as they were when "Pelham" appeared. We take a page at hazard from the first volume, and we find "café," "sorbet," "petit verre," "savoir vivre," "garçon," "gouvernante" and "coupé." We find during the commotions narrated in the fourth volume that somebody was

wounded by an "obus." No sooner does the scene shift, temporarily, to Italy, than we find "contadino," "Eccellenza," "Inglese," "Padre" and "cognoscenti." "Fanatico" has no deep meaning that cannot be expressed in English, and "maman" is not so different from "mamma" that it cannot be safely translated. As regards the action, Lytton was far feebler than Gregor Samaroff.

Where there were opportunities for grand narrative or episode, we find nothing more important than duels with "spadassins," bitter reflections by "gentilhommes" of the old "régime," and some comments on England which would hardly find a place in a well-edited school magazine. How is this for the fruits of fifty years spent in living and observing life? "It is very droll that, though the middle class entirely govern the melancholy Albion, it is the only country in Europe in which the middle class seem to have no amusements—nay, they legislate against amusement. They have no leisure day but Sunday; and on that day they close all their theatres—even their museums and picture galleries. What amusements there may be in London are for the higher classes and the lowest."

It is very easy to produce pages of this kind of writing. If Lytton found that his public would buy it he was undoubtedly right to take no more trouble with his work. Literature, for him was a means to an end, not an object in itself, and if he had lived today his resource and audacity would have found even fuller scope. The reward for satisfying the taste of the reading public of the twentieth century is incalculable; where it was formerly counted in hundreds of pounds it is now counted in thousands. Had Lytton lived now he would have seen and seized all his opportunities. The prestige of mere wealth has greatly in-

creased, and Lytton would have wasted no energy over side issues which were important in his own time. Just at present one public is attracted by long stories in frigid prose about nothing in particular. Lytton would have produced stories of any length about nothing at all. If other people wrote in four volumes Lytton would have droned through fourteen, or forty if necessary; while the nullity and frigidity of his style would have struck Oxford dumb with envy. Another large public (perhaps the same) loves impropriety presented as a rebuke to impropriety. Lytton would have placed his manuscripts (written to suit this public) in the hands of the smartest criminal lawyer in London. He would have passed nothing for press that his lawyer was not prepared to defend; and when his book appeared London would have been shaken from West to East with one long lucrative shudder of delightfully outraged propriety.

When English, correct and incorrect, had been exhausted and had each yielded a large fortune, Lytton would have learnt Scotch. In a very short time he would have produced a shelf of stories in sufficiently good Scotch to pass muster, each flavored with appropriate maunderings making the narrative suitable for Sunday-afternoon reading. They would have had an immense popularity; the sales would have been unparalleled, and Lytton might have bought another estate with the proceeds. But when bogies came into fashion, how would the feeble imps of our own time have shrunk abashed into their caverns before the stride of Lytton's majestic spectres! This wonderful man was perfectly capable of inventing an entirely new religion, with himself as the Mage or even the Object of Adoration; in which case there are no limits to the incense which would have been offered at his

altar or the gold which would have poured into his treasury.

Is this an exaggeration? Let us consider, then, what Lytton actually achieved. For style he cared nothing; his own manner remained the same, explosive and undisciplined, except in the very rare cases where he was interested in his own productions. But as for the matter, there is no subject capable of romantic treatment which this astonishingly versatile man did not make his own. So long as cheap cynicism, paltry witticisms and little stories about "success in society" paid, Lytton wrote them, and wrote them as well as stories of this kind can be written. When taste grew ultra-Byronic—perhaps under the stimulus of Lytton's writing—Lytton followed it as far as it was safe, and then commenced writing for the more domestic public. *Thieves' patter* was in the fashion for some time, and Lytton promptly showed his admiring public that he knew more about the patter than the thieves themselves. Then came the turn of the historical novel, and *"Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons"* and *"Devereux"* showed that Lytton could write about any country and any period, and could write quite well enough for his works to sell. His ghost stories scared his readers literally into fits.

So that the forecast of Lytton's fortunes, had he lived fifty years later, may stand. His commercial instincts were admirable, but his works have very little relation to literature. Had he lived now, he would have written English, as he could very well have done in his own time if he had cared to take the trouble. He did not care to take the trouble because it did not pay. In his day the public admired Mr. Thackeray, not for his style, which was almost perfect, but for his teaching (which was entirely harmful), for his knowing way of writing about great

people, and for his bolsterous gaiety, which is positively distressing. What place, then, does Lytton take in the studies of any reader of the future who shall endeavor to master the social life of England in a century which may then be far removed from the memory of man? His place is not unimportant; although there is not much to be learnt about England from his works, two or three points of decided social interest may be noted. The first is the very wide gulf which separated classes from each other. In Lytton's novels we are conscious of the presence of a real "mob," a dangerous class, not arising from temporary slackness of trade, but permanent, and permanently degraded. We are equally conscious of an aristocracy which appears to be an entire stranger to its neighbors of the middle classes. The middle classes themselves are drawn as ignorant and uninteresting, with dingy surroundings and uncouth manners. That Lytton made a considerable fortune out of the middle classes is in itself suggestive. The state of mind which causes servant girls to prefer stories about wicked counts to

stories about people in their own rank of life was widely spread, and proved very useful to Lytton. We are also conscious of a marked affectation in manners and of a grotesque attempt to imitate those manners on the part of people to whom they did not naturally belong. The social insignificance of Germany, and the position of Italy as a dead country full of sentimental memories, is contrasted with the influence of France, which is paramount. In matters of taste and fashion France gave the lead to Europe, and England humbly followed in her wake. Then we are to remember that these novels appeared in the years when Englishmen loved to call themselves "practical," "downright," "common-sense," and not too sensitive. The note has changed of late years; but how much diffidence apparently lay behind this confidence and bluster! Above all, what credulousness—what a longing after belief! Was all this the last shiver of dying superstition, or was it the first faint breeze before the dawn of a steadier faith springing from wider knowledge?

Walter Freeman Lord.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE PERSISTENCE OF YOUTH.

In all ages and in all languages the praises of youth have been joyously or pathetically sounded. From time immemorial men have been exhorted to make the most of their youth, remembering that it would quickly pass away, and the catalogue of the ills which old age brings with it has been drawn out with dismal iteration. In a sort of half-hearted way men learned the lesson. They enjoyed themselves as much

as possible when they were young, and when they were old made things as unpleasant as they could for their juniors, to revenge their own shortcomings in the joy of youth, and spent the rest of their time grumbling to one another. But it has been reserved for our practical age and for us practical Anglo-Saxons to learn the lesson in its fulness, and to draw the proper conclusion. We have determined to re-

main young until we die, and already the success we have achieved is remarkable. We made up our minds twenty years ago at most, and already the percentage of young men who have defied all the prosaic limitations of their ancestors is amazing. By young men I mean of course, men who are visibly and characteristically young, who by the mere tale of years may be anything up to sixty. For some time I have diligently read the lists of new books, and looked through tables of contents in the sterner reviews, in the hope that some philosopher might be found explaining the extraordinary duration of youth in the present day. I have been disappointed in my search, and am driven to make a few poor suggestions of my own, somewhat as a man wishing to study law takes a pupil instead of a tutor; by dint of writing about the matter I may haply light upon some cause or causes other than the determination which I have mentioned and which is not sufficient in itself, since in other ages men have tried to remain young and have somehow or other failed.

But let us first review the facts. I propose to confine myself to men, because in regard to women the change has been already noted and much exaggerated, and in their case it is confused with literary and other conventions and fashions. Moreover, that branch of the subject has the danger that one's philosophical intention might be confused with a spirit of uncouth and vulgar sarcasm, which is far from one. We will keep to men. Now, in the early part of last century a man was a man at twenty or so, a middle-aged man at thirty, and old at fifty. At the present time he is a boy up to about thirty-five, a young man up to fifty, and is hardly regarded as old until he has exceeded David's maximum of life by six or seven years.

For the first half of my statement I

refer my readers to the literature of the period *passim*.

Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty,

says Byron. Is anybody now regarded as a confirmed bachelor on account of his age? Not, I am certain, under seventy. But one might quote forever. Even in the middle of the century Thackeray made elaborate fun of his Paul de Florac for posing as a young man at forty. I am acquainted with a young fellow whose friends and relations are making serious efforts to wean him from dissipation and bad companions and settle him in some regular business, and he is fifty-four.

As to the second part of the statement, my readers can supply their own instances by the thousand from their observation, the newspapers, and the conversation of their friends—instances of a youthful persistence which would have amazed our grandfathers. A year ago, when the present Ministry was being re-formed, the newspapers were all commenting on the extraordinary youthfulness of Mr. Wyndham and Lord Selbourne. It was thought really audacious of Lord Salisbury to give high office to these lads. They are both about forty, and Pitt and Fox were in the blaze of their reputation and influence fifteen years earlier in their lives. It is, of course, a commonplace that we are served by older politicians than was the case in past times, but the interesting thing is that the comments on Lord Selborne and Mr. Wyndham referred to their absolute, not their comparative, youth, rejoiced in the vigor and capacity for receiving new ideas which their youth implied, and were inclined to be nervous about the want of caution to which it might expose them. The same thing happened in Lord Randolph

Churchill's case. I well remember hearing, when he resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, people complain of his boyish petulance. I well remember it, because I was in my teens myself, and was rather disturbed by the length of time which had to elapse before I should be grown up. Lord Randolph was about forty at that time.

These instances, however, though they are properly germane to the subject, may be suspect because of the convention of politics, as of the bar, which speaks of men as young when all that is meant is that they are comparatively young at their trade. Let us take, therefore, a calling which notoriously can be and is pursued by anybody over seventeen. There is a "dramatic critic" who is about forty-five years old, and has been a dramatic critic for about twenty years, I believe. Until a few years ago he was always referred to as a "young gentleman." That reminds me of Mr. Max Beerbohm (if he will not object to my mentioning it), who is twenty-eight, and whom a recent handbook describes as a "youth." If an author of twenty were to burst upon the world (such things have been), the critics would hardly admit that he was born.

These instances show the public tendency. They are, perhaps, partly explained by public intelligence. It takes the average person about three years to grasp a simple change in facts, if it is mentioned to him at least twice a week. Three or four years ago I was a dramatic critic for a few months, and I have still numerous acquaintances who have consulted me regularly ever since on the merits of every new play, though on every such occasion I have mentioned that I seldom go to the theatre. Suppose, then, when Mr. Wyndham was twenty-one, the average man was informed that he was a year older than when he was twenty.

The average man could not grasp that fact until Mr. Wyndham was twenty-four. Accordingly, when Mr. Wyndham was forty, the average man would have only advanced to the fact that he was twenty-six. Some such explanation may be brought against me when I advance my own theory that these men are called boys and youths and young gentlemen because they really are so.

I will, therefore, abandon these public instances and refer my readers to the host of men with whom they and I are personally acquainted, who are over forty, and who are, veritably and actually, still very young men in appearance, in habits and in conversation. You must know them. Let me describe one. He has a slight, youthful figure, dressed in the latest mode. His face is smooth and bland, adorned with an adolescent moustache. He has neat, smooth hair, growing quite low on his forehead, and showing as little tendency to baldness as when he was sixteen. He has bright, amiable and absolutely expressionless eyes. His habits are as simple as his face. He rises at a reasonably early hour, and after a good breakfast reads all about cricket or football, as the case may be, in the paper. He reads rather slowly, and this occupation, together with answering a few invitations to play games—he writes more slowly than he reads—takes up his time till lunch. After lunch he plays an athletic game. In the evening he may possibly go to a play, avoiding those which are suspected of having anything clever in them, or he may dance, or play a mild game of cards. If he has no such amusement, he is quite willing to talk from dinner to bed-time about the game he has played in the afternoon. This is his life in London; healthy and English. In the country there are more games and less newspapers. He never talks or listens

to others talking about politics, or literature, or anything of that kind, not so much because it bores him as because he does not understand a word of it. I doubt if he was really aware until lately that anybody really cared for anything except games. The war forced him to recognize that other transactions take place in life, but I think he will soon forget it. For the moment he has slightly modified his habit of estimating all men according to their proficiency in some game or sport, but the habit will reassert itself before long. Even now he never mentions General Baden-Powell without adding that he kept goal at Charterhouse.

Such is an acquaintance of mine. Such he has been and looked for twenty years, and such he will be and look for twenty years more. On his own subject he is full of impetuosity. I have known him return to the house after a long day's fishing and say as he entered the room, "Papers come? What's the cricket? For Heaven's sake tell me the cricket!" He has a son at the University, and I often think what an ideal parent he must have seemed to his son's schoolmasters. No nonsense about intellect, or education, or that sort of thing. If his son learned to play football skilfully the school was the best of all schools in this best of all educated countries.

If all young men of forty were like this one the explanation would be easy. Devotion to athletic games would account for it all. But I know vicious young men of forty—young men who smoke too many cigars and sit up late and play cards for high stakes, like M. le Vicomte de Florac. Thackeray was, of course, mistaken in supposing that these practices were ever peculiar to youth. It is a lamentable fact that no age or country has universally accepted our own ideal of regular work and economical habits as the perfection

of human life. But what is significant in the young men to whom I refer is that they do these things with the high spirits of youthful enjoyment, and in spite of their vices continue to look young. Dissipation in middle life used to become a habit, a necessity—not a joyous affair at all. And the middle-aged dissipators used generally to have or affect, some more serious interest. Cæsar, for example, happened to rule the world and change its constitution. Charles Fox was a serious statesman with ideas in which he believed. Even "Old Q." had his side and interest in politics. Moreover, Cæsar was bald and Charles Fox was fat. But these slim, smooth-faced, bright-eyed young debauchees of forty, who neither have nor pretend to have any interest in life but their dissipation, how do they do it? I remember hearing a woman refer to one of them as "a nice boy." I doubted his niceness and his boyhood, but she was right in her sense. There was nothing really wicked in his dissipation; it was the exuberance of a boy; and from a civilized point of view he had no claim, except the physical, to be thought a man.

These by no means exhaust the types of young men of forty; and if one passes from extreme cases to those in which boyishness is modified, a little and at times, by the rather serious pursuit of a profession or trade, one may include in the ranks of these young men the greater number of Englishmen belonging to the comfortable classes. How many are there, for example, who profess some sport or game as by far the chief interest of their lives—and I am loth to think them all hypocrites. If they are induced to talk on any other subject at all it will be in half-ideas, loosely expressed in comprehensive slang—just, in fact, as schoolboys talk. They have the intolerance of schoolboys for ideas not traditional and familiar to them.

selves, and the pride of schoolboys in their own ignorance. This may sound like harsh criticism, but I mean it for praise. Youth is everything. These young men of forty—nay, of fifty and sixty—are not naturally stupid, I am sure; but they feel instinctively that brains make a man grow old, and are determined to avoid them accordingly. One merely admires their astounding success. It is conceivable, indeed, that the national distrust and contempt of intellect may not be conducive to our continuance in high place in the competition of nations. But what a pity that is! If the world would only recognize that the accomplishment of perpetual youth is a far greater thing than the elaboration of intelligence, and, instead of taking advantage of our nobler work, seek with a whole heart to follow in our footsteps, how wise the world would be!

There is one consequence of this duration of youth over which one chuckles. The merely young in years, those who had the exclusive title of youth a few generations ago, no longer, so to speak, have the place to themselves. The young man of twenty no longer triumphs in his young manhood over his seniors. They are all young men too. Young men of forty bar his way and elbow him aside. It is very good for him. But this odd revenge of time tends to disappear, since at twenty a man nowadays is more and more a child. The extreme youth of undergraduates strikes every older person who revisits his University. It is quite common to meet young men, as they once were, of twenty, who tell you

they intend to smoke when they are thirty. Such young men are of opinion that their enjoyments must be literally confined to athletic games for the next ten years or so, and have no desire to compete with the young men twenty years their seniors.

We grow up more slowly—there is no doubt of that. But that is a little off my subject, which is not the slow development of youth, but its persistence at the same point. How is it done? I have half suggested the neglect of the intellect and the studious cultivation of stupidity, which certainly becomes more and more the quality most sympathetic to the majority of our contemporaries. Almost anything will be forgiven a man of whose stupidity our world is convinced, and our high places are always at his service. But it is possible that this may be a consequence and not a cause of our perpetual youth, or both may be consequences of a common cause. Perhaps we work less than our fathers; for it is one of the numerous facts with which nature mocks our ideals that hard work ages a man more quickly than most things. But then we are told that our fathers were more leisurely than we are. Or we drink less? True, that we no longer sit over our wine like gentlemen, but prefer horrible mixtures at odd times, like, bar loafers; but the doctors say that a bottle of sound wine after dinner did our fathers less harm than the casual "drink" does ourselves. We play games more; but then our play is hard work. . . . In fine I give the explanation up, and must be content merely to admire.

G. S. Street.

FINDING THE WAY TO THE POLE.

In these days of fast steamships, good chronometers and patent logs, there is not very much scope for the practice of the fine old methods of navigation which relied almost entirely upon observation of the sun, moon and stars to give the position of the ship at sea. The modern navigator has buried the best part of his astronomy under a heap of dead reckonings and log-readings, with the Greenwich time shown by a whole battery of chronometers. Gone out of all ordinary use is the beautiful method of finding the longitude from "lunar distances," for the perfection of which the Royal Observatory at Greenwich was founded; it was superseded almost before the labors of astronomers had placed it on a secure footing; and it lingers on now in the columns of the nautical almanacs only as a stand-by in a last extremity, and a cause of stumbling to the midshipmen of his Majesty's navy. Eminently practical the new navigation is, especially to those who sail in the cloudy seas about our own part of the world, in days when one can no more afford to hang about the mouth of the Channel waiting for a sight of the sun and moon, than to look at the end of the summer for a snug harbor in which to winter, after the ancient mode. But there are some people who have loved navigation because it is a branch of astronomy, and a materially useful outcome of that science, to be commended to those sordid folk who ask of the scientists' work whether there is any money in it; and they cannot help regretting the fact that in the everyday handling of a ship at sea there is little need now for any more astronomical data than were available almost two centuries ago. The expert lunarians—the men who found their

longitude from observations of the moon—are gone from ships, like the Mississippi pilots whose skill Mark Twain has immortalized, and one cannot watch their going without regret for a fine art fallen into disuse. In the words of Captain Slocum of the *Spray*, "The work of the lunarian, though seldom practised in these days of chronometers, is beautifully edifying, and there is nothing in the realm of navigation that lifts one's heart more in adoration."

We cannot but admit, however, that Captain Slocum professed this belief rather as a pious opinion than as a rule of life; for those who have read the delightful account of his voyage alone around the world will remember that he scarcely lived up to his own opinions and practised what he praised. He stands self-convicted of having done more guessing than he was even by naturalization entitled to do, marking the position of his ship upon the charts "by intuition, I think, more than slavish calculations." But he lived up to the traditions of the old circumnavigators when he sailed without a chronometer, for sufficient reasons; and by the help of the sun and moon he found his way with only one mishap, when he "hugged the shore entirely too close." His voyage was, perhaps, a triumph of observation of the ways rather of the seas and the winds around than of the heavens above him; and if we would see how beautiful a thing it is to find one's way by the stars, which is our present purpose, we should turn rather to a volume which has recently appeared, of some of the scientific results of Nansen's North Polar expedition.¹ The narrative of

¹ "The Norwegian North Polar Expedition.

that successful venture has not lost interest in the years which have elapsed since Nansen came home, even though his record of "farthest north" no longer stands. But the chart first published of the voyage of the *Fram*, and the track of the desperate sledge expedition, were only approximately right. Until all the observations had been thoroughly discussed and the calculations remade, it was not possible to say exactly how nearly they were right. That is now done, and an uncommonly interesting piece of work it makes.

The most noticeable peculiarity of astronomical observation at sea is, that fixed instruments cannot be used, because of the unsteady motion of the ship. The sextant held in the hand is an instrument of small power, and of little accuracy as astronomical instruments go, for the reason that a powerful telescope cannot be fixed upon it. Power in a telescope implies length, and the longer the telescope the harder it is to keep the sun in view, when it needs practised sea-legs to keep the instrument from waving about over a space of sky as big as the Great Bear. But on board the *Fram* this difficulty at least was absent. For three years the ship was held fast in the ice and drifted with it on an even keel. It was almost possible to adopt the plan of the examinee who answered that he should proceed to find the latitude at sea by setting up a meridian circle upon deck. The *Fram's* deck was encumbered with dogs, and every now and then the whole ship was lifted by the pressure of the ice below her. The ice-field round her afforded a better post for observation; they built a pillar of ice and capped it with slate, so that the feet of the instrument should not melt their way in when the metal got warm in the sun; and there Scott Hansen set up an altazimuth, very like a

large surveyor's theodolite, and a far better instrument than a sextant. He could make observations for the position of the ship as conveniently as if it had been in the camp of a geodetic survey party ashore.

Now, it is a heresy of which the writers of sea stories are the chief apostles, that the time at sea is found from the altitude of the sun at noon, when it is the custom to cry aloud "Eight bells." Of course it is not so; and the reason why is not hard to follow when one considers what is the reason for taking that altitude. The observation at noon is made to find how high the sun rises that day above the horizon of the ship's place; when we know that, and how far the sun is north or south of the equator, which is to be found in the almanac, we know the latitude of the ship at noon. The observation is the simplest possible, for at noon the altitude of the sun is changing very slowly; that is just the reason why one cannot find the time from it with an instrument like the sextant. The time observations are made morning and evening, when the sun's altitude is changing quickly. The moment of observation is then sharply defined, and it is not hard to calculate how far that moment is from noon—to find the local time, in fact; thence by comparison with the standard Greenwich time, which the chronometers show, the longitude of the ship is known.

The quick change in altitude is the point essential for a good result, and that brings us at once to one of the difficulties which confronted the observers on the *Fram*. When one is in the Arctic regions the heights of the heavenly bodies change very slowly, for they are all circling about the pole of the sky, which is nearly overhead. In summer there is perpetual sun, but it makes up for never setting by never rising very high; in winter, when the

sun has gone, the stars move in paths which are nearly parallel to the horizon. They are but little higher at their highest than at their lowest, and a few degrees from the pole it is as hard to determine the time within five minutes as it is within five seconds at the equator. So near the pole it must inevitably be hard to find the local time and the longitude. Latitudes are as easy there as farther south, which is a fortunate thing, for after all in a polar expedition latitude is the main consideration, and longitude will be a matter of serene indifference to the fortunate man who reaches the pole, where all longitudes are the same.

There was, however, one really necessary condition that must be fulfilled before it was possible to find the position of the ship, and that was that sun or stars should be visible. Clouds and the dismal arctic fog blotted out the sky all too frequently, as in more temperate climes; but there was a difficulty more serious than cloud or fog. During the summer months the sun, always above the horizon, made perpetual day, and he was always available for observation, though there was no night and no stars. All through the winter's perpetual night there were the stars, and for ten days or so a month perpetual moon. But between whiles, in the spring and autumn, there was nothing at all to observe. The sun even at noon was so low that its rays passed always through the dense cold air that lay over the ice; there was no calculating what abnormal effects the refraction of such air might cause. And when after skirting along the horizon it did sink a degree or two out of sight, there was no dark, but a long bright twilight in which no stars were seen. For at least three months in the year scarcely an observation was possible; the *Fram* was fast in the ice, drifting with it at

the mercy of wind and current, and trusting to the drift to carry it across the pole. But there was no possibility of telling how the venture fared until as winter came on a star at last showed up in the wandering twilight, or the sun came back in spring to the north of the equator and rose clear above the ice.

There were here conditions enough to make the problem of finding day by day the *Fram's* position a matter of no ordinary perplexity to the men who had to do it, and of unusual interest to those who retrace now the steps of their journey. But so far we have seen only the ordinary sea routine, modified a little by the fact that it was possible to establish on an ice pillar near the ship an instrument of accuracy ordinarily unknown at sea, and limited a good deal by the impossibility of doing anything at all at two seasons of the year. Summer and winter there were the daily observation of sun or stars for latitude and the true local time. It needed only a chronometer to show true Greenwich time, and the longitude would have been known with the ease which has made navigation in these days almost uninteresting from the astronomer's point of view. The *Fram* carried three chronometers, tested and rated with all care before the voyage began. But who was to say what change in their rate the intense arctic cold might not have caused?

Under ordinary conditions the performance of a modern chronometer is astonishing. Every year the leading makers send their best work to Greenwich, to compete for the honor of purchase for the use of the Navy. At the Royal Observatory the chronometers are compared for some months with the standard clock—one of them some years ago actually beat it—and they are baked in an oven to discover

how they will run in the temperature of the Red Sea. But an observatory cannot easily command sixty degrees of frost; it is impossible to predict beforehand how a chronometer will stand the arctic winter—there must be some way found of checking it, of finding at the ship what is actually the true Greenwich time, to see if the chronometer which professes to show it is running true. This necessity brought the officers of the *Fram* back in effect to the old days before chronometers could be trusted under any circumstances, when every determination of longitude at sea involved finding by observation not only the local time, but the Greenwich time as well.

Telegraphic signals and chronometers excepted, the only way of finding somewhere else the time at Greenwich is by watching something happen of which the Greenwich time of happening is known. An eclipse of the sun will serve, but these do not occur often enough to be of much use. An eclipse of the moon will not do, for the shadow cast by the earth has no hard edge, and the moon drifts into the shadow almost imperceptibly. There are eclipses of the moons of Jupiter, which are frequent. And lastly, there is the rapid motion of our moon among the stars, which furnishes a celestial clock admirably beautiful, but very troublesome to read. We are not so well off as the inhabitants of Mars must be, if there are any. They have a strange moon which rises in the west, rushes up to its meridian passage in an hour and a half, plunges down to its setting in the east, and a few hours afterwards rises again in the west. With such a moon it would be the simplest thing in the world to find the standard time at sea; the more is the pity that some people would have us believe that the Martians sail entirely on canals. We, on our earth, have only a slow-going moon which moves among

the stars over a space equal to its own diameter in about an hour. The bright stars scattered along its path serve as milestones to time its journey, or as the figures on the face of the clock to tell the hours and minutes. Many pages of the "Nautical Almanac" are devoted to showing how far the moon will be from chosen points of the road for every hour of Greenwich time. The navigator has but to measure and find how far the moon has gone upon her journey to know the time at Greenwich. It is as though a man with a time-table should find his way to one of the mile-posts on the railway, and set his watch by the time that the Scotch express ran past. There is just this difference, that the moon is always up to time, but never races ahead of it.

This, shorn of all encumbering technicalities, is the method of "lunar distances" for correcting the chronometers and finding the Greenwich time at sea. It is a troublesome business, not at all to the taste of the average sailor, and it takes a smart man to get the result right within thirty seconds. Nowadays when fast steamships are out of sight of land so short a time, the average time of three good chronometers is scarcely likely to be uncertain by more than that; the need of a check upon them has gone, and the beautiful method has fallen into disuse.

But the *Fram* was more than three years away from home, and the chronometers were exposed to very severe conditions. Some sort of check upon them was absolutely necessary, if the explorers were to produce any sufficient evidence of where they had been; had any one been asked how it was to be done, he would naturally have said by lunar distances. The answer is not right. The method was tried on the *Fram*, and it failed completely. In the perpetual day of summer, with a misty sky white from the glare of the sun upon the ice, the low moon was not to

be seen. In the arctic winter the terrible cold had so affected the sextants that they were quite useless for this delicate observation.

Here was a dilemma. There was a ship at sea, with its chronometers presumably going wrong, and the sea method of correcting them broken down. There is no way out of the difficulty, until we remember that for practical purposes the ship was not at sea. All around was solid ice on which a telescope could stand as firm as on shore. What more simple than to observe the eclipses of the sun and of the moons of Jupiter, and find Greenwich time from them? A hopeless solution one would be tempted here in England to say, where eclipses of the sun have been few and far between, while Jupiter has lately been visible only for a few hours in the short summer nights, very low down in the south. Yet up near the pole six years ago the method was made to work, and by the aid of a happy combination of circumstances it worked very well. There were actually three eclipses of the sun visible in the three years. Two out of the three were successfully observed in a clear sky, both of them in spring, when stars had gone for the summer. For months afterwards nothing more could be done; upon those two eclipses all the summer longitudes depend.

The return of winter brought Jupiter's moons into view once more, under conditions which have, perhaps, for the matter in hand never been equalled. Every tourist who has visited the North Cape in summer knows the phenomenon of the perpetual sun, at least by repute. Some of the astronomers who went round the North Cape in 1896 to see the total eclipse of the sun from the Varanger Fjord made a discovery to their confusion. They undertook one day for the amusement of their friends to calculate the time of

moon-rise—and the sun had no answer! The moon did not rise that night—there was perpetual moon too. But the navigators of the *Fram* made a yet more brilliant discovery. They found and made good use of a perpetual Jupiter. In those years Jupiter was about as far as possible north of the equator, and all through the winters he was as perpetual as the sun at midsummer. There was no looking up an eclipse of one of his moons in the almanac, only to find that they were all below the horizon, an experience too common farther south. If only the sky were clear they could observe every eclipse that was predicted, day or night, for day and night were the same and Jupiter was always up.

This method of finding the Greenwich time by watching for eclipses of the moons of Jupiter is so well known that it is in all the text-books—a consummation achieved too often only by the time the method has been abandoned, or altered out of all knowledge; nor is the present case any real exception to the rule. No one would dream of finding the time thus were any other method available, for neither can the observations be made with the required accuracy nor can the true time of the eclipse of one of the little moons be predicted without considerable error. That the latter should be the case is perhaps not altogether creditable to astronomers. The nautical almanacs use still the tables of Baron Damoiseau, published in 1836, because no newer are available. It is a matter of common knowledge that predictions based upon them are often somewhat seriously wrong; yet until within the last twenty years very little has been done to effectually remedy this state of things. It is therefore all the more satisfactory to know that two long investigations are now being brought to a close which should put the theory upon a basis strong enough to bear the

weight of modern criticism. However, this new work is not yet available; in the working up of the *Fram* observations, the best possible must be made of the old; and this is how the matter stood. Whenever the almanac announced that an eclipse was due, and the sky was clear, Scott Hensen had gone to the telescope on the ice, and turned it upon Jupiter. The four little moons are all visible, shining like stars of the sixth magnitude. Suddenly one of them begins to grow dim; it is passing into the shadow which the sun casts behind the planet. In a short time it has vanished entirely, and the time of disappearance is noted as exactly as may be, within two or three seconds, perhaps. In a few hours it will pass out of the shadow; the observer knows very nearly where it will appear again, and as the time approaches he strains his gaze to catch the first glimpse of returning light. Again the time is noted. Now the certainty with which it is possible to note the time of disappearance or reappearance of a faint shred of light depends upon a host of things; the size of the telescope, the clearness of the air and keenness of vision are some of them. Two observers ten miles apart, with telescopes of different sizes, would vary somewhat in their estimates. Much more certain was it that the *Fram* observations, made with small telescopes on the ice in the misty arctic air, with Jupiter always low though never setting, would be discordant from the results obtained with ampler means in the comparative comfort of a civilized observatory. Yet it was necessary to make the comparison, for only by the use of the latter was it possible to purge the predicted times of their grosser errors; the epithet is no whit too strong to apply to errors of a minute of time, insufferable in a prediction of this kind. Professor Geelmuuyden of Christiania, who taught the explor-

ers their astronomy before they started, and undertook the discussion of all the observations they brought back, was forced to collect results from all over the world, to arrive at some idea of how far the predictions really were wrong. It must be a source of great pleasure to the energetic owner of a certain private observatory in New South Wales, to think that the observations of Jupiter's moons that he made during the years of Nansen's journey have been of immense value to prove what way the *Fram* really went when she drifted in the ice past the pole.

And to what result did it lead, this sitting out on the ice in the cold, watching the eclipses of Jupiter's moons to find the time at Greenwich? It was the only check upon the chronometers that could be made in winter, when they were the more likely to go wrong. Nor was the check unnecessary, for it turned out that of the three chronometers one ran very well, and two rather badly. Had there been no check, there would have been nothing for it but to take an average of good and bad alike. As it was the evidence of two was peremptorily ruled out of court; the third was found trustworthy, and there are not many days in those three winters on which the position of the *Fram* is uncertain by so much as a mile.

'Twill be a long time before we read of a finer piece of work than was done by Captain Sigurd Scott Hansen, the navigating officer on that memorable voyage. Nansen has drawn a graphic sketch of the delights of arctic exploration when you drive your ship into the ice as near as may be to the chosen place, and sit down to wait comfortably for the drift of the ice to carry you across the pole. Perhaps in his enthusiasm for the *Fram* he has overdrawn the picture of the snug life on board; yet at least it was far worse without. One cannot admire too much the des-

perate determination of Scott Hansen to leave no observation unmade which could help to determine beyond all doubt the position of the ship, though the thermometer showed seventy degrees of frost, and bare metal burned like red hot iron in the intense cold. Overboard on to the ice he went day by day, and many times a day, bent on showing that he had learned his lesson well from the professor at

Christiania, that though the everyday navigator can afford to lay aside as too cumbrous and troublesome the beautiful methods of finding the way by the stars and the moon, when it comes to a pinch in the arctic seas—and not less in other parts of the world—navigation is no more a distant connection, but becomes again to-day, as it was in the past, the adopted daughter of astronomy.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A PRAYER.

Almighty God! eternal source,
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,
The calmness born of sense of right,
The steadfast heart, the quiet will
To keep the awful tryst with death,
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

* * * * *

O Lord of love! be Thine the grace
To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race.
Some thought of those in lands afar
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school,
Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule
And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We, in Thy watchful eyes, exceed;

That in the days to come, O Lord,
 When we ourselves have passed away,
 And all are gone who drew the sword,
 The children of our breed may say,
 These were our sires, who, doubly great,
 Could strike, yet spare the fallen state.

S. Weir Mitchell.

THE ART PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES.

Great Britain and the United States have paid the efficient homage to French art which has enabled that art to enrich France. The first pours more gold upon the shrine; the second bids fair to sacrifice there more of her judgment. Meantime our materials lie in crude heaps, or are vulgarly made up, and the English group is taunted with being incompetent in art. Is this submission always to continue, to an art established by Latin Europe and unsuited to the English world, and unadapted to the future? The question concerns the industrial renown of the English name, and it concerns a good deal more, for this art threatens to destroy every other art that exists, and so to root all the beauty out of the world. The question, then, concerns humanity. I should like to consider here the French art system with relation to America. If I am able to deduce any general truths they will be applicable elsewhere.

The Americans show considerable art activity. The movement is seen in our public schools, where drawing has been obligatory for thirty years, and where the results obtained cede in nothing to those of European schools, as was witnessed by the numerous grand prizes won for them at the Paris fair. It is seen in our special art

schools, established at every important centre, in our well-stocked art museums, in the prodigious number of pictures we buy of France. It appears in the initiative in industrial art made by a little group of men in New York, counterpart of that made in England by William Morris, which has enlisted world-wide attention and created a school of followers with recruits in Europe. Lewis Tiffany and John Laffarge have raised stained glass from the dishonor in which it has lain for two centuries, and have developed it into new quality, color and form. It is visible in an original and interesting effort in architecture and in a formula for decorating and furnishing interiors, which, as it is sincere and harmonious, has created a sort of local style. No one can understand what has been accomplished in this last direction who does not know the charm of recent American country houses. But of all this activity the result is most marked in painting and sculpture. The movement timidly begun in the first half of the last century, and passing through several evolutions, with English painting at first for a model, and then French, has grown rapidly of late, and to-day, in any consideration of contemporary fine art, American production claims a prominent place.

Two currents are visible in this effort. The architectural and the industrial art accomplishment are the work of native initiative; they are born out of the good sense and energy of the people face to face with their materials and their conditions, and they are eloquent of the possibilities for a distinctively American art; but this effort is isolated. The other current is the theory and practice of art which the Americans have adopted from Europe. Fine art has all the honors. The professional art schools, with a course of cast drawing followed by life drawing, under professors trained in Paris, are producing results similar to those of European schools, turning out, after the European plan, men and women vowed to the practice of painting and sculpture; and the industrial art schools, and in general all art teaching, are so arranged as to impress the pupil with the idea that, though industrial art is all very well for small talent, the *Simon Pure* expression of art, and the only one worthy of great talent, is "art for no use." And since this art has its cleverest modern realization in France, French fine art has been set up for American emulation. It is stated that some fifteen hundred Americans at the same time study art in Paris. To facilitate this study an American school for women has just been established there, in imitation of the French school at Rome, where American students may go, to be directly under the eye of French masters, to inoculate themselves with French methods and French results.

We are trying to develop a native art by applying the processes of Europe. Innovators in so much else, it has not occurred to us to question the efficacy of these processes, much less their results. It has seemed to us that art was something we had left behind us in going into exile, and we have looked across the ocean, and said:

How shall we get this art? And we have continued under the impression that art methods and an art ideal must be imported from France.

It is an error. In spite of the tremendous horizon of our geographic position we have not seen far enough. We have not seen that the theory of art which has prevailed in Europe since the 17th century has effectually hindered native expression wherever it has taken foothold; we have not observed its æsthetic feebleness and the inability of its methods to create beauty. We have, without sufficient reasoning, placed France in the position of an authority, and we have gone to school to an artificial procedure and to a practice in decay.

The adoption of this course in America is a threatened disaster. For on the one hand the characteristics of this art are such that the nation which borrows them necessarily puts a clog on the development of its natural æsthetic expression; and on the other hand, if we look at the conditions of American life, it appears evident that a people in these conditions which takes European fine art to be a suitable channel for its own expression is a people which has mistaken its way. These two points considered, if they seem to prove the assertion, should leave us in view of the ideal path to the ideal end.

Where is there any proof that the teaching and practice of fine art will develop a native art expression? For what is a native art if it is not the effort of a people shaping its materials into form? By continual effort at adjusting form more and more perfectly to the qualities of material and to the destined use, the workman arrives at the maximum of utility, which is itself an æsthetic expression. I know this is a heresy according to the interpretation of æsthetics now in vogue, but the interpretation needs, surely, to be re-

vised, since it leaves out a great category of Oriental art. By catering to more refined uses the expression grows more refined, till materials are raised to such quality of texture, color and form that they speak of the ideal to all the senses. Art which follows this means will be an expression of the community which made it, and it will have the quality of the infinite, that is to say, the possibilities of life and growth in it. Its characteristics will be evident in the elementary efforts to shape crude materials into use, and its highest expression will be but a continuous development of the same characteristics, as a spoken language is formed. And by striving to satisfy the desires of the same community, the workers arrive at unique formulas of harmony, in other words, at a national expression.

And what is modern fine art? A work divorced from utility as its first condition, and, therefore, separated from the people. A representation of life, of history, of dogma, isolated in a frame, or otherwise detached from its surroundings, an intellectual idea clothed by art laws, in which the intellectual tends to prime the æsthetic, which itself is reduced to a question of processes scarcely appreciated outside the profession except by critics specially trained. This art necessitates an artificial method of instruction. It is learned; however interesting, it is a dead language.

It is supposed to be a sign of cultivation to appreciate this art, and so it ends by usurping the place of all art. The artisan population, no longer encouraged to develop utility into beauty, cease æsthetic creation and begin to copy what those more instructed than they invent, and there results what is known as "applied art," the application to useful objects of pictures, of forms copied from nature or from sculpture, with which they have no re-

lation, and whose destination they disguise, thus carrying "art for no use" into industry in scorn for the useful. In order that a few people may see the annual exhibition of canvases, the world is condemned to a reign of ugliness.

Where fine art flourishes native art dies out.

Look at the country Americans propose as their model to-day, at the country whose art predominance has hindered the development of English art. Look at France. The history of her art is a tragedy, and the reader will let me, at the risk of telling a story already known, recall the phases of it.

No people, perhaps, were ever better tempered for art production than the French, and in the beginning they had a beautiful art. From the 12th to the 17th century, in all domains of industry, in every workshop, there were artists. All that left their hands was beautiful. They made, in the first centuries, tissues fit to place beside those of Byzantium; their forged iron unrolled its traceries over doors and windows, giving, with the maximum of force, the quintessence of beauty. Every piece of furniture, however rudely carved, spoke of the infinite, because it was the outward and necessary sign of the life which made it; statuettes, naïve expression of beliefs, raised wood to its apotheosis; Gothic temples rose as by magic. All this was worthy a place beside any school of art the world has seen; it was natural æsthetic speech. But fine art came in the 17th century, and as if a tornado had swept over France all this beautiful art disappeared. It died. Its results are in museums, and will never again be equalled by the same community, unless France should consent to go back again to question utility; which she will not do as long as the other States of the West are without

art and continue to pay her the homage of following her lead.

The transition became official with Louis XIV. A philosopher (Hutcherson) was found to separate, with logic, the beautiful from the useful, to deny even that the beautiful is derived from physical sensations. The career of fine art begins. Italy at this time set the fashion, and the Greek Renaissance came to France through this source. Raphael, in the latter part of his career, mixed the classic with natural expression; he was the first to commit this great fault, and France followed Raphael. The King imposed the study of Greek art on French artists, and established the Academy as the executive head of the new policy, the "Ecole des Beaux-Arts" for special instruction, and the school at Rome to complete the deformation of the French mind.

The new system consisted for iconographic art in correcting all forms after the antique. Where the type of the race had been reproduced all men must now be reduced to a conventional foreign measure. The pose also, no longer after nature, must be sought in the taste of the Greeks, and to this end the Academy established a formula for every figure. If it was a soldier he must look like Mars, if the king he must resemble Apollo, etc. The passions as well must be depicted after the Greeks, and all the forms of expression found in Raphael and the classics were collected into plates for school use, and a prize was instituted for their best reproduction. These plates, or similar ones, are in service still to-day; copies of them were to be seen at the Paris fair, made by French, made by English, made by American children. Literature at the same time fell under the yoke, and while Le Brun painted the king in the costume of Alexander, Corneille and Racine rejected French subjects for those of

Greece and Rome. It became a tenet that French art must come from Italy. And this absurd Latin pedagogy was deliberately adopted. There was no conscience in it. It was the fashion; above all, it was the will of the King.

In England Hogarth protested, and it was because England withstood the current that our language could have an epic literature, while France succumbed to the yoke of the Academy. The Flemings also kept to their natural expression, and produced a Rembrandt and an Albert Durer. The red heels of Versailles scoffed at these men, and told each other in classic phrase why they were not artists. They called them "Gothic" in disdain.

Poussin and Le Brun formed the Academy, which interpreted Rome, and the provinces were invited to shape their schools to interpret the Academy. Rouen objected, but succumbed with the rest, for there were no longer any honors to be gained outside the treadmill established. Academic professors were sent to the provincial schools, and the pupils passing by these schools were sent up to Paris, and from there were directed towards Rome. The prescriptions forbade even a too long stay at Paris; "it was necessary to go to Rome before the taste was formed." Thus the starting point was the antique; then behind the antique came Raphael, behind Raphael Poussin, and behind Poussin Le Brun. All these masters were copied, and they copied each other in succession. There is no longer any question of art with its roots in the soil; there is only a circuit. The Academy dictates to the "Ecole des Beaux-Arts," which is a place to gain the *prix de Rome*, which leads to the honors of the Academy.

May I reinforce this judgment on the transition period? I am sustained by the teaching of the late M. Louis Courrajad, curator and professor at the Louvre, who combatted with valiance

the theories of the Academy, and who died in despair, saying that the country was completely *abruti*.

The 18th century saw the two currents, the French instinct and the Academy following the school of Bologna, in a death struggle. Here and there one resisted. Bouchardin had his art temperament broken in and nearly ruined at Rome by the study of the antique, and his story is an epitome of all the rest. He writes to his father that he is hard at work trying to get rid of all his French ideas. He adds that from time to time he lapses and exercises himself in designing according to the spirit of his native country, and regrets that he cannot more quickly destroy his French instincts. He lapsed sometimes in his after work, which greatly shocked the court, and thus he produced several pieces which rank him now as the greatest sculptor of his day. But gradually he stuffs his real nature out "for fear of what Mars and Apollo will say, and the great ladies at Versailles." The Academy triumphed. And they thought this deforming of the national genius the beginning of the grandeur of France! In the picturesque language of M. Courrajo, the Academy thought the world awaited Canova.

The new theory consisted for industrial art in hiding all evidence of utility. What was useful was vile. This idea was favored by the political conditions; power had become despotic, and between the aristocracy and the people had come a profound breach. The new art worked for the aristocracy, which demanded only luxury. Materials and objects which serve necessity are presented under forms which distract the mind from their use. Table-legs are carved into royal monograms and panels are hidden under Boucher landscapes, in which meander young women corrected after the Farnese Hercules. Iron is discarded, and

more precious metals, scorning to play the part of strength, run in festoons of sculptured flowers held up by cherubs corrected after Raphael. And a race of artists, inheritors of a temperament made by centuries of aesthetic effort, trained now to an artificial art, raised the style Louis XIV to the most superb expression of frivolous luxury which perhaps the world has known.

The people saw their old art disdained, and they left it in neglect. They had no means to procure the new art which was the fashion; neither if they had would it have been related to anything in their lives. It was an art for the rich alone. The artist no longer draws his strength from the soil. Where formerly he interrogated life—where face to face with his materials he had always a new problem or a possible new solution and so where art was living—now he cultivates an official manner and produces a factitious art. The native expression is in decadence.

With the next reign the conditions have been accentuated. France still possesses the greatest amount of talent in Europe, with the most complete means of instruction, and still dazzles the world with her production. But the artists inherit less of the native force of their predecessors, and the artificiality is more confirmed. This art is already weakening, and with Louis XVI its action is done. It lived just as long as it could draw any substance from the mediæval art it despised, and when that force was spent it died. The Revolution produced the classicism of the Empire, which replaced frivolity with intellectuality. It was more interesting, but it was no more than the other the speech of the people. Art is now completely divorced from use. The splendidly artificial furniture-making has disappeared with the courtesans who demanded it, and the artists, proclaiming boldly "art for no

use," confine themselves to painting canvas. The people govern politically, and in them all power to produce beauty has been stamped out. A law had been in force since Louis XIV forbidding artisans to become artists under pain of a thousand pounds fine. Useful arts left to workmen who are no longer artists, are reduced to copies of the Louis styles for humble homes with which they have no relation. The rich are reduced to the same extremity. Copies of these styles spread over Europe and America, and house furnishing is reduced to the extreme of vulgarity. The modern theory of art has accomplished its work. *Æsthetic* tradition is lost. If you want art now you must buy it in a frame at so much a yard.

Thus the French lost their natural integrity in art. Thus the Gothic soul perished. "In *æsthetics*," M. Courra-jod was wont to lament, "we have invented nothing! We have copied all! We have not conceived art without Italy. The Academy has trafficked away the soul of France."

A century has passed, and French arts, produced always after the same formula, are still a model for the West. Is it because, under this formula, they have risen again to excellence, or is it only because the rest of us have done nothing? Our judgment on them is obscured by a long habit of faith; nevertheless, try to see them for a moment objectively; and first the Government industries should afford a measure of the value of the system.

The Gobelins and Savonnerie were established by Louis XIV. There had been tapestry made in France before, pure decoration, after the manner of Arras; but this did not correspond to the new formula. The work set for the Gobelins was to reproduce painted pictures in weaving. In the words of the Academic historian of the Gobelins, Eugene Muntz, "the painter

and the weaver collaborate to achieve a problem nearly insoluble, that of weaving real scenes, where fidelity is required, even to the minutest details." This factory has never had any other pretention than that of copying pictures. This is the purest official expression of "applied" art. For the weavers there is no question of *æsthetic* initiative, but only of mechanical perfection. These fabrics suppose a tissue without defect, and it does not appear that in this respect there has been any falling off, though the preoccupation of the painters with perspective imitations has increased the difficulties. Where the old Arras created its marvels with no more than twenty colors, Chevreul, in our times, passes for having endowed the Gobelins with 1,440 colors! The pictures are degenerate which are furnished for copies, and the recent work of the Gobelins is detestable. I appeal to all who saw it at the Exposition.

As for the Savonnerie, it was started to make Turkish carpets at Paris, the usage of which had come from Asia with the Crusades. It postulated, therefore, *æsthetic* creation. But with the new theory of applied art it deviated at the outset from its model, and this is so true that the famous carpet for the gallery of Apollo at the Louvre, which took nearly the whole of the reign to make, has for its design landscapes, medallions, arms, trophies and natural flowers. After two hundred years the same characteristics are in a carpet made for the Elysée, and shown at the recent World's Fair. It is made up of elements borrowed from the Persian, from natural flowers, from Roman acanthus scrolls, and its crudity of line and color forbid it to be compared for a moment with the carpet of two hundred years ago.

At Sèvres the same formula has produced similar results. Never in its most interesting days, if we may judge

by the pieces in the Sèvres and Louvre museums, has it equalled the Chinese porcelain. How could it? The Oriental artist starts out to ennoble his material. With him the quality of the paste is all. The color design has for its first reason to glorify the material, to show its quality under new aspects; and its further interest is a supplementary adornment, as moss veils a rosebud. At the beginning of the 19th century Sèvres was completely hiding its paste, and disguising the utility of its pieces, under gold and miniature portraits. In the soup-plate was a picture of the King of Rome, and Napoleon's waistcoat was under the roast. What can be said of this work is that it was difficult to do and that it was exquisitely done; but of the æsthetic qualities which make the senses vibrate at the contemplation of a piece of Chinese porcelain it has none at all. As to what Sèvres is to-day I may quote a French critic, M. Arsène Alexandre, who published an article in the "*Figaro*" two years ago on the decadence of Sèvres. "It has," he says, "for a long time past done very little, but at least it aimed at a cold and sterile perfection, deprived of art, but meritorious from the view point of an industry. To-day even this is lost. The products of Sèvres exposed at Chicago were, from the artistic view-point, of an almost comic effect."

And if the Government industries, born out of the new formula, have not thrived, neither have any of the others. Furniture-making reaches the height of its effort when it has exquisitely copied the past, and these copies are all that people of taste ask to-day of French makers. It is sufficient to recall the pieces shown at the Salons of the last few years to know that any attempt to originate furniture produces monstrosities. The bedstead, the table, are regarded as pieces upon which a foreign idea may be grafted. There

was a table at the World's Fair carved to simulate a tree trunk; the roots formed the feet, the trunk the support and the lower branches formed the table. M. Robert de la Sizeranne, in an article in one of the French reviews, vaunts the logic of this design. His approbation shows the view-point of the French school. The idea of use must be glossed over, and another idea substituted, on the pretence that the judgment of taste can be exercised only on objects without finality. The identification of finality with utility is the characteristic and the fault of the French school. It has prevented impersonal creation and kept them mere imitators of nature. It makes their arts when compared with those of the Oriental school, appear trivial and superficial. The table is reasoned but from the inconsequential proposition that a tree trunk may be made to serve as a table. The artist has but perpetuated a very poor wit, which, if it piques the curiosity once, the second time it meets the eye is intolerable.

Bronze and brass light fixtures are a French specialty. Their ingenuity, delicacy, grace and variety of form are extraordinary; at the World's Fair the eye was dazzled by the wilderness of these objects and by their matchless skill. Their design is governed by the same fault. The point of departure is the same trivial wit, a relation discovered between natural objects, a flower, a feather, a human being, and the necessary form. For reasoning based on the destination of the object the general impression given by the French exhibit could not compare with Louis Tiffany's lamps, which were one of the æsthetic joys of the Exposition; nor even with the unpretentious fixtures in the United States pavilion, reasoned with a surprising justness and simplicity. But there is no need to go out of France for a contrast. Placed beside the precious old iron candlesticks

and lamps in the French retrospective exhibit, what a commentary on the modern teaching of art!

Everybody knows the history of French wall paper. It has had its seasons of hideous flat repeats, of natural bouquets, of imitations of velvet and of *moiré* silk. We have all been more or less submissive to these fashions in turn. It has been largely discarded for English paper with people of taste, even in France, and in America it is rejected for the recent interiors of which I have spoken. In carpets the French formula has always been particularly shocking, and since the Eastern markets have become easily accessible, French carpet-makers have had to come back to their point of departure of two hundred years ago, an imitation of Turkey. But it is needless to specialize; there is a museum of silks at Lyons with its tissues arranged historically, and it furnishes a complete view of the downward course of French art. These tissues begin with Mediæval France, purely æsthetic, then comes the sumptuous, if cold, magnificence of Louis XIV, and from then a steady decline, till they grew so bad that the women refused to wear them, and the rule of plain silks came in. Since then Lyons has been copying birds, flowers and ostrich feathers in relief, with the preoccupation of deceiving the eye. To this "art for no use" has reduced Lyons silks.

A recent attempt to do some "art pieces" in pewter and other common metals has been vaunted as a sign of the revival of industrial art. London saw the best specimens of this so-called revival at the Grafton Galleries in 1893. It consists of the application of fine art, of women in hysterical poses after the modern French fashion, to pitchers and plates. Charpentier's door-locks exhibited in London, and again at the World's Fair, are designs which would be just as well suited to

tombstones. One has only to look at these pieces to understand how thoroughly the French have unlearned the idea of exalting utility. It is impossible that there should be a revival of art by this method.

France has had no industrial arts for a hundred years.

I know what will be objected to this. French art industries taken altogether are superior to those of other countries of the West. I understand by art the skill and knowledge to realize a conception. The French temperament is the most artistic in Europe, which is to say it is the most sensitive to order, to rhythm, to harmony. A formula once posed, the French artist pursues it with incomparable logic, and with a refinement of execution which in all the Western world defies comparison. His work has all these virtues; it is even because of these virtues that he succeeds in imposing a bad æsthetic upon us.

There is still another reason for the French success. They are the only skilled artisans who have catered for the habits of modern life. If there are other art centres on the globe they have been familiar with other conditions, not with ours. Considering the Western nations as a collectivity, the art industries of the whole have been produced in France. It is the French who have developed the art formula in fashion, and who have best interpreted it. For this reason their work is the authority, it is the model ideal. Whatever has pleased the French has seemed to the rest of the community to be superior. Thus the direction of taste has been established; thus the formula has fastened itself on our entrails.

This is why the æsthetic has died out of these arts without its loss being perceived by the community. This is why any effort on the parts of the group to free itself from the tutelage

of France becomes so difficult that even the United States, apt in all else at initiative, fall into the routine, and permit the processes of picture-making to invade their teaching of art.

And this picture-making, for which so much has been sacrificed, what compensation does it offer? When the French public goes of a Sunday to the Cluny Museum to contemplate its ancestral treasures, to see the precious dressers and linen chests, and all the beauty with which its young age surrounded itself, can it be consoled with the reflection that it has replaced all this by something more worthy?

Have the painters offered them not only beauty but as a surplus great or noble truths? If they have, their work may go towards the elevation of humanity, and the sacrifice may be justified. If they have not, they have done no more than narrow beauty to the limits of a frame.

It is in the tradition of canvas-painting to put itself at the service of great ideas. When the Latin Church proposed to it to embody its abstract dogmas in human figures, it charged it with a great mission, a mission pedagogic, in a high sense useful. The masses were ignorant, and were more easily taught by symbols, and the artist worked with joy at realizing an unseen world in whose existence he devoutly believed. This art translated what were held to be eternal truths. It was also in the tradition of this art to realize beauty; for at this same moment natural æsthetic expression was most developed in Europe, and in his Madonnas, portraits of the first pretty mamma in his village, the artist made you see all the here and hereafter. The concordant result was the wonderful religious art we know, masterpieces of human achievement, which remain for all time the apology for canvas-painting. This art has in its tradition both

beauty and great thought. Has it either to-day?

When Europeans ceased to be interested in the hierarchy of the over-yonder, and the masses became literary, this art would perhaps have subsided into the natural auxiliary place which belongs to it, had not the aristocratic idea intervened, and through the Academy forced into this channel all other art whatsoever. At the same time that this art was set up as official and became everybody's art, it lost its religious mission and its natural æsthetic expression. The Academy proposed to it, and proposes to it still to-day, to supply one and the other with the classic model, while perhaps the greater number of artists have broken away to the study of nature. When the great painter of the extreme Orient, Hokousai, explains to his pupils that "Japanese art aims at color and form without attaching importance to relief, and that European art seeks to deceive the eye" (de Goncourt, Hokousai), he marks the leading trait of this art to those who stand outside its influence. True, the limitations are more or less synthetized, the effort is made to develop a phase. The French painter is likely to tell you that the ideal of production is the "morceau," the work which, without regard to subject, is of impeccable technique. Still, those who cry art for art loudest must have a subject, and this art remains essentially imitative. A proof of it is the pre-occupation with perspective which has developed. It now takes 1,440 colors to tell all that the artist knows about atmosphere.

The work of this art to-day is the transcription of nature, but it is felt that this is not enough, and French art has supplied the empty place of religious passion by carnal passion. In order to speak to the senses it has resorted to sensuality, which is a sign that it is in great straits. These nude

women, with dissolute faces and more dissolute poses, seem to have been seen in pothouses between absinthes. This characteristic is not confined to the mediocre among French artists. I invoke the work of the sculptor most in view to-day, Rodin. This artist had a pavilion to himself at the World's Fair. A large number of the pieces he showed there were of nude women, rolled and bent and twisted into ignoble postures which could not be described, or even imagined, by people of sensibility, and of nude men and women amorously interlaced in poses which would certainly have surprised the Greeks, and which were perhaps never before exposed to the public. I know it is shocking to speak of them, though such is the aberration that it is perfectly proper for young American and English girls to go and see them, and to hang over them with the eyes of pretended connoisseurs. If the air of this exhibition was surcharged with sensuality—one may ask what sort of Saturnalia can reign in studios where such scenes are reproduced from life, and then one may realize to what depth this art has fallen since Fra Angelico's time. This is not perversity on the part of the artists; it is the logical condition of an art essentially imitative, which, disdaining to be of pedagogic use as illustration, and having no longer any religious mission, finds the need to explain its reason for being. The French artists have the courage of the situation.

I appeal to all who have followed the annual Salons; this art is as barren of æsthetic expression as it is of ideas. The religious section of sculpture for church purposes, fallen so low as to be refused access to art galleries, is of revolting naturalism, with emaciated Christs covered with coagulated blood and Marys weeping tears of real crystal; while for the annual crop of pictures, I should be curious to see the

visitor who had walked through the recent galleries not to say without fatigue but without heartsickness, who could say he had found in this at once complicated and puerile technique, any repose, any sensuous pleasure. The French have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage.

This is the art which dazzles the Western world; which is proposed as the ultimate end of all art endeavor; which we spend our time in imitating, with more commonplaceness than the French and less skill; this is the art for which we live in ugliness, which has become a devouring Melkarth into whose arms the West is anxious to throw its children, to which America with her pretended perspicacity is willing to bow down. It is for this that our houses are vulgar, and that we are reduced to read of beauty in the *Thousand and One Nights' Tales*. It is because we spend our days at this shrine that the gold and the silver and the wood and the clay of Great Britain and of America lie crude, and that the future of commerce remains in doubt. Is there no way to save us from this folly?

The principle of imitation has ruined French art. It has not only done this; it long ago killed a glorious art in the Spanish Peninsula which it was powerless to replace; it has paralyzed art development in every country of the West, and it now threatens to gain the East. Japan brought to the World's Fair a roomful of canvases painted after the European manner. The judges and the public neglected this manifestation as it deserved, and gave their medals and their patronage to the native art, which was one of the æsthetic demonstrations of the Fair; but this will not hinder the Japanese from coming the next time with two rooms full instead of one. Perhaps they are right to take time by the forelock, as those Orientals who do not

adopt this art will find their own killed in time by our ignorance. England has made some struggle to react against this influence; but in England, as in America, as everywhere else, the superstition of fine art has entered, and the fine art critic reasons glibly, and given his premises reasons with logic on *chiaro-oscuro* and other mysteries, and everywhere the public imagines that a pretended knowledge of fine art is a sign of refinement. We are all snobbishly afraid to raise a voice. We dare not say to the annual exhibition of canvas: This is rubbish; let us go and create beauty. We dare not trail our fashionable idols in the dust, even before the living God.

The art teaching in the United States is organized, as it is in Europe, to propagate this ruin. Nevertheless the system of public school drawing, inaugurated there in 1870, was in many ways very remarkable. It was inaugurated by an Englishman, Walter Smith, though I am ignorant as to how much of its formula was of English origin. The first years are given to creative design. Every one familiar with the work in the United States, or doubtless the same work elsewhere, knows how easy it is for children to acquire the elementary principles of design, and with what delight they use them to create new forms. That a decoration on a flat surface should never look anything but flat is a precept of simple honesty which appeals to children, and they will soon look with disdain on a comrade who permits himself to imitate a natural flower or to produce an effect of relief in his work. I insist upon this; the creative faculties are awake. Why are not these children a little later on set to studying materials, and the relation which may exist between materials and the life of the community? I am not presuming to formulate a method, but it seems to me possible that Agassiz has

indicated the way. It is said that when a pupil applied to this scientist for instruction, he was not set to learning what other people had discovered, but he was shut up alone in a room with a fish and told to come to the professor at night with all he had been able to learn about it. Why not say to the pupil in art: Here is a material; your problem is to shape it into form, every part of which you will explain, on the one hand by its qualities and on the other by the use to which you destine it. Such study would have no relation to the learning of a trade; it would be simple practice in developing the creative faculties in the direction of form. The primary and grammar school teaching of drawing in the United States a few years ago was an admirable preparation for the development of such problems. But we have not understood this; we have not understood art without France; and so we have developed the imitative idea. The mechanical drawing being directed into a special channel (where it may be said in parenthesis it has accomplished marvels) and there being left the branch considered more especially artistic, we have imposed upon this branch two subjects, designing and free-hand drawing as understood in Europe. The last is composed of cast-drawing and perspective. I understand by perspective all copying of objects with a view to imitation. The pupils are set to hunting light and shade on casts, and to copying nature. If they have been well trained in the lower classes they revolt at this less intelligent form of work; they regard with amazement the teacher who proposes to them this heresy. What a commentary on "high art" is in the repugnance of these children! But they are apt, and they soon learn that creative design is little considered, and that the imitation of nature gains all the honors, and from that time on

the evil is done. It is as easy as this to corrupt youth!

The designing is an analysis of flower forms with the copying of some plates of historic ornament. If the European knew how, as the Oriental does, to detach his line from the source whence he takes it, and make it speak an impersonal language, a new message to each one that sees it, each time it is seen, he would understand all the absurdity of erecting the analysis of flowers into the principal study for decorative art. But since his ideas are a modification of fine art, and he does not know how to create the æsthetic, he depends on flower forms to supply his ignorance. These forms, however conventionalized, give no other idea than that of flower growth, and since general ideas drawn from flowers are necessarily limited, and the varying of their details is necessarily trivial, this flower decoration is insufferable. As to plates of historic ornament, if it had not been erected into a dogma it would be easy to see that the hours spent in copying them will not help us in our problem before our materials. It has had no effect in Europe, and it can have none with us. The facts are evidence that this is not the sort of teaching to develop the æsthetic faculties. French art did her most precious work before she began to study these procedures, and from the hour she began to study them her æsthetic expression declined. The two hundred years spent in chasing lights and shades over surfaces has but enabled the French to paint with extraordinary skill Napoleon's pantaloons on their soup-plates; the flower analysis has led them to substitute flowers for creative ideas; the copying of historic ornament results in weaving Roman sculptured acanthus scrolls in carpets. It must have the same result everywhere else. On such exercises American pupils are wasting their time. It

is a fatal mistake to confound the teaching of æsthetics with the teaching of European art.

The Oriental races, which have developed great schools of art, have ignored or else have eliminated these procedures. They have not copied nature; they have rejected as foreign matter relief effects, and they have not separated art from the useful. Musulman art, say of Persia, for example, is a revelation of what an art can be which speaks the primitive language of emotion. There is no rehash of analyzed flowers here; every touch has the interest of a new creation. These screens made of bits of appliquéd flannel evoke a sensuous pleasure unknown to Lyons silks, beside which Marie Leczinska's Gobelin screen, rated a masterpiece of French industrial art, is a laughable crudity. These brass lamps show how art may glorify matter and consecrate utility. Whoever has seen a room hung with Persian silk carpets has given his senses a foretaste of Paradise. In these carpets a bloom of color palpitates without fixing the eye. The forms, if one looks for them, are horsemen, elephants, tigers, birds, flowers, verses of the Koran, but one must make a needless effort to know this. It does not matter. They do not ask attention for themselves; they are not subjective; they are impersonal. And how eloquent! A few pure hues are so varied as to seem endless. The disembodied color glows and beams and envelops like an aroma, the senses are beguiled and the tired mind, relaxed, abandons itself to dream of the infinite. This is pure æsthetic creation, and it knows nothing about perspective or flower analysis.

Did any one ever receive such sensations, there is no need to ask from a gallery of modern pictures, but from any textiles or other objects of art produced in France or elsewhere after the

European formula? The Gobelins may be beautiful as a by-product, particularly if so worn out as to be undecipherable, but it is not that by first intention; it is a picture teasing the mind to recall this episode or that episode of history or of literature. It asks you to decide of what period are the costumes, and the architecture, and what is the meaning of the postures? And from a promenade across these objects the mind returns fatigued with ideas. Those that made it have studied nature drawing and flower analysis. This art is not æsthetic; it is cerebral.

This element of nature-drawing has worked like a gangrene in the American schools. The proof of it was in the class-work sent to Paris. It has gone down into the primary classes, crowding hard on the former creative design, and children of seven years old are now copying landscapes in color.

The situation is confirmed by the official report on drawing made by the department of education for the United States Commission to the Exposition. It is said in this report that the public school drawing, which began thirty years ago with such promise for æsthetic culture, has had its best energies diverted to a preparation for the mechanical trades, and that the æsthetic element is officially neglected. "The failure of the art idea," it says, "is so evident that we can point to but a single training school where some æsthetic culture is still attempted." It says again: "In the opportunities offered for the training of youth in the industries of applied art, the United States to-day are hardly in any better condition to contend successfully with the industrial products of Europe than they were in 1870." Thus fine art methods have begun their work of ruin in America, and thus the first part of the demonstration I set out to make, namely, that this art must clog the de-

velopment of native æsthetic expression, is, I think, completely made.

This art is particularly incongruous in America because life there is less based on tradition than elsewhere. The educated populace has grown past the age of symbols, and each unit of it is occupied with problems of the future. American life is ordered, not from the top down, but from the humble upwards, and an American art, to be consistent, should be the speech of the people. A democracy expects all its members to be useful, but what can it profit a community that a man should spend his time in imitating nature? Such effort is sterile, and the more talent it has consumed the more deplorable it is. A truly democratic art is one which exalts materials into beauty for the benefit of all. The artist, if he succeeds, has interpreted the life around him, and his work becomes the common patrimony. Again, a community which professes to develop the powers of all its members makes a strange mistake in choosing for a model ideal an art which is exclusively a masculine expression. This art limps, and the large number of women now pursuing it does not disqualify the statement, neither was it a caprice when the young men of the *Beaux-Arts* mobbed the young women admitted to the school two years ago. The French system has pretended from the first, to have an art made by men only. Women have been excluded from its schools and its honors, and they have been cut off from the classical, philosophical and dogmatic knowledge for which in the past it has professed to be the vehicle. It has been an art exclusively by men exclusively for men, a singularity which, if I am not mistaken, marks it off from all other art that the world has seen. In all times elsewhere, wherever there has been an art, in India, in China, in Persia, in the deserts of Arabia, æsthetic crea-

tion has been the work in common of men and women. America should aspire to a complete art, based on modern development, and for this the world has given no model. It is all to create.

In common with all English communities America has a moral development which will not permit her to resort to the means which have served the French to keep a semblance of life in the fine art cadaver. The nude is absurd in an English community. I know this opinion is likely to be jeered at, just as would have been in Ponsin's day a protestation against picturing Frenchmen in the togas of the Ancient Greeks. The toga was a ground dogma, and so to-day is nudity. Both fashions have the same psychological origin, a desire to substitute for the work of creating beauty a beauty ready made, with in the last case a preoccupation the more. If our artists undertake the subject they go by a false route, and the sentiment of the community is betrayed in their work; I want for illustration of it no more than the nude women painted over the door of the United States pavilion at the Paris Exposition, who had the air of modest Americans undressed to be shown to the world. We have not the habit of nudity. Has anybody except equatorial savages and a clique of French painters who live among the Phrynes of Montmartre?

The French follow logic boldly, wherever it takes them. We do not; if it runs against moral habit we prefer compromises and mediocrity, and for this reason, because either way we take it this art must always be handicapped for us, it is not a suitable means for English expression. Neither can English-speaking women afford to admit the degradation of women to which it has sometimes descended. Every form, grace, possible circumstance of

woman's life has been violated to express debauch and dragged to the public gaze to give stimulus to this art. Such production is a flaunting insolence in woman's regard, and is completely out of joint with our civilization.

It is true we buy this art of France. We buy a great deal of it even. Taine wondered curiously what could become of the several miles of canvas of the annual Salons. The London and New York picture dealers could have told him something about it. No one supposes it is digested in France. It would perhaps be found that the French art collectors, outside a certain class, are not very keen upon it; among them are some who know that there is more æsthetic pleasure to be got out of a Japanese print at fifty centimes than out of all the five thousand canvases of the Salon. It is permitted, moreover, to believe that but for our markets a large proportion of French painters would be forced to give their talents to other matters, which would be so much moral gain for France. We buy this art because we imagine that the possession of it is a proof of refined taste. We are so convinced of this in the United States, that when, a few years ago, the Government put a tax on its entry, we accused the law-makers of being the enemies of the human kind, and the hullabaloo was kept up till the tax was removed. The obstinacy with which we cling to this art keeps us eternally in the tutelage of France, and will make us despised by our new neighbors, the races of the East, who will not be slow to find out our weak point.

Excepting illustration, which is the real modern rôle of imitative art, and which the painters disdain, is canvas-painting to-day really a work for serious minds? As long as it had a mission, so long great men used it for their expression, and still to-day the

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occasional rare soul creates with it noble thoughts and beauty, but such men grow scarce. The age has moved on to more rapid speech. Also there would seem to be a contradiction in finding healthily-balanced minds occupied with imitating atmospheric effects or passing their time in reproducing "the simplicity of a pose." No doubt these things are very difficult to do, but they do not seem to be worth doing.

One more reason why this art is superannuated in America, a capital one. Canvas-painting had most reason to be when it was the vehicle for dogmas concerning a future life, but America does not seek the infinite in these dogmas. I know America has the reputation of being religious, and it is, I should think, true that nowhere else are traditional dogmas regarded with more filial piety. But if respect for them is considered a sacred duty, it is only a duty; they are a patrimony which the generations transmit intact because they were legaced to them intact. And with all due respect to an inherited religion, how could it be otherwise than that European religious symbols should speak a strange language to Americans? How should they have thought of the Universal Being as seated upon a throne, they who fled from thrones into the wilderness! And how should they have imagined a future life under a hierarchy grouped round the footstool of a despot? These are mediæval heirlooms, and heirlooms, as everybody knows, are best kept rolled preciously in a napkin. The Americans have not hesitated to leave them there and to create a modified form of religion for their daily use.

The religious movement in the United States was analyzed in an official monograph published for the American section of social economics at the Paris fair. The writer there says that the large proportion of the population is quite alienated from the

churches, and he does not hesitate to assert that the time has gone by when Americans can be interested in a religion "which is more associated with death than with life; which has emphasized eternity rather than time, the other world rather than this." "The newer activities recognize the dignity and worth of the human body and the importance of its needs. Men are not looking so far afield to find God and heaven and duty. Religion is dealing less in futures and laying more emphasis on the present. There is less spurning of earth to gain heaven, and more effort to bring heaven down to earth." The doctrine of vicarious atonement is antipathetic: "We are learning that whatsoever society sows that must it also reap; that pauperism, intemperance, vice and crime are as natural as any other harvests, and that to hope to escape effects without removing their causes is to mock God, who is a God of law," etc.

The Americans are transforming their ancestral religion, and an outward sign of the change is a new type of church architecture. "To the auditorium there have been added parlors for the cultivation of social life; reading-rooms, class-rooms, workshops for intellectual and for industrial training, and what is more remarkable still, facilities for physical culture and recreation, a gymnasium, baths, very likely a swimming pool, and perhaps a bowling alley."

When French art ceased to believe it created no religious substitute. When it wants churches it contents itself with a Mediæval resuscitation, which marks an essential difference in character between the Americans and the French, and shows why the art of one can never, in logic, be the art of the other. The religious movement in the United States has no more use for Mediæval church architecture than it has for symbolic pictures of abstrac-

tions. Its face is not set towards the past, it is inspired by a live thought, the brotherhood of man, and it will have a worthy art when it throws away all vestiges of European tradition and creates its own vehicle to express this ideal. It is for the American to see that the cup he offers to his thirsty brother is a worthy one; here lies all the future of American art.

To conclude. The United States have something better to do than to make themselves an echo of the ruin of Europe. Our geographical and social conditions are different; we face an age in which materials have acquired a new meaning; in which the future poses new questions to art which art must answer. The French system evades these problems; we are not in the habit of shirking responsibilities, and we should find solutions. It is not in imitative drawing or in flower analyzing, or in acanthus scroll copying that we should advance. An art to cope with the future implies the rejection of these methods. Our problems lie between us and our materials, and our art, to be truly ours, and to be truly great, must be born out of the labor of the people. It is for us to learn that "if art wishes to be divine its action must be useful to the world."

The Contemporary Review.

How is it that the English race, with its grand horizons, has not seen that the imitative art born in southern Europe is not a final manifestation of art, but only an accidental phase of a momentary condition already passed away? If the French on occasion cover us with insults, although we are their principal clients for art, they dare this because they believe us incapable of æsthetic independence. For so long we have maintained in France a multitude of artists, buying all they can fabricate, and stupidly trying to imitate it, that it is not their fault but our own if they take us for imbeciles. Is this never to cease? Are we never to break away from these devotees of a worn-out art, who "squat upon the ruins of their antique ivory towers," know nothing of life nor ever interrogate the future? Are we always in art to rake dead embers, we who have contributed so much else to life? Are our workers, because of this bigotry, to remain always mere manufacturing machines, and never to know the joy in labor which comes from creating beauty? Are we, who have made possible the commerce of the world, to sit helplessly wedged between Japan and France, between two arts, delivered over to the exploitation of both? It is unworthy of us.

Ada Coné.

REFLEX ACTION AND INSTINCT.*

In the Paris "Journal of Anatomy and Physiology" of 1869 there was reported by Robin an experiment on the body of a criminal whose head had been removed an hour previously, at the level of the fourth cervical vertebra. The skin around the nipple was scratched with the point of a scalpel.

Immediately there ensued a series of rapid movements in the upper extremity which had been extended on the table. The hand was brought across the chest to the pit of the stomach, simultaneously with the semiflexion of the fore-arm and inward rotation of the arm, a movement of defence, as it were.

Probably none of us have seen quite

* A paper read before the Derby Medical Society by W. Benthall, M.B., on April 9, 1901.

so impressive an illustration of reflex action as the above, but most of us have watched the experiment in which a frog, having been decapitated and a drop of acid having been applied to its skin, the foot of the same side is brought up to wipe away the acid, and if this foot be cut off, after some ineffectual effort and a short period of hesitation, the same action will be performed by the foot on the opposite side. These symptoms of apparently purposive action on the part of a brainless body have always struck me as most strange.

Some four years ago I had the privilege of reading to you a paper on memory, from which I will now quote:—"When we attempt to acquire some new feat of manual dexterity, involving a series of combined muscular movements, such as a conjuring trick, we find that, when first attempted, each movement has to be thought out, and the whole is effected with difficulty. Every time that the process is repeated the action becomes more easy; each movement of the muscles involved follows its predecessor with greater readiness, and at last the trick becomes apparently one action, is performed without thought, and may be said to be automatic. The nerve structures involved have acquired a perfect memory of what is required of them; each takes up its part at the proper moment, and hands on in succession an intimation to its neighbor that it is time to transmit the expected impulse. Nerve centres have been educated. An organic memory has been established."

I went on to give instances in which, by frequent practice, actions had become so habitual as to take place on the application of the stimulus without the will of the individual, and even contrary to his wish. I gave as an illustration the story of the old soldier who was carrying a pike down the

street, when some one mischievously crying "Attention!" down went the soldier's hands to his trousers seams, and down went his dinner in the mud.

Let us apply this effect of constant practice to the **case in question**. The frog has a smooth, soft skin, unprotected by hair or scales. His haunts are stagnant water which swarms with injurious insects and other enemies; or the banks of ponds and streams abounding in sticks and stubs. From the time when the first progressive tadpole protruded his incipient legs, the race of frogs has been brushing away irritating substances. The nerve cells of their spinal cords have established such relations that whenever a sense of irritation is conveyed to sensory cells, motor cells in connection are brought into action, and a complicated muscular movement follows, without the necessity of the interference of the will.

We may compare the association of nerve cells in the spinal cord to a group of men highly drilled in particular evolutions. Each individual cell of the group maintains relations with others near it by some one or more of its many arms. Upon the receipt of the intimation through sensory nerves and cells that there is something burning a particular portion of the frog's skin, motor cells accustomed to act with these sensory cells send out messages to particular muscles. If the message is responded to, if the foot comes up and the offending particle is brushed away, the stimulus and the effort cease. If the stimulus still goes on, other cells which supply accessory muscles are called into play. If this effort to remove the offending matter is vain, and the irritation still goes on, the stimulus is passed on to other cells, which have in an emergency previously been in the habit of assisting; the stimulus thus travels to the opposite side of the spinal cord, and the other

leg now comes up to the point required. the stimulus does not have to travel

It is the effect of drill, of practice, in the forgotten past. I am aware that in making this statement I am assuming the inheritance of acquired powers—an assumption directly in opposition to the views of Weismann, who maintains that no powers acquired during the lifetime of the individual are transmitted to the progeny.

The development of the reflexes and instincts which we shall refer to will be seen to be of such importance to the maintenance of the life of the individual or to the procreation of its race, that the slow and gradual formation of nervous connections can probably be explained by the Weismann theory; but for our purposes to-night the assumption of the inheritance of acquired powers enormously increases the ease with which we can understand their development.

The idea of this paper is therefore that, as in the *individual*, constant habit causes in time such a free connection between nerve cells as to facilitate the passage from cell to cell of a particular stimulus until the action follows the stimulus automatically, so in the *race* a particular response to a particular stimulus has been repeated so often that the connection has become congenitally perfect, has become, in fact, what we know as a reflex. And, further, that the frequent repetition of particular actions under similar stimuli has so influenced the *intelligent* actions of the animal, that *they* also have become engrafted upon the nerve system, and recur under the influence of similar stimuli in an automatic manner; the result of these reactions of the intelligence to a particular stimulus being what we know as instincts.

The great advantage of a reflex is the certainty and usually the rapidity with which it acts. The response to

round through the brain. It takes a short cut. With imperfect reflexes the animal is at the mercy of its surroundings.

Nature does not pass imperfect work. The eye reflexes, for instance, have been developed by constant practice. If through their failure an animal were partially blinded, some self-constituted Factory Inspector in Nature's workshop would soon get on the blind side of that animal, and there would be no chance of its perpetuating its failings. If the cough reflex failed some septic fly would quickly start a fatal pneumonia.

Assuming that all reflexes have been developed by practice, it follows that our own are not merely aids to the diagnosis of disease at the hands of the physician, but are now, or have been, of use in some period of our history.

A year or two ago in the "British Medical Journal," there was a very interesting description of the strength of the reflex grip of the newly-born infant, this being sufficient to maintain the weight of the child for some minutes while hanging from a stick. This the writer attributed to the necessities of a time before perambulators, when a child had to hang on for bare life to its mother's hair or clothes. The inward-turned feet of the newly-born child and the plantar reflex point to a time when the feet were used for climbing and for grasping.

Many of the superficial reflexes were probably developed to get rid of flies and other irritants which must constantly have troubled the naked body. The reflex action exhibited by the decapitated body, described at the commencement of this paper, was attributed by the observer to an attempt at self-defence. I think it was more probably an attempt at scratching, an act which was probably habitual in our

hairy ancestors, as it is now in our poor relations at the Zoo—a movement, in fact, strictly analogous to the movement of the frog's foot incited by the irritation of the acid. To assume that there was an intention of defence in the action imports into the movement an element of consciousness for which in the absence of the brain we have no warrant; and this brings us to the question of instincts, which have been defined as reflex actions into which an element of consciousness has been imported.

I will endeavor to trace an ascending scale of instincts showing their dependence on reflex excitation. A newly-born infant has to be placed to the breast; it then seizes the nipple with its lips and sucks. There is little difference between the reflex action incited by the contact of the maternal nipple with the infant's mouth and the cough or sneeze reflex; both are complicated actions of many groups of muscles. In the one case, spasmodic; in the other, rhythmical. The young of the rabbit, born blind and helpless, nuzzles about till it finds a nipple, and then takes its hold. The lamb, calf, or fawn, guided by sight and smell, seeks its mother's teat. In each of these cases a stimulus is required, either of touch, sight, or smell. Without the stimulus the experiment fails.

Fawns are peculiarly precocious. From the first they show a tendency to crouch and hide on the approach of danger. The following is an extraordinary instance of combination of maternal and infant instinct:—

"I have had frequent opportunities," says the "Naturalist in La Plata," "of observing the young from one to three days old of the *Cervus campestris*, the common deer of the Pampas, and the perfection of its instincts at that tender age seems very wonderful in a ruminant. When the doe with fawn

is approached by a horseman, even when accompanied by dogs, she stands perfectly motionless, gazing fixedly at the enemy, the fawn motionless by her side; and suddenly as if at a preconcerted signal, the fawn rushes away from her at its utmost speed, and going to a distance of 600 to 1,000 yards, conceals itself in a hollow in the ground or among the long grass, lying down very close with neck stretched out horizontally, and will thus remain until sought by the dam. When very young it will allow itself to be taken, making no further effort to escape. After the fawn has run away, the doe still maintains her statuesque attitude, as if to await the onset; and when, and only when the dogs are close upon her, she also rushes away, but invariably in a direction as nearly opposite to the fawn as possible. At first she runs slowly with a limping gait, and frequently pausing as if to entice her enemy on like a partridge, duck, or plover when driven from its young; but as the dogs begin to press her more closely her speed increases, becoming greater the further she succeeds in leading them from the starting point."

In considering this case we have to remember that the deer is, as a rule, a woodland animal, and that its fawn, while feeble, crouches under cover, of which there is plenty within immediate reach; but the deer of the Pampas lives on rolling prairies where the only cover is the isolated tufts of Pampas grass. While, therefore, the instinct to crouch is sufficient for the fawns of most deer, crouching in the immediate neighborhood of the surprise would be useless in the open ground of the Pampas; and this artificial combination of tactics has doubtless been developed by practice.

In birds we get even more marked differences in connate powers and instincts, from the naked young of the

sparrow, which is nearly as helpless as the human baby, to the newly-hatched chicken, which is a regular little man-about-town at once. The habits of the latter have been closely studied. Hatched out in an incubator, and deprived of all maternal instruction and example, he quickly begins to peck at all small objects, with a preference for moving ones, and from the first shows an almost perfect power of estimating distance and direction, which is very marvellous when we consider the great number of muscles which have to be co-ordinated in the act.

The late Mr. Douglas Spalding placed beyond question the view that all the supposed examples of instincts may be nothing more than cases of rapid learning, imitation, or instruction, but also proved that a young bird comes into the world with an amount and a nicety of ancestral knowledge that is highly astonishing. Thus speaking of chickens which he liberated from the egg and hooded before their eyes had been able to perform any act of vision, he says that on removing the hood after a period varying from one to three days, "almost invariably they seemed a little stunned by the light, remained motionless for several minutes, and continued for some time less active than before they were unhooded. Their behavior was, however, in every case, conclusive against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the result of experience or of associations formed in the history of each individual life. Often, at the end of two minutes, they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some speck or insect, showing not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to

judge and to measure distance with something like infallible accuracy. A chicken was unhooded when nearly three days old. For six minutes it sat chirping and looking about it; at the end of that time it followed with its head and eyes the movements of a fly twelve inches distant, at twelve minutes it made a peck at its own toes, and the next instant it made a vigorous dart at the fly, which had come within reach of its neck, and seized and swallowed it at the first stroke; for seven minutes more it sat calling and looking about it. For about thirty minutes more it sat on the spot where its eyes had been unvelled without attempting to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen with a brood of about its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it started off towards the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was no road there. It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as straight a line as the nature of the ground would permit. This, let it be remembered, was the first time it had ever walked by sight."

In this experiment each movement of the chicken appears to have been started by an external stimulus. It pecked at the flies which it saw. It jumped or evaded the objects which it saw in its path. It remained stationary until its hereditary tendencies were stimulated by the sound and sight of the old hen in its neighborhood.

Mr. Spalding again says:—"The art of scraping in search of food, which, if anything, might be acquired by imitation, is nevertheless another indubitable instinct. Without any oppor-

tunities of imitation, when kept quite isolated from their kind, chickens began to scrape when from two to six days old. Generally the condition of the ground was suggestive, but I have several times seen the first attempt, which consisted of a sort of nervous dance, made on a smooth table." Mr. Spalding, however, does not seem to have seen them scrape unless the ground was suggestive, and Dr. Allen Thompson hatched out some chickens on a carpet where he kept them for several days. They showed no inclination to scrape because the stimulus applied to their feet was of too novel a character to call into action their hereditary instinct; but when Dr. Thompson sprinkled a little gravel on the carpet, and so supplied the appropriate or customary stimulus, the chickens immediately began their scraping movements. Here, again, we see the hereditary instinct requiring a local stimulus to bring it about.

Mr. Spalding again says:—"A young turkey, which I had adopted when chirping within the uncracked shell, was, on the morning of the tenth day of its life eating a comfortable breakfast from my hand, when the young hawk in a cupboard just behind us gave a shrill chip, chip, chip. Like an arrow the poor turkey shot to the other side of the room, stood there motionless and dumb with fear, until the hawk gave a second cry, when it darted out at the open door right to the extreme end of the passage, and there, silent and crouched in a corner, remained for ten minutes. Several times during the course of that day it again heard these alarming sounds, and in every instance with similar manifestations of fear." Generations of young turkeys must in their native home have had cause to dread the cry of birds of prey; and the hereditary lesson had been well learned.

A water-bird was reared from the

egg by another observer. It would swim freely, but he could not get it to dive by any means which he tried. One day, while watching it in the water, a dog suddenly appeared on the bank. The necessary stimulus was applied; the hereditary reflex was set in action, and in the twinkling of an eye the bird had dived.

Handed down from generation to generation as these instincts have been, and impressed upon their owners by the imperative law that failure to inherit an instinct or a reflex meant death to the degenerate, these reactions persist long after they have failed to be of use.

As Dr. Louis Robinson has pointed out, the horse roamed, in a wild state, over plains of more or less long grass and low bushes. When a horse is alarmed he throws up his head to get as wide a view as possible. The cow, on the other hand, keeps her head low as if to peer under the boughs which covered the marshy grass of her jungle home. The horse's chief danger lay when, as he approached a stream to drink, he was liable to be sprung upon by a lurking lion; and to this day the two things that a horse dreads most are the rustling in bushes or reeds by the road-side and the wheelbarrow or tree-stump which his imagination depicts as a crouching enemy.

The dog once formed his lair in rough stuff, and now, when approaching sleep gives the accustomed stimulus, our pet dogs turn round three times upon the hearthrug to smooth down imaginary grass stubbs. As an instance of an instinct which by its persistence under altered circumstances has become actually prejudicial, I may give the case of some shore-birds which had for many years nested upon flats covered with pebbles. As long as the pebbles remained, the eggs, which closely resembled them in markings, were rendered inconspicuous.

ous, but as the sea receded and grass grew, the pebbles became few and far between. The birds still, however, kept to their haunt, and actually collected pebbles around their eggs, thereby rendering their nests the more conspicuous.

In domestic fowls the habit of cackling as soon as they have laid an egg would certainly be detrimental to a wild race, and Hudson makes some interesting remarks on the modified habit in a semiferal race. The Creolla fowls, descended through three hundred years from the fowls introduced by the early settlers in La Plata, are much persecuted by foxes, skunks, etc., ever on the lookout for their eggs or themselves. These fowls in summer always lived in small parties, each party composed of one cock and as many hens as he could collect—usually three or four. Each family occupied its own feeding-ground, where it would pass a greater portion of each day. The hen would nest at a considerable distance from the feeding-ground, sometimes as far as four or five hundred yards away.

After laying an egg she would quit the nest, not walking from it as other fowls do, but flying, the flight extending to a distance of from fifteen to about fifty yards; after which, still keeping silence, she would walk or run, until, arrived at the feeding-ground, she would begin to cackle. At once the cock, if within hearing, would utter a responsive cackle, whereupon she would run to him and cackle no more. Frequently the cackling call-note would not be uttered more than two or three times, sometimes only once, and in a much lower tone than in fowls of other breeds. If we may assume that these fowls in their long semi-independent existence in La Plata have reverted to the original instincts of the wild *Gallus bankiva*, we can see how advantageous the cackling in-

stinct must be in enabling the hen in dense tropical jungles to rejoin the flock after laying an egg, while if there are egg-eating animals in the jungle intelligent enough to discover the meaning of such a short subdued cackle, they would still be unable to find the nest by going back on the bird's scent, since she flies from the nest in the first place! It is obvious that while this form of cackling is useful, excessive cackling would in a state of nature lead to its own suppression.

We may suppose that as the wild fowl became more and more closely domesticated the eggs of the greater cacklers were more rapidly found and preserved by their mistresses, and this tended to increase the tendency to cackle; while in the half-wild fowls of settlers who had plenty to do besides looking after their poultry, there was a gradual reversion to the wild type by the elimination of the eggs of loud cacklers when not rapidly retrieved.

Birds which nest within a short distance of the ground display, as a rule, great skill in concealing their nests, and are very conservative in type. How is it that one chaffinch's nest is so like another's?

Gregarious birds like rooks have opportunities for learning by imitation, and may thus have lost some of their spontaneous skill. I have read somewhere that, when rooks were introduced into the Antipodes, young birds having been selected for transportation, they were found when the breeding season came round, to be at fault, and finally imitated the nest of some native bird; but chaffinches build apart from one another; how, then, do they get their nests so nearly alike? A great observer has suggested that this is due to recollection on the part of the nesting pair of the home in which they were reared. This explanation does

not commend itself to my mind, and is refuted, if not by the instance of the rooks just quoted, by the fact that tame canaries hatched in a nest of felt will, when they themselves breed, use moss for the foundation of their nest, and hair as a lining, just as a wild bird would do, although as they build in a box the hair alone would be sufficient.

If you want examples of what pure instinct can do, go to the insect world. There you get them in infinite variety. Hatched from the egg long after the death of the mother, the majority of insects have to depend entirely on the duly ordered reaction of their nervous organisms to stimuli similar to those which have for ages incited their fore-runners.

The bot of horses has been hatched from the egg inside the stomach of its host. After some nine months' residence in the intestines, it is passed with the *fæces* and subsequently becomes the bot-fly. Until it becomes a perfect insect it has never seen the outside of a horse, and yet, as soon as it sees one, it knows exactly where to deposit its eggs in a position from which they can be licked off and swallowed in their turn. The sight and perhaps the smell of the horse is sufficient to inspire the hereditary desire to deposit eggs in a particular spot. If the stimulus and its reaction were insufficient, that particular bot-fly would cease to propagate.

The garden spider, again, hatched from an egg laid the previous autumn, brings an enormous amount of hereditary skill into the vicissitudes of its life. It selects its site, builds its web, adapts it according to the most approved plans to fortuitous circumstances, and distinguishes between harmless flies and dangerous wasps with an innate cunning which is an exact replica of the actions of the last year's brood. The nest of the trapdoor spider,

too, is quite as wonderful a production as the nest of any bird.

Caterpillars, when they have reached their full growth, display great skill in selecting appropriate hiding places in which to pass into the chrysalis form, and those which weave cocoons do so in recognized stages. Huber has described one which makes, by a succession of processes, a very complicated hammock for its metamorphosis; and he found that if he took a caterpillar which had completed its hammock up to say the sixth stage of construction, and put it into a hammock completed only to the third stage, the caterpillar did not seem puzzled, but completed the fourth, fifth and sixth stages of construction. If, however, a caterpillar were taken out of a hammock made up for instance, to the third stage, and put into one finished up to the ninth stage, so that much of its work was done for it, far from feeling the benefit of this, it was much embarrassed, and forced even to go over the already finished work, starting from the third stage which it had left off at, before it could complete its hammock. In this experiment it would appear that each instinctive action calls other actions in definite order, and unless the proper sequence is maintained the intelligence of the insect is unequal to bridging the gap.

Now let us apply the facts and inferences aforesaid to the nesting of the chaffinch. We have seen how habits acquired during the lifetime of the individual impress themselves upon the nervous connections, until, when the accustomed stimulus is applied, they become quite independent of the will. We have seen how certain reflex phenomena which are necessary for the life of the individual have, through congenital connections, become so automatic, that they take place whether the brain is present or not. We have seen how habits of wild animals have,

257
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through similar nervous bonds, been handed down to tame descendants long after the said habits were useless and even detrimental. We have noted that ancestral habits may lie in abeyance until some perhaps unexpected stimulus arouses them—for instance, the scraping of chickens when placed upon gravel, or the diving of a water-bird upon sudden fright. We have ascertained that many of these instincts are certainly not due to instruction by older animals, but are purely spontaneous; that in insects these spontaneous actions are often most complicated, and are sometimes *not only* carried out in definite order, as in the weaving of their cocoons, but *cannot* be carried out except in that definite order.

The inference I draw is that the nest-building of the chaffinch is due to a succession of reflexes. You remember that when Alice was wandering about in Wonderland, she was con-

Nature.

tinually coming upon medicine-bottles, marked "Drink me," or upon pieces of cake marked "Eat me." You remember that when Alice obeyed these directions strange things happened. Alice was able to decipher her labels by the result of long and painful study in her nursery. Had they been written in the Cuneiform character, though perhaps perfectly intelligible to another, they would have conveyed nothing to her. The nervous system of the chaffinch has been educated by generations of hereditary experiences, and when the newly-wedded chaffinch pair start upon their housekeeping, they see in their mind's eye, upon some suitable site, a label marked "Build here;" they go through the stages of their architecture much as the caterpillar spins the different stages of its cocoon, each stage suggesting its successor; and each twig, hair, or feather which they use, bears upon it a label, "Use me next."

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY ROBERT BURNS.

[The following verses were recently found among some papers belonging to the late Mrs. Berrington, who died in 1885. During a great part of her life Mrs. Berrington lived in Monmouthshire, at no great distance from Itton Court, the home of Mrs. Curre, to whom, according to the endorsement on the manuscript, the verses were addressed by Burns. Mrs. Curre, who died in 1823, was the daughter of John Bushby, Esq., of Tinwald Downs in Dumfriesshire. The copy from which the verses are printed is in the early handwriting of the late Miss Eliza Waddington, whose family also lived in Monmouthshire. It is hoped that the present publication may lead to the discovery of the original manuscript.]

Oh look na, young Lassie, sae softly and sweetly!
Oh smile na, young Lassie, sae sweetly on me!
Ther's nought waur to bear than the mild glance of pity
When grief swells the heart and the tear blins the e'e.

Just such was the glance of my bonnie lost Nancy,
Just such was the glance that once brightened her e'e;

The Mechanism of a Sunset.

But lost is the smile sae impressed on my fancy,
And could is the heart that sae dear was to me.

Ilka wee flow'ret we grieve to see blighted,
Cow'ring and with'ring in frost nipplet plain;
The naist turn of Spring shall awauken their beauty,
But ne'er can Spring wauken my Nancy again.

And was she less fair than the flow'rs of the garden
Was she less sweet than the blossoms of May?
Oh, was na her cheek like the rose and the lily,
Like the Sun's waving glance at the closing o' day?

And oh sic a heart, sae gude and sae tender!
Weel was it fitted for beauty sae leal;
'Twas as pure as the drop in the bell o' the lily,
A wee glinting gem wi' nought to conceal.

But the blush and the smile and the dark e'es mild glances,
I prized them the maist, they were love's kind return,
Yet far less the loss of sic beauty lamented,
'Twas the love that she bore me that gaes me to mourn.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE MECHANISM OF A SUNSET.

Most people if they were asked to state the color of the sun would say that it was orange, and they would as confidently assert that the color of the atmosphere was blue. Recent researches and investigations, however, point to the conclusion that the real color of the sun is blue, while that of the atmosphere surrounding the earth is orange. Commonly, the earth's atmosphere appears so transparent and translucent that it is hard to realize the fact that it has as much effect on the light and heat coming from the sun as if it were a roof of thick glass. But the atmosphere is very far from being as colorless as it seems to be, and the best way of discovering its true tint is, not to gaze immediately overhead, but to look

away towards the horizon. By so doing the atmosphere will be seen, as it were, in bulk; for overhead there is only a small accumulation of it compared with the many miles of thickness through which the vision travels when the eye looks towards the horizon.

The atmosphere surrounding the earth, then, may be likened to a screen of an orange color, and it will readily be understood that any light passing through this screen will experience some remarkable modifications. Now, as already stated, it appears highly probable that supposing any one could see the sun from a position outside the earth's atmosphere the light coming from this central luminary would be seen to be not white but blue. This

blue is, of course, not a pure monochromatic blue, and the expression really means that it sums up the dominant note in the color scheme. What, therefore, the atmosphere may be considered to do is to stop out, or absorb, all the colors at the blue end of the spectrum, the residue filtering through to the earth as white light. When the rays of light first left the sun, the blue rays were the strongest; but very soon after they entered the earth's atmosphere their progress was impeded, and of all the rays journeying from the sun they quickly became the weakest. On the other hand, the red rays which at first were inconspicuous, had the facility of penetrating the earth's atmosphere, and were the most in evidence at the end of their long journey.

The first step, accordingly, to be taken when investigating a sunset is to realize that the white light from the sun which is commonly supposed to be composed of the seven primary colors should rather be thought of as a residue of original radiations. A further important point is to bear in mind that all radiations of light are of different wave lengths. This fact, indeed, is at the very foundation, so to speak, of all sunsets, and it is the prime agency by which their flaming, gorgeous tints and colors are produced. It is due to this fact, for instance, that in the neighborhood of large towns, the sun nearly always appears to set as a red ball of fire. The rays of light at the red end of the spectrum are of a much longer wave length than any of their fellow rays, and so are the best qualified for penetrating the dense bank of haze which so commonly floats over all large towns and cities. In such localities, as the sun sinks to rest, the green rays are first absorbed by this bank of haze, and then the yellow, and lastly the orange and the red, the latter more often than not, being the only ones to

get through at all. A careful observation of a sunset will reveal the fact that the colors fade in the above mentioned order, and the reason they do so is that they are of different wave lengths.

In recent years the methods of observing the changes in the weather have been much improved, and since it is highly desirable that the observations should be capable of being compared with each other, the effort is made so to arrange that observations made at different places shall be conducted on a uniform plan. Now, the coloring of a sunset gives such valuable information as regards the atmosphere in respect of the amount of moisture that may be floating in the air, that increased attention is being given every year to the work of observing and recording the quality of the sunset in various localities. The United States Weather Bureau, for instance, have in the principal streets of the large towns certain places where the latest weather reports and forecasts are displayed for the information of the public. In addition to this information there are also certain discs of various colors which are exposed in accordance with the color of the latest sunset; and from this fact it will be gathered that the authorities attach a good deal of importance to information regarding the color of the most recent sunset. It being clear, therefore, that sunset observations are of value, not only on the ground that they assist to a right understanding of the causes by which the sunsets are produced, but also because they are of use as aids to forecasting the weather, it becomes important that some systematic method should be devised for recording the observations, and it is satisfactory to know that a very simple way of registering sunsets has been adopted.

Supposing that any one should be desirous of keeping a record of the color

of the sunsets in his neighborhood, a record, it may be said, that will afford considerable pleasure, especially during the autumn days, there is a very easy way of going to work. All that needs to be done is to divide the sunsets into classes after the following manner. There are in the first place those sunsets which may be described as clear, this definition being taken to mean that there were no clouds in the sky, and few brilliant colors, the color predominating being red. Further, the term yellow is employed to describe the quality of the sunset when this color unmistakably overwhelms all others. Green is a color rarely seen in sunsets, but when it appears at all prominently it serves to define a third class of sunsets. Fourthly, there are those sunsets which are best described as cloudy, and in this variety there is commonly a dense barrier or bastion of cloud that completely absorbs all color and effectively darkens the western sky.

At many of the observatories scattered throughout the world, not only are sunsets thus relegated to certain definite classes, but, in order to give the record a scientific value, still further particulars concerning the sunset are added. Thus the position of the colors as regards their position in the sky, or as regards altitude and azimuth, as the terms are, are observed; while the time at which the colors were seen and any increase or decrease in the brilliance of the coloring would also be considered worthy of a place in the records. In all such systematic observations the time when the colors were at their brightest, and when they faded away, would be noted, and further, in order to make the record quite complete, the time of sunset or sunrise would also be registered.

Now the color in the sky may, as it were, be painted on the clouds, or on the hazy air, or on the open sky itself.

As regards the latter, the color that is most conspicuous is, of course, the blue, and in seeking for the origin of this tint it will be found that the search leads to an explanation of many of the other colors. On looking up into the sky on a cloudless, sunny day, when the swallows, perhaps, are flying so high that they appear as tiny specks in the dome of blue, it seems almost impossible to think of the atmosphere as being otherwise than perfectly clear and translucent. It is, however, in reality charged with minute dusty particles which have always been found in myriads, whenever the atmosphere has been tested either over the open sea or at the top of high mountains. There is an ingenious instrument, indeed, by which the number of these atoms of dust in any given quantity of air may be counted, and by its aid samples of air in many different parts of the world and at different seasons of the year have been analyzed and the atoms counted. The sources from which this atmospheric dust is obtained are large. From the land, and more especially from deserts, dust is continually rising, and the dust so raised is carried by the winds to all parts. Spicules of salt, too, leap from the sea in myriads, and go to increase the stores of dust. Other sources of atmospheric dust are found in the stream of meteors which are continually plunging into the earth's atmosphere, their combustion also resulting in atmospheric dust. Volcanoes, again, are important distributors of dust. A cigarette smoker casts some 4,000,000,000 dusty atoms into the air at every puff; while the shaking of door mats and other similar operations constantly serve to launch a never-falling stream of dusty particles into the air. These particles of dust, it will be seen, are the agents principally responsible for tinting the atmosphere blue and for filtering out the gorgeous hues of a sunset.

In respect of these atoms of dust the atmosphere may be likened to some brobdingnagian vessel; for these atoms are always falling slowly downwards towards the earth like particles of chalk in a glass of water. As might therefore be expected, the lower strata of the atmosphere are most crowded and congested with these dusty loiterers, as is well illustrated when, on a calm, windless day, these atoms settle downwards in such dense crowds and multitudes as to produce a dense black fog. But far above these lower levels the dusty atoms find their way, and since they are able to float so easily in these rarefied regions, it is obvious that they must be of a lighter build and of more attenuated proportions than their relations which dwell where the air is dense. Even at these great heights there are ascensional currents of air which keep the tiny particles of dust floating. Although these particles are spoken of as dust, many of them are so minute that a microscope fails to render them visible, and the only way in which they reveal their presence is by their effects. Not only, therefore, do dusty particles pervade the atmosphere in all parts, but they vary in size from those that are coarse and readily discernible to others that are below microscopic sight.

Dusty atoms are further to be conceived as offering considerable resistance to the passage of the rays of light which emanate from the sun. Luminous bodies, as is well-known, shed rays of light of varying wave length, as the term is; and as regards human vision only those rays whose wave length is between .00036 and .00075 millimetres can be seen. As these waves of light surge through the atmosphere, not only does their wave length affect their manner of passing through the earth's atmosphere, but the different sizes of the dusty atoms against which the rays of light strike

introduce other modifications. Thus many atoms of dust are of a smaller dimension than the wave-lengths of light that rush in among them. Hence it happens that the red and orange rays which are of a large wave length pass over these obstacles with comparative ease; but the blue rays which are of a shorter wave length are stopped, and the blue light is, as it were, turned out of its course and scattered. Lord Rayleigh has suggested that it is to this selective scattering of the finer rays that the blue of the sky is due. This action has been illustrated by observing what happens when a bottle of soapy water is held up between the eye and a brilliant light. Seen thus the light has a yellow or an orange color, but when the liquid is looked at sideways it appears blue, the rays that have been scattered being thus made visible. When looking up into the sky a similar thing happens, for the blue tint is that which has been scattered from the sunbeams as they splashed, as it were, against the particles of dust suspended in the air.

In the lower strata of the atmosphere the coarser particles of dust not only scatter the waves of light, but they also reflect them, so that at these lower levels the blue tint is diluted by white light, and is accordingly not so intense as when seen, say, from the top of a high mountain. At this elevation only the finer varieties of dust are floating, and there is little reflection of the light, but much scattering, and hence it is here that the blue attains its greatest intensity. In that part of the sky nearest the sun the rays of light come in a direct line to the eye of the observer, and the scattering of the light does not appear so great as when one looks across the path of the beams, and it is due to this circumstance that the sky near the sun is not of so intense a blue as portions of the sky farther

away. A similar kind of thing happens in respect of the clouds, where dust readily accumulates, and reflecting the light, produces their brilliant whiteness. At the edges of the clouds, moreover, the atoms of dust are busily engaged in refracting the beams of light, and to this cause is due that brilliant fringe of brightness which so often

Knowledge.

adorns many of the largest clouds. Not only, therefore, does the atmospheric dust filter out the blue light that tints the sky, but it also fabricates the pigments that color the clouds, effects which can most readily be observed in contemplating the glories of the setting sun.

Arthur H. Bell.

MR. GLADSTONE.*

My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen, I will begin by repeating what I have already said elsewhere, that to-day, at all events, I shall not speak to you, if you allow me to speak to you, in the language or the temper or the spirit of political party. You will not hear from me this afternoon, I hope, anything of the language of party or of heat or of violence. And it would be a most inappropriate occasion even supposing that were my disposition, because Mr. Gladstone, after all, not until he was 50 years old, until he had been a quarter of a century in public life, did he finally sever himself from that party with which Manchester to-day is associated. He sat, I believe, with 70 Cabinet colleagues—I think a larger number of Cabinet colleagues than any Minister of his time, excepting Lord Lansdowne and Lord Palmerston. He stood with the Duke of Wellington on the one hand—a great soldier—and he stood on the other hand with the great man whose noble statue you have in your square here—John Bright—the great apostle of peace. Therefore, let us on this occasion, at all events, enjoy something of the peace and equity of history.

* Address by Mr. John Morley, M.P., at Manchester, October 23, 1901, at the unveiling of a bronze statue of Mr. Gladstone.

To say that in that long space of public life Mr. Gladstone never made a mistake, that he never took a mistaken step, would be to claim for him that he was something more than human, and I for one do not think any present here of those who were most attached to him by faithful and affectionate remembrance would claim any such immaculate position for him. But I would only say this—that any detraction, if anybody is in the mind to detract, any detraction from the greatness of Mr. Gladstone is a slur upon our countrymen, because, surely, for a whole generation or more he sailed on a full flood-tide of popularity in this country which I feel pretty sure has never been equalled for so long a period by any great leader of either party. Not only was he on the flood-tide of popularity, he was clothed with substantial power and authority for all those years, and therefore if anybody is inclined to offer criticism upon his career do let him remember that immense central fact. Mr. Gladstone was one of the men who rise from time to time in the world, a rare class of men, sometimes a great ruler, sometimes an heroic soldier, sometimes a revolutionary poet, sometimes a mighty Churchman—whether you call him a Bossuet or a Luther—who sweep like some new

planet into the skies and fascinate and absorb the attention of their age. That was what Mr. Gladstone was. There are some heroes who sacrifice themselves to other people. There are others, great on the page of history, who sacrifice other people to themselves. Mr. Gladstone was, blessedly for us, of the former class, but mark this—his popularity was not limited to his own country. When his course was run and the closing days had arrived, we may apply to him the noble words of Wordsworth to Scott:—"The might of the whole world's good wishes in noble richness of blessings and prayer went forth on his behalf." Italy did not forget the friend who had fought for her as a Power in the days of the Disunion and her servitude. Greece knew her friend, her benefactor. These forlorn communities in the Balkan Peninsula had struggled for ages till they came into some dawning light of freedom, and they owed their debt to the most unselfish, the most vigorous, the noblest of their defenders, and, in short, I was struck at the time with the phrase used by an American writer who said, "In the day that Mr. Gladstone died the world had lost its greatest citizen."

Gentlemen, I suppose you do not know, most of you, that Mr. Gladstone once had the honorable ambition of being a member of Parliament for Manchester. In the year 1837 he was brought forward as a most promising young statesman of the Tory party. He was then 28 years old. The Liberals of the day denounced him as a bigot and I do not know what. You who in Manchester have to-day, after immense acclamation, set up a statue of him, then sent him to the bottom of the poll with a majority of many hundreds against him. I only mention that as showing what chances and changes there are in our mortal life. I think you are very fortunate, if I may say so, in the

statue. I have not had time since the unveiling to take more than a superficial glance at it; but I think the artist may be congratulated, and that you may be congratulated upon possessing the result of his art, and congratulated upon his having caught an extremely characteristic pose and gesture of this great and famous man. The same distinguished sculptor, with the splendid impartiality of art, is, I believe, the sculptor of the figure of Mr. Gladstone's lifelong opponent, Lord Beaconsfield. I am bound to say when I pass daily before that statue of Lord Beaconsfield in front of Westminster Abbey that, though I do not sympathize with all that the statue represents, I do feel that it is a very impressive representation of a very important and great figure. I think that this which you will now have in Manchester is also impressive, and is certainly in a great commercial city of this kind not unimportant. Of course you know very well that neither bronze nor marble can reproduce in the statue of Mr. Gladstone the enchantment of periods exquisite in their balance and their modulation. It can barely reproduce the energy of attitude and gesture, the swift blaze of the eye, the flashing glance, the stern wrath of the prophet, the irony, the mockery, the ease of the finished orator. That cannot all be reproduced. Still less can any statues reproduce what those of us who had the honor and privilege of knowing him and of working with him were aware of—the consideration, the affection, the recognition which he always extended to those who, as he thought, served great causes.

I am not going to waste your time to-day in comparing Mr. Gladstone with his comrades. They talk of Mr. Gladstone compared with Burke. Burke made two great speeches upon the war in America. He made those two great speeches, one of them against

the coercion of unwilling colonies, and those two speeches together make a perfect manual of civil wisdom. I was looking at them the other day, and I think each one of those speeches would have taken more than between four and five hours to deliver. I have been in the House of Commons a good many years—I think I have been in exactly the same number of years as your admirable representative who sits here, Sir William Houldsworth—but I do not believe that, if speeches like those two immortal speeches were made, 50 men—not even Sir William and I—would perhaps sit them out. Gentlemen, I would say this. I doubt whether in our whole Parliamentary history there has ever been an orator who exhibited the same high level of supreme oratorical excellence in so many kinds. I do not care whether you seek the secret of oratory in argumentative power, whether you seek it in clean, close-cut, sure-footed exposition of a very difficult and entangled business, or whether you look for a fervid and intense appeal to the highest emotions that can warm the human heart, or the deepest principles that can enlighten political reason, or whether you seek the utterance of a man borne onward by some mighty rushing wind and strenuous effort to serve some high purpose of persuasion or act—I will undertake to say that upon whichever of those four kinds of oratory you may choose to dwell, I may boldly undertake to say that in each of those several kinds and varieties I will find a master example in the speeches of the great and famous man whom we have met here today to commemorate. He, as an orator, had nothing in common with the glittering purple platitudes of Anacharsis Klotz, or of an orator of the American race. In an early notebook he quoted for his own guidance a sentence of Cicero, that no man can attain the glory of eloquence without the

very highest—of what? Of zeal, of toll, of constancy, of knowledge. I remember once talking to Mr. Gladstone about how to make speeches. He had a poor learner, but he told me of serious preparations that he made, and then he said:—"As for the words—well, the words come." That does not happen to all of us. But this is the point. His speeches, in spite of all the decorations—the rhetorical decorations—are saturated, as every sensible political speech ought to be saturated, in matter and practice. Apart from the extraordinary intellectual powers, apart from the glow of his moral genius, apart from these incomparable physical gifts, which seemed to incase the soul of fire in a frame of pliant steel, he was a great orator in the only sense in which it is worth while for any man ever to talk to anybody or any great audience, because he was always engaged on some practical object, some great piece of persuasion, or some great act. He was a great orator, because having these gifts, having hopes and thoughts about his country and about good causes, he was a most prodigious and indefatigable worker, and secondly, and even more important, because of the tenacity and force of his will. Talk of Mr. Gladstone as a worker! While I speak with all respect, he would have been a match for any one of you Manchester gentlemen, in your own warehouses, and factories, and mills, and banks, just as he was a match for the ablest officials at the Treasury in the strict, laborious, accurate methods of business. No drudging city clerk in Manchester had more of the virtues of the counting-house. Nobody who has not worked at close quarters with Mr. Gladstone at framing great Bills, knows or can realize his searching exploration of details, the intensity and concentration of his scrutiny of facts, figures and arguments, his mastery of clauses, sub-

clauses and provisoes, his imperial command over the minutiae even of a schedule, and yet, while he was all this, he was a shining instance of the maxim that "great thoughts come from the heart." I should keep you here all the afternoon if I were to attempt to go through all the landmarks of that career, or to retrace to you the leading idea of that potent genius. We certainly may say of him what he said of Sir Robert Peel, whose statue he unveiled at Peel-park in the fifties. He said that Sir Robert Peel thoroughly understood the working of our noble Constitution, and appreciated and sounded to the very depths the oldest popular assembly in the world. Nobody would deny that the same panegyric which Mr. Gladstone paid to Sir Robert Peel is amply due to Mr. Gladstone himself. He did not take the House of Commons languidly. He regarded the honor and power of the House of Commons as one of the great bulwarks of English liberty and good government in England. He honored the House of Commons and he taught the House of Commons to honor itself. A great idol of Mr. Gladstone, Bishop Butler, taught wisely of the danger of over-great refinement, of going beyond the plain, obvious facts and appearances of things, and there is no doubt that sometimes you may find an over-refining in Mr. Gladstone in words, an excess of qualifying propositions, and so on. I really do not think there is anybody to whom that particular quality is less sympathetic than it is to the very humble individual who is now addressing you; but I will say, on the other hand, if you remember how carelessness in words, how slovenly confusion in the name of the same thing or matter, the habit of taking as matter of positive proof what is only possible or barely probable, when I think of all the mischief and folly wrought in the world by those loose habits of

mind which are almost as much the master vice of the head as selfishness is the master vice of the heart, I declare I am inclined, in spite of occasional mutiny, to think we may well forgive Mr. Gladstone for what passed for sophistry and subtlety, but which was in truth a scruple of conscience.

I came upon a sentence the other day from an old friend of mine, Professor Huxley, and he said—he was no great friend of Mr. Gladstone—"Here is a man with the greatest intellect in Europe, and yet he debases it by simply following majorities and the crowd." I know it is sometimes said that this great statesman was a mere mirror of the passing impulses, the numerous intellectual confusions of the public mind—that he had nothing but a sort of clever pilot's eye for winds and currents, and the rising of the tide to the height which would float him and his cargo over the bar. I submit to you that that was the exact opposite of the truth. What he thought was that the statesman's gifts consisted in insight into the facts of a particular era, disclosing the existence of material for forming public opinion and directing public opinion to a given end, and I will undertake to say that every one of his great achievements—aye, and even his last great attempt at an achievement—that in every one of those great causes he formed, or endeavored to form and create, the great public opinion upon which he knew he depended. I will take a case which ought to interest you citizens of Manchester. He began the greater stage of his career by the Budget of 1853, which revealed to the country that it possessed a man with a great comprehension of the substantial interests and the growing concerns of trade and commerce. It was a mere accident that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. People shook their heads at the idea of trusting the money of the country to a man

who was a theologian and a Puseyite. They comforted themselves by remembering that, after all, his predecessor, Mr. Disraeli, had been a brilliant novelist, and Mr. Disraeli, with excellent irony, on the day after he took the Exchequer, said he observed Consols had not gone down by a single sixteenth. I may add that when the novelist had been tried and the theologian had been tried they fell back upon the editor of a review and the author of a book on the astrology of the ancients. Well, gentlemen, what did Mr. Gladstone do on this occasion? Did he run about feeling the pulse of popular opinion? No; he grappled with the facts with infinite genius and labor—and recollect with Mr. Gladstone half his genius was labor—he built up a vast plan, and he carried that plan to the Cabinet. The Cabinet were against him. Almost to a man they warned him that the House of Commons would be against him. The officials of the Treasury told him the Bank would be against him, that a great press of interests would be against him, but, like the intrepid and sinewy athlete that he always was, he stood to his guns. He converted the Cabinet. He persuaded the House of Commons, vanquished the Bank and the hostile interests, and, in the words of one of his successors, whom Sir W. Houldsworth and I well knew and liked (Sir Stafford Northcote), he did all those things, and he changed and turned for many years to come the current of public opinion with that force which was too powerful for any mind to resist. Do not let it be said, then, that Mr. Gladstone was a man who always followed the flowing tide. I may take another case. I only mention it as being interesting to me for various reasons. It is the case of the Irish land legislation, and this was in my judgment, the most gigantic, the most complex, the most deep-reaching of his legislative achievements. The

transformation of land tenure is always the most difficult of processes in all countries, and this revolution in the relations between the man who tilled the soil and the man who drew the rent was effected, not with the flowing tide; it was effected against the ignorance of this country, against the prejudice of this country, and against the standing prejudice of both branches of the Legislature, who were steeped in the deepest doctrine of contract. You remember the events in the seventies. I will not for a moment trespass on controversial ground, but you will remember that there was a great discussion, and for good reason, as to what was the policy of this country in respect to the Christian races on the Balkan Peninsula. Some of you may remember a very fine figure of Mr. Gladstone's on that point. He said these Christian races standing between Turkey and Europe were like a shelving beach which restrained the waves. A beach, it is true, is beaten by the waves; it is laid desolate; it produces nothing. It became nothing but a mass of shingle and rock and almost useless seaweed, but it is a peace behind which cultivated earth can spread and escape the incoming tide; and such he said was the resistance to the Turk of Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks. Well, in the great enterprise of his life in the seventies he made an opinion which eventually guided the policy of the country and which had such a great effect for the good of the world. One more point I will refer to. He misread the Civil War in America which saved the American Union and prevented the horrid curse of the great slave power from growing up on American soil. He misread it in common with nearly all the leading statesmen of the time and most of the leading influences of the time not in Lancashire. But if upon that one occasion he fell into error, do

let us remember that no man was more ready to admit how grievous the error had been, and I will say this, that he made the noblest reparation that any statesman has ever made for a rash word by a healing deed when he made the Geneva Arbitration. Then with regard to the Alabama Dispute Arbitration, it quenched the fires of animosity between the same race on two sides of the Atlantic, and it inaugurated the first substantial and great precedent for the substitution of reason for force and something else for the deadly, but not altogether avoidable, arbitrament of the sword. If Mr. Gladstone had done nothing else in the long period of time during which he wielded practically supreme power in this country—if he had done nothing else but that, he would have deserved a statue of bronze or marble or fine gold in every city of the Empire.

It is said that he cared for nothing but pounds, shillings and pence. Well, I have seen no signs whatever in the time during which I have been on this planet down to to-day, that there is much chance of any statesman persuading his country that pounds, shillings and pence do not matter. I only say this, that when people say he is no patriot that is only said to pass the time away. Even in a case which he had so much at heart as the Alabama arbitration, at the moment of a certain exaggeration of the American demand Mr. Gladstone did not shrink. He said: "These are demands which no nation with a spark of spirit left will submit to, even at the point of death." There could not be a more gross misconception than to suppose that Mr. Gladstone was in any way weak or indifferent to the great interests of his own country. Here is a passage which I always like to read myself. It speaks of this great Empire which has had committed to it a trust and a function. Mr. Gladstone said:—"I feel when I speak of

that trust and function words fail me. I cannot tell you what I think of the nobleness of the inheritance that has descended upon us, of the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it. It is part of my being, of my flesh and blood, of my heart and soul—for those things I have labored from my youth, through my manhood, until my hairs are gray." But do you remember the grand passage in which he challenges and defies the doctrine that the analogies of ancient Rome were safe or fitting guides for this country. He was for—and I think all will agree he was for—an iron fidelity to public engagement, a stern regard for public law which is the legitimate defence for small communities against the great and powerful. That was his view of the way in which he should maintain the interests of the kingdom. There was one other element in maintaining our great heritage, and I think you would not forgive me if in this metropolis, which I have known ever since I was born—for I was born here—if in this metropolis of a region which is marvellous for its industry and for its wealth—this centre of one of the most wonderful aggregates of population that the world has ever seen—you would not forgive me if I were to say not a word of Mr. Gladstone's dealing with national finance, one of the main causes of all this prosperity and of all this wealth. His policy was quite simple, and, because it was so simple, people said it was not original. It was that we would maintain our prosperity and our wealth by relieving and stimulating industry, by keeping the financial credit of the country high, by lessening the load of old debts, by husbanding resources, by keeping a vigilant eye on outgoings. Once he handed over the Exchequer to Mr. Childers, and he said to Mr. Childers, "You will make a better Finance Minister than I am, because"—this was in 1882—"a Finance

Minister's eyes should always be ranging freely and vigilantly over the whole area of great establishments, over public services for the purpose of improvement and good husbandry." That was one of his main ideas of maintaining our inheritance. The word "improvement" reminds me of this. I had the happiness to know Mr. John Stuart Mill—of whom Mr. Gladstone said that he was the saint of rationalism, and of whom I think he also said that he had the most open mind of his generation. Now Mr. Mill used to say to us, who sometimes in those days were not such good Gladstonians as we afterwards became, "If ever there was a statesman in whom the spirit of improvement is ingrained and of whose career as a Minister the characteristic feature has been to seek out the things which required or admitted of improvement instead of waiting to be pressed or driven to do them, Mr. Gladstone deserves that honor." Of course we know that every Minister proposes, and sincerely proposes, to place the advancement of the public in the forefront of all his schemes and operations; but some of you, perhaps, have never been in Whitehall. The shades of the prison-house of Whitehall soon close round the infancy of the reformer. Interest, sympathy, even the milk of human kindness interposes when the stern reformer comes to carry out his projects. Mr. Gladstone was not open even to the influence of the milk of human kindness. In those matters he swept away from the first day of his administration the whole body of partialities, prejudices and affections. The public was with him, and that was the beginning and the end, whether it concerned a great revolution, a great commercial policy, or some small scheme in one of the departments of the Civil Service. Think of what it is, you gentlemen of business, you Mem-

bers of the City Council of Manchester, think what it is to have a man for so many years, as Mr. Gladstone was, in possession of a supreme control of public authority with a sort of driving power of his own, which, so far as I know, has seldom or never been equalled by any of our great Ministers who have been at the head of the administration of this country—a man so imbued with the interests of the public, with the necessity for improvement, with the necessity for thrift and for vigilance. When all his exploits are measured and sifted and weighed, I am not at all sure but that in the first rank of them, perhaps in the first place in the first rank, would be placed that tradition that he started in our Civil Service a vigilant attention to the public interest as the master consideration, and we owe to him in no small degree the purity and the efficiency of that great Civil Service upon which so much of the welfare of the nation depends.

I am really merciless, my Lord Mayor, but only a moment or two more. No man I have ever known was so slow to pronounce verdicts upon his fellow-creatures, and no man I have ever known had the broad, rational spirit of charity so much alive. Few men can have been so true to their conception of duty, a power, as he described it, almost co-extensive with the action of our intelligence that goes with us where we will and only leaves us with the life and light. No man so hated and despised moral cowardice and the faint heart. No life was ever less left to the shaping of haphazard. In small affairs or great, in public affairs or private, he acted from premeditated reasons and trusted nothing to chance, nothing to the casual stars, and within the widest range of the spirit of the word, he abhorred a gambler. There is no example in our history of such a vigorous progress in mental life. His

beginnings, as he has left on record, were exceedingly narrow. They were, as he said, "concentrated"—I hope I shall not be misunderstood—"in the Church understood in the narrowest fashion, and at the end"—I think at this time a very narrow end—"perhaps the most marked characteristic of my mental life was its breadth of feeling in respect of the number and greatness of the national masses with whom I came into contact." Time would fall me to speak of him as a scholar, and mine is not the tongue to speak of him as a theologian or a divine. I would only remark that so far as scholarship goes he was no mere studious reader of books to relieve mental anxiety or slake the thirst of library curiosity. Ready with him was habitual communion with the master spirits of mankind, a vivid and nourishing part of each day's life. No doubt something was left out in the wide circle of his interests. Natural science in all its speculations and extensions, increase of scientific truth, extension of scientific methods—all that, no doubt, constitutes the central activities, the intellectual activities of England and Europe during the last 40 years of his life—to all that he was not entirely opened. I remember going with him one Sunday afternoon to pay a visit to Mr. Darwin. It was in the seventies, and as I came away I felt that no impression had reached him; that that intellectual, modest, single-minded, low-browed lover of truth, the searcher of the secrets of nature, had made no impression on Mr. Gladstone's mind, though he had seen one who from his Kentish hill-top was shaking the world. But the omission of scientific interest was made up for.

The London Times.

The thought with which he rose in the morning and went to rest at night was of the universe as a sublime moral theatre on which the Omnipotent Dramaturgist used kingdoms and rulers, laws and politics, to exhibit a sovereign purpose for good, to light up what I may call the prose of politics with a ray from the Diviner Mind. This exalted his ephemeral discourses into a sort of visible relation to the counsels of all time. I came on a letter the other day where somebody wrote to him and said—and the words were true—"You have so lived and wrought that you have kept the soul alive in England." When he died Lord Salisbury said of him that he was a great Christian. Yes, and I would add that he was not a Christian for nothing. I think he must often have used to himself the language of Wordsworth:—"Earth is sick and heaven is weary of the hollow words that States and kingdoms utter when they talk of truth and justice." He, at all events, in face of all the demands of practical politics, did his best to bring those considerations of truth and justice into the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He was a great teacher. Besides being a statesman, besides being a patriot, besides being a magnificent orator, besides being a scholar, he was a great moral teacher. His language would not be mine, but I do say that Mr. Gladstone, when he saw the nations going on a wrong path, saw high in the heavens the flash of the uplifted sword and the gleam of the arm of the avenging angel. Gentlemen, I thank you for listening to me, and I hope you will feel that it is a good thing for us to praise the great men and the fathers that begat us.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The paths of night and death unscathed he trod,
 His eye still fixed where, pale in whitening skies,
 Love's herald-star assured a sun's uprise,
 And darkness slain, and earth "afire with God."

Mary A. Woods.

The Academy.

RECENT SCIENCE.

1.

The exploration of the higher layers of the atmosphere by the aid of high-level observatories, kites and balloons continues to engross the attention of meteorologists. This is not a mere fashion—science also has its fashions—but an urgent need. To gain knowledge of what is going on in the air, miles above the earth's surface, has become a matter of first necessity. Those who issue the weather forecasts see that they can make no further progress so long as they do not extend their observations higher up in the air envelope of our globe; and those who work upon the theory of the general circulation of the atmosphere come to the same conclusion. Our instruments carefully record the displacements of cold and warm air close to the earth's surface; but it is only at much greater heights that we find the mighty air-currents blowing undisturbed round the earth, and discover the origin of the great "heat waves" and waves of cold weather. Thereto we must go to study them. Glaisher had fully understood this necessity when he undertook his venturesome balloon ascents;

but while interest in such explorations died away in Britain, it was born with a new vigor in the United States, in France, in Germany, in Austria, in Russia, and the work is now carried on with a remarkable zeal.

The idea was, first, to build meteorological observatories on the tops of high isolated peaks. The Sonnblick observatory, which won a world-reputation for its work, the Ben Nevis in Scotland, Jansen's Mont Blanc observatory, Abbas-tuman in the Caucasus, Arequipa in Peru, and so on, were the fruit of that effort—the highest observatory in the world having been planted by the Americans in Peru, on the El Misti peak, at an altitude of 19,200 feet.

These institutions have already rendered good service to science.¹ However, they necessarily remain but few in number; they do not reach the uppermost levels of the atmosphere, and moreover the air-currents which are observed on more or less isolated peaks still remain complicated by the proximity of the plains and the mountains. Consequently, the United States meteorologists, keeping in view their practical aim—the prediction of weather—came to the conclusion that a survey of the temperatures, pressures and air-currents which prevail at a height of,

¹ Some of the scientific results obtained at the high-level observatories have already been mentioned in these pages.

let us say, one mile above the surface of the soil, ought to be made regularly every day over the whole of the American Continent. Seventeen spots were selected for that purpose, and the idea of Willis Moore—the promoter of this scheme—was that every morning kites provided with self-registering instruments would be flown at each of these spots, so as to bring down regular reports of temperature, pressure and so on from the one-mile level above the soil.²

The problem was evidently by no means an easy one. A small kite would not lift the instrument-box when the wind was not strong enough, while a big kite was liable to break off its moorings when it met a stronger wind at a higher level, and thus to be lost forever. Finally, the American meteorologists settled upon the Hargrave type of kite, which has the shape of a quadrangular box of which the lid and the bottom have been removed, or rather of a tandem composed of two such boxes. Thousands of such kites of miniature dimensions are now flown by old and young at all watering-places.

The meteorological kite is of course much bigger than the toy. It has eighty to ninety square feet of lifting surface (slightly concave), and it is held by a steel piano wire. A spring bridle, a machine for winding up miles of wire when the kite is brought down, and a meteorograph—that is, an instrument weighing a trifle over two pounds, but containing self-registering instruments for taking note of temperature, pressure, moisture, and force of the wind—complete the equipment. The length of the wire which is paid out and the angle of its inclina-

tion give the exact height reached by the kite.

The kite became in this way a powerful aid to meteorology. Gradually perfected, it extended its excursions higher and higher in the air, and while the first kites hardly reached an altitude of 2,070 feet, they now rise beyond 12,000 feet, and thus penetrate into the regions of which the normal temperature is near the Fahrenheit zero. Altogether, the kite offers many advantages. The height it has reached being measured directly, a control of barometric measurements is obtained. Its ascension can be slackened at will so as to be sure that the instruments have taken the temperature of their surroundings, and it may be kept any length of time at a given height so as to represent a real floating observatory. But it has also its disadvantages. Thus the scheme of Willis Moore could only partially be realized, as there are many days (54 per cent. on the average) when the kites cannot be flown, either for lack of wind or on account of too much wind. With all that, the kites were doing good work, when the Cuban War, which put the meteorological service to a hard, practical test, and the subsequent necessity of extending the meteorological net over the West Indies, put an end to the regular kite explorations.

Most valuable data, especially as regards the laws of decrease of temperature in the higher strata of air, were obtained during the 1,217 kite ascensions which had been made in the meantime.³ It was also found that the kite observations would often warn the meteorologist about the coming changes of weather; a "hot wave" was actually caught while it was coming.

² See the very interesting paper by Willis Moore in "Weather Bureau Publications," No. 128 (1897) and No. 191 (1899, reprint from "Forum"), and in a succession of issues of the "Monthly Weather Review," Washington, 1897-1901, vols. xxv to xxix.

³ H. C. Frankenfeld, in "Monthly Weather Review;" also in "Nature," Nov. 29, 1900, lxiii, 100.

As to the clouds, their coming down at nights and their floating higher up in daytime were registered with perfect accuracy by the instruments attached to the kites. Most interesting observations relative to the circulation of air in areas of low and high pressure were also made in this way.⁴

While the United States made thus a specialty of kites, France took chiefly to unmanned balloons, or *ballons sondes*. The very first experiments proved to be most encouraging, when an unmanned balloon launched from Paris by Hermite rose to a height of 45,000 feet, its self-recording instruments working perfectly to an altitude of 36,000 feet; while Assmann's unmanned balloon, launched from Berlin, crossed over in ten hours to the Servian frontier, and brought full records of its journey. It rose to about 46,500 feet, where the barometric pressure was only 3 3-10 inches—thus showing that eight-ninths of the whole atmospheric air lay below the balloon. In both cases the temperature at the 36,000-foot level was found to be much lower than it was expected; namely, as low as 60 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero (—51 degrees and —52 degrees Celsius respectively). Eight balloons out of ten came down to the earth in perfect order. Consequently, beginning in the spring of 1898, Teisserenc de Bort, at Trappes, near Paris, has regularly launched his *ballons sondes*, several each month, so that he could report in 1900, and tabulate the results of no fewer than 240 ascensions. A sort of nearly permanent floating observatory was thus established. One-half of the balloons reached the 27,000-foot level, one-quarter rose to 39,000 feet, and several

went beyond the altitude of 42,000 feet (eight miles). Very few were lost. An inscription in different languages, asking those who find the balloon to take care of it and to warn the nearest observatory, promising a reward of a few pounds for that trouble, is quite sufficient—even in Russia—to secure the safety of the messenger which descends from the skies. An excess of zeal is all that is to be feared—the good people who took care of one of the early balloons of Violle going even through the trouble of well polishing a smoked cylinder upon which the records of the meteorograph were scratched by a needle, thus wiping off both “the dirt” and the records.⁵

At the same time the system of exploration of the atmosphere by means of manned balloons was worked out, especially in Germany, and partly also in Russia, where one of the members of the military balloon staff, Pomortseff, published, in 1891, the results of his forty ascensions, and fully confirmed Hann's conclusions as regards the distribution of temperature in areas of low and high pressure. However, isolated observations, even when they are numerous, are not sufficient, and at the international aeronautic conferences of 1896 and 1898 it was agreed between Austrian, Bavarian, Belgian, French, German and Russian aeronauts that international ascents at the beginning of each month would be organized. Manned and unmanned balloons, as also captive balloon-kites, consequently start in considerable numbers on given days from Paris, Brussels, Strasburg, Munich, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg—all provided with identical or similar instruments, approved by the conferences. In this interna-

⁴ Especially on September 21-24, 1898. See Helm Clayton's “Studies of Cyclonic and Anticyclonic Phenomena with Kites,” in *Blue Hill Observatory “Bulletin,”* 1899, No. 1.

⁵ See Teisserenc de Bort's reports in “*Comptes Rendus.*” 1899, vol. cxxix, pp. 131 and 417, and

1900, vol. cxxxi, p. 920. Analyzed and discussed by Cleveland Abbe in “*Monthly Weather Review,*” September, 1899, p. 415 (tables); by W. Trabert before the Natural Sciences “*Verein*” at Vienna, and in “*Jahrbuch der Naturwissenschaften,*” xv, 246; and in “*Nature.*”

tional exploration Germany stands foremost with her manned balloons, the difficulty of breathing in the extremely rarefied air of the great altitudes having been overcome by taking a supply of oxygen. In this way Dr. Berson could reach at Berlin an altitude of 9,155 metres (30,030 feet), and so long as his supply of oxygen lasted he experienced none of the symptoms of "mountain disease." No man had been before at such a height, but even this record was beaten on the 1st of August last by Berson and Süring, who reached the altitude of 10,300 metres (33,700 feet), finding there a temperature of -40 degrees Fahrenheit. As to the unmanned balloons, they have explored, of course, still greater heights; the capricious Berlin *ballon sonde* "Cirrus" rose as high as 53,500 and 60,600 feet, while one of Teisserenc de Bort's unmanned balloons went to a height of 22 kilometres, i. e., about 13 1-2 miles.

The results obtained from all these explorations of the last twelve years are already full of importance. Every one knows that the temperature of the air decreases as we rise higher and higher in the atmosphere, and that the summits of our high mountains lie amidst layers of air so cool that the snow does not disappear from them.

There may be occasionally a local inversion of temperatures—that is, in certain localities, under certain conditions, especially under a cloudy sky, the temperature may increase up to a certain height; but as a rule it decreases as we rise above the soil at a

rate of from three to five Fahrenheit degrees for each thousand feet. Consequently, even in summer we find in middle Europe the temperature of freezing at a height of from 6,600 to 10,000 feet, and a still greater cold prevails at still greater heights.

However, it was never expected by meteorologists that the upper layers of the atmosphere would be so cold as they are in reality. It appears now that all the observations of Glaisher, upon which our knowledge of the upper layers was chiefly based, gave too high temperatures. Not only because a thermometer, unless it is very sensitive and the air round it well ventilated, takes some time before it shows the real temperature of the layer of air which the balloon is piercing, but especially because of the solar radiation, which, in the high layers of a rarefied atmosphere and in the full sunshine which reigns above the clouds, is very strong, and overheats the instruments. This was one of the first difficulties which the meteorologists had to overcome before such perfected instruments as Assmann's psychrometer and the instruments of Violle and Teisserenc de Bort were introduced. Thus it appears now that the average temperature at an altitude of 20,000 feet is 13 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero (as against Glaisher's 3 degrees to 32 degrees Fahrenheit), and that at the altitude of 25,000 feet the air is full 35 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, instead of the minus 4 degrees to plus 16 degrees Fahrenheit which Glaisher gave for that altitude.* Such low temperatures pre-

* In order to be sure that the distribution of temperatures over the British Isles is not very much different from what it is over North Germany and North France, Berson and Süring made two simultaneous ascensions—the one, in his own balloon, from London, and the other from Berlin. At the altitude of 20,000 feet both found almost identical temperatures, which were the usual ones for that time of the year. Direct

experiments were also made upon a thermometer placed in the way Glaisher used to place his instrument: it gave much too high readings. As it is known, however, that the gradient of temperature-decrease is different on the Atlantic border of the United States and in the interior of the continent, it is most desirable that Britain should at last join the Continental nations in their exploration of the atmosphere.

vail, it must be remarked, all the year round.*

Another important fact was revealed by these explorations. It was generally believed that the decrease of temperature becomes slower and slower in the higher portions of the atmosphere. It appears, however, that at great altitudes it is the reverse which prevails. The ration of decrease, which is about three Fahrenheit degrees for each 1,000 feet in the lower strata, grows higher and higher, reaching nearly twice as much at the highest levels. This upsets many a current theory.

It would be impossible to analyze here the extremely interesting deductions which Cleveland Abbé makes from the explorations of Teisserenc de Bort, or those which Bezold draws from the German balloon explorations; still less would it be possible to mention the mass of information contained in the luxuriously edited "*Wissenschaftliche Luftfahrten*." Two points, however, deserve a special mention. One is the quite unexpected discovery that the difference between summer and winter is felt even at such great altitudes as 30,000 feet. Of course, the seasons are not so well pronounced there as they are with us; but even at this great height they are fully noticeable—the average temperature of the 30,000-foot layer in March being about 65 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, while that of August (the warmest month) is only -44 degrees. Higher up, the layers of extremely thin rarefied air are even much cooler than that, and rapidly merge into the frozen depths of the interplanetary space.

* Here is a table which will give an idea of the distribution of temperatures (in Fahrenheit degrees) in the atmosphere. Trabert obtained it

Height in feet:	The soil	6,600
North Germany	50 deg.	32 deg.
North France	48 "	32 "

* Edited by R. Asmann and A. Berson. Bezold's introductory review, very suggestive, has appeared as a separate pamphlet.

Another extremely interesting fact is this. Every one knows the spell of cold weather which we experience in Europe and Northern Asia about the middle or in the first half of May—the so-called *Saints de glace* of the French peasants. This "cold wave" has long since been a puzzle for meteorologists. It is so widely spread that some cosmic cause—not telluric—was suspected; but then, the retardation with which the cold reaches Siberia, whereto it comes about the 20th or 22d of May, was an argument against the cosmic origin of the cold wave. If it were due to the earth entering an especially cold portion of the solar system, no such retardation would take place.

Consequently, an international balloon ascent was organized on the 13th of May, 1897, balloons starting on that day from Strasburg, Berlin and St. Petersburg. These ascents proved that the cold wave surely is not due to some small local disturbance, such as icebergs and the like. It is caused by a mass of air, 30,000 feet thick and covering all Europe, which is brought into a rotatory motion, so that cold air from the north is brought down upon Western Europe, while warm air is poured upon Eastern Europe from the southwest. What is the cause of that regularly recurring rotation of the atmosphere we do not know yet, but the amount of energy it represents is immense, and its cause must be consequently more general than mere local disturbances.

Altogether when one rises in a balloon far above the petty asperities of

by comparing the German results with those of Teisserenc de Bort:—

16,500	23,000	26,000	32,800
1 deg.	-20 deg.	-36 deg.	..
3 "	-20 "	-36 "	-60 deg.

* Teisserenc de Bort, in "*Comptes Rendus*," 1900. vol. cxxxi.

the earth's surface, one finds also a much simpler distribution of temperatures, pressures and air-currents; and it will be through such data as those which were collected during an international ascent on the 3d of October, 1899, that knowledge will be won about the cyclonic and anti-cyclonic disturbances to which our weather is due.

II.

When a mathematician intends to analyze the effects of some cause over a wide series of phenomena, he willfully neglects in his calculations a number of secondary causes interfering with the same phenomena; he tries to ascertain the effects of the main cause in their simplest form. He calls then the result which he has obtained "a first approximation." Later on, after all the effects of the main cause have been studied in detail and verified upon thousands of applications, and when it appears that the main cause is not sufficient to explain all the phenomena, then a generation or two of explorers apply their energies towards disentangling the effects of all those causes which were neglected at the outset, but some of which may entirely alter the aspect of phenomena. They endeavor to find a new expression for the law enunciated in the first approximation, to discover some still broader generalization of which the first would appear as a consequence, or as a particular case only.

All sciences proceed in this way. All "natural laws" (as was admirably expressed once by Mendeléeff in the discussion of his own periodical law) have the same character of successive approximation—Kepler's laws of the movements of planets; the Boyle-Marriott's law of gases; nay, universal gravitation itself, whose cause and relations to attractions and repulsions at small distances have yet to be found. The

more so is it true of the series of great discoveries which were made in 1858-1862: the kinetic theory of gases, the mechanical theory of heat, the periodic law of chemical elements, the physico-chemical basis of life, the cell theory, the origin of species. All these are now under revision, not because any one doubts the mechanical origin of heat and electricity, or the physical basis of life, or the mutability of species, but because nearly all that could be done on the solid ground of the "first approximations" has been done, and new, still more generalized expressions of these natural laws are sought for. Of course, the "man in the street" and the semi-scientist who knows something of the results of science, but is not familiar with the methods of scientific discovery, never fail to raise at such times their voices and to proclaim "the failure of science." In reality, however, these are periods when the birth is prepared of still wider and still deeper generalizations.

This remark applies to the theory of evolution. The main points which Darwin and Wallace had so much difficulty to prove are now established truths. Nowadays there is almost no man of science who would not admit—even at the risk of being excommunicated by some Church—that all the species of plants and animals have been slowly evolved in the course of ages out of a common stock of simplest organisms; that new species are evolved still; and that natural selection plays a very important part in fixing the variations which continually appear among both plants and animals. But the naturalist is no longer satisfied with these statements. He wants to know (as Darwin himself wanted) the cause of the variations which we call "accidental." Are they really "hap-hazard," or, maybe, do they take certain definite directions—partly under the influence of environment, and partly under the

guidance of previous evolution? And if it be so, what is the real part of natural selection in the evolution of new species? In other words the naturalist is no longer satisfied with saying that—supposing there were no other causes at work but the accidental individual variations which appear in each species, the hereditary transmission of these variations, and natural selection in the struggle for life—these three causes alone would do to explain the origin of species and their marvellous adaptation to environment. He wants to know not how species *may* have originated, but how they *do* originate in reality.¹⁰

It would be materially impossible to give even a faint idea of the immense, overpowering amount of work which is being done now in this direction, and still less of the numerous side-issues involved in this work. One group only of these researches will consequently be analyzed in the following pages: the work that is being done, experimentally, in order to see how the structure, the various organs, and the forms of plants and animals are modified by environment. "Experimental morphology" or "physiological morphology" is the name of this young branch of the science of evolution.

Variability is a law of Nature. Just as there are not two men exactly alike, so there are not two plants or two animals which would not differ from each other in many respects. It appears, however, that variability, even if it be quite accidental and "hap-hazard," has its laws. If we measure the length of the wings in a great number of birds, or the dimensions of many crabs, or the stature of many men, we find that the accidental differences below and

above the average are submitted to the same laws as accidental errors in a physical or astronomical measurement. The number of small variations is very great, while the larger ones are relatively few—their number decreasing (roughly speaking) in proportion to the square of the size of the variation. This law, enunciated long ago by Quételet, has been proved by Wallace, Galton, K. Pearson, Weldon, Lloyd Morgan, De Vries, and many others to apply to most morphological and even to psychical phenomena. Moreover, it appears that although individual variations are greater, as a rule, than they were supposed to be, they soon reach a limit. Galton has proved, and biologists have confirmed it, that the more exceptionally some peculiarity is developed in a number of individuals, the more their descendants will have the tendency to revert to the average type; there will be a "retrogression"—a "return to mediocrity"—unless some external or inner cause tends to accentuate variation in the same direction.

Altogether Quételet's law applies only to those cases in which variations are strictly accidental—that is, hap-hazard in the true sense of the word; in such cases the variations in one direction compensate those which occur in the opposite direction; and if we figure them by means of a curve, the curve is symmetrical. But in very many cases the curves are not symmetrical; the variations below the average are not equal in numbers to those above the average. We have then, as W. T. Thiselton-Dyer would say, "a stimulated variation."¹¹ The curve may even indicate by its form the appearance of a new incipient spe-

¹⁰ Many works dealing with the present position of the theory of natural selection have been published lately. The following two may be recommended to the general reader: "The Method of Evolution," by Professor H. W. Conn, New York, 1900; and "Ueber die Bedeutung und Trag-

weite des Darwin'schen Selectionsprincip," by L. Plate, Leipzig, 1900.

¹¹ See his most suggestive letter on "Variation and Specific Stability" in "Nature," vol. II, 1895, p. 459.

cies, modified in this or that of its features.¹² In such cases it is the duty of experimental morphology to step in and to find out which cause or group of causes may tend to modify the species.

An immense amount of work is being done now in this domain;¹³ and it is a growing conviction among biologists that, at least as regards plants, there is not one single organ which could not be modified in a permanent way by merely altering the conditions of temperature, light, moisture, and especially nutrition, under which the plant is reared at certain early periods of its development. A few examples will better illustrate what has been achieved in this direction.

Beginning with the lower organisms, Chamberland and Roux proved in 1883 that the mere keeping of bacteria in an antiseptic substance will totally modify them. A new species will be created, which will differ both in form and physiological functions from its ancestor—a species which will propagate, retaining its new characteristics. L. Errera, on the other side, has proved, not only the powers of adaptation of certain fungi to new media, but the hereditary transmission of their adaptations as well—the new generation thriving much better in the new medium to which it has adapted itself than in the medium in which its ancestors formerly used to grow;¹⁴ and the researches of Professor Klebs, Ray and Schostakowitch upon some other fungi further confirm and develop

these views.¹⁵ It may only be remarked that although these researches on lower organisms are considered by biologists as quite conclusive, and applicable to higher organisms as well, they do not very much appeal to those who are not specialists in these branches.

However, there is no lack of evidence taken from the higher plants. The experiments of Gaston Bonnier are especially striking. His earlier work was already mentioned in these pages,¹⁶ and it was shown how, by transplanting several plants from a valley to an Alpine level in the Alps and the Pyrenees, or *vice versa*, he entirely changed, in one single generation, both the general aspect of the plant and its inner structure. Both were rendered "Alpine" in a plant taken from the valley, and *vice versa*; and new races or varieties adapted to their new surroundings—"incipient species," to use Darwin's words—were thus obtained under the direct influence of environment.

During the last few years Bonnier has made his experiments even more conclusive by submitting plants to artificial cold and excessive moisture—permanent in some experiments and alternating with warmth and dryness in others. In this way he transformed valley plants into their Alpine varieties in the course of a couple of months. He took several annual and several bi-annual plants—obtained from the same seeds or from a division of one individual—and divided them into four lots. Lot 1 was brought up in a box provided with a glass wall turned

¹² C. B. Davenport, "A Precise Criterion of Species," and J. W. Blankinship, "The Chief Differential and Specific versus Individual Characters," in "Science," May 20 and June 3, 1898; fully analyzed by Variguy in "Année Biologique," IV, 470 seq. The mathematical treatment of the variation curves is, as is known, busily carried on by K. Pearson. A comprehensible analysis of the methods used in these researches will be found in Geo. Duncker's "Die Methoden der Variation-Statistik," Leipzig, 1899; and in C. B. Davenport's "Statistical Methods, with Special

Reference to Biological Variation," New York, 1899.

¹³ Part of it has been already mentioned in these pages, "Nineteenth Century," April, 1894.

¹⁴ "Bulletins de l'Académie de Belgique," 1899, p. 81.

¹⁵ J. Ray, in "Revue Générale de Botanique," 1897, vol. ix; analyzed in full, with valuable remarks, by M. Radnis in "Année Biologique," III, 501; Schostakowitch, in "Flora," vol. lxxxiv, p. 88.

¹⁶ "Nineteenth Century," April, 1894.

northwards and kept by means of ice at a low temperature, which only varied between 38 degrees and 48 degrees Fahr., while moisture within the box was kept at from 80 to 96 per cent. Lot 2 was cultivated in the open air at Fontainebleau, and was thus submitted to the usual summer variations of temperature (59 degrees to 86 degrees Fahr.) and moisture (from 64 to 91 per cent.). Lot 3 was submitted, like Alpine plants, to the extremes of temperature and moisture; it was brought up at daytime in the open air, and at night in the iced box. Finally, there was a fourth lot, submitted to the same conditions as 1 and 3, but less severe, in a warmer box. In two months the plants of the first lot, and especially those of the third lot (submitted to sudden changes), had already taken the general and the special characters of Alpine plants—smaller size; stronger stems with short internodes; smaller, thicker and stronger leaves; and, with those of them which bloomed, a more rapid blooming. The plants of the third lot had even taken the reddish color of the leaves characteristic of Alpine plants (due in both cases to the presence of anthocyan), while those of Lot 1 remained quite green. Lot 2 remained, of course, unchanged; and the plants of Lot 4 were more similar to those which had grown in the open air than to those of the two other lots.¹⁷ No better proof of adaptive forms created directly by environment (Buffon's and Lamarck's view) could be given.

Another series of equally successful experiments was made by Bonnier, in order to see whether Fontainebleau plants cultivated on the shores of the Mediterranean would not take the well-known characters of circum-Mediterranean vegetation, due to the special climate-conditions of the region (woody

stems; broader, thicker, leather-like leaves with strong nerves; and so on). Two lots of plants belonging to forty-three different species, some of them bi-annuals, but originated in each case from the same individual, were grown—one lot at La Garde, near Toulon, and the other at Fontainebleau in soil brought from La Garde. Nearly all species of the first lot took, in the very first generation, more or less the Mediterranean aspect, but none of them showed variation in the opposite direction. During the second summer the changes were even more marked. The Fontainebleau species, *Senecio Jacobæa* (Ragwort *Senecio*), became similar in several of its characters to the Mediterranean species, *Senecio nemorosus*; our common ash, *Fraxinus excelsior*, became like the *F. parvifolia*, G. G., of the Mediterranean coasts; and so on.¹⁸ The importance of these experiments need not be emphasized. When we see that environment so rapidly creates itself the adaptation, we shall necessarily be more cautious in speaking of the natural selection of quite accidental individual variations.

If Bonnier's experiments stood quite alone, they would already carry a considerable weight; but at the present time any number of similar researches and experiments could be mentioned—all telling the same tale of a *direct* action of the conditions of growth for producing considerable and rapid adaptive changes in plants. Joh. Schmidt, for instance, obtains at will the anatomical structure of the leaves in the sea-pea (*Lathyrus maritimus*) which characterizes the East Danish or the West Danish specimens of this species by simply adding more or less salt to the water with which he waters his cultures, or by altering the amount of exposure to

¹⁷ "Comptes Rendus," 1898, vol. cxxvii, p. 307; and 1899, vol. cxxviii, p. 1143.

¹⁸ "Comptes Rendus," 1899, vol. cxxix, p. 1207.

sunlight during germination.¹⁹ K. Goebel shows the alterations which strong light produces in leaves, and the potency of the habitual inherited forms.²⁰ G. Haberlandt, not satisfied with merely altering the color or the shape or the number of existing organs, creates a new organ for the secretion of water from the leaves of a tropical liana.²¹ Hermann Vöchting, continuing his extremely interesting, previously mentioned researches into the effects of low temperature and considerable light-intensity, obtains in this way rampant varieties of plants, and maintains in them a sexual reproduction.²² De Vries, by cultivating a South African composite plant, *Othonna crassifolia*, and its near congener, *Othonna carnosa*, in both moist and dry soil and atmosphere, obtains two quite different plants.²³ W. Wollny, taking up the whole question of the influence of moisture upon the forms and the structure of plants, proves by experiments conducted in three separate conservatories—one very dry, the other very damp, and the third of an average dampness—that this factor alone is capable of producing the most important modifications in plants, both in their forms and their structure. A great dampness increases, of course, the growth of the stems and leaves, but hinders the development of chlorophyll; the stomates appear on both sides of the leaves and increase in numbers and size; while the thorns of our common furze (*Ulex europæus*) are

completely transformed into leaves—that is, he obtains by surplus moisture the opposite of what Lhôteller obtained in a very dry atmosphere.²⁴ And so on.

In short, we have by this time a quite solid body of evidence to prove that in plants adaptive forms are created by the direct physical action of environment.

Let us next consider, then, two other series of researches which have a bearing upon two other important points of the theory of evolution. Both were made by the Dutch botanist De Vries, one of the greatest botanists living. For the last fifteen years De Vries has cultivated a great number of so-called monstrosities, or rather aberrant types, such as the five-leaved clover or the many-headed poppy (*Papaver somniferum polycephalum*), of which the stamens have been transformed into a great number of carpels, so that the poppy-head is surrounded by a crown of secondary heads. It is now a favorite with some gardeners. The conditions under which these new varieties have been obtained were carefully studied by De Vries, and his conclusion is that—taking the poppy as an instance—it entirely depends upon heavy manuring or not, upon the keeping of seedlings wide apart or crowded, and upon the supply of temperature and light—upon *nutrition*, in a word (taking nutrition in its old, wide sense)—whether we obtain from the seeds of

¹⁹ "Botanisk Tidskrift," 1899, xxii, 108; analyzed in "Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau," xiv, 562.

²⁰ "Flora," vol. lxxxii, 1.

²¹ "Festschrift für Schwendener;" analyzed in several reviews.

²² "Jahrbuch für wissenschaftlich Botanik," vol. xxv, 1893, p. 149; "Berichte der deutschen Botanischen Gesellschaft," vol. xvi, 1898, p. 37.

²³ In "Mutationstheorie," p. 103, he reproduces his photographs of the two plants. He gives also a photograph of Bonnier's Alpine and valley plants.

²⁴ "Forschungen aus dem Gebiete der Agriculturnphysik," vol. xx, 1898, p. 397; "Naturwissen-

schaftliche Rundschau," xiii, 617. A very suggestive work by Julius Sachs, "Mechanomorphosis and Phylogeny: a Contribution to Physiological Morphology" ("Flora," 1894, p. 215), must be indicated in this place. He deals in it with a group of physiological causes, common to most plants, which necessarily must act in producing this or that form, and thus produce parallel forms in the different large divisions of the vegetable kingdom. Stahl's classical work on the influence of lighted and shaded position upon the leaves ("Jenaer Zeitschrift," xvi, 1883) may also be mentioned in this place, as also O. Hertwig's "Mechanomorphosis," the work of Professor Kny, and so on.

the many-headed variety of poppy a similarly many-headed progeny or individuals which will only have the rudiments of the additional heads. But these influences, to be effective, must bear on the plant in its early youth, during the first six or seven weeks after germination. The maintenance of a new variety is a mere matter of nutrition, De Vries says, and "selection is simply the picking-out of the best-fitted individuals." "The acquired characters, as the name goes in zoology and anthropology, have their parallel in botany in the *nutrition-modifications*."²⁵

Now—and this is the main point—De Vries, like most botanists, does not doubt a moment that these "acquired characters" are transmitted by inheritance from the mother plant to its progeny. Without such a transmission, of which the botanist sees such an abundance of illustrations, no cumulative selection would even be possible.²⁶ In fact, if a certain deviation from the normal type—say, a five-leaved clover—has been obtained by plenty of nutrition, the progeny of this plant will give as much as 50, 80 or even 97 per cent. of plants showing the same variation—provided high nutrition were maintained. Even in bad conditions, with poor nutrition, the many-headed poppy shows a tendency to reproduce in a succession of generations the additional carpels. Of course, in order to fix the variation, a selection of two

or three generations of best-fitted individuals will be required.²⁷ But the accumulation of a newly acquired variation is so rapid that De Vries considers two or three—*maximum* five or six—generations as quite sufficient for obtaining the maximum of possible variation of a given character. Vilmorin, as is known, obtained the cultivated carrot out of the wild one in five generations; Carrière did the same with the radish, Buckmann with parsley, and so on.

The other group of researches by De Vries has perhaps a still deeper bearing upon the theory of evolution—I mean, his work upon the sudden appearance of what Darwin called "single variations." They are not submitted to Quételet's law, which applies only to the individual "continuous" variations, but they appear occasionally with certain plants, under certain conditions, and at certain periods with a striking force. In such cases a new species—quite well determined and fully maintained in its progeny, if precautions be taken to prevent cross-breeding—appears all of a sudden, with all its fixed specific characters. Not all plants show this capacity, the great number of them showing a remarkable fixity of characters²⁸ (Thiselton Dyer made some time ago some excellent remarks upon this subject in "Nature," vol. II), and out of a great number of species tested by De Vries only one, the *Oenothera Lamarckiana*,

²⁵ "Die Mutationstheorie," vol. I, p. 93, Leipzig, 1901, and in fact all the fourth chapter. The latest researches of J. MacLeod further confirm this idea. See also the previous important work of MacLeod "Over de Bevruchting der Bloemen," Ghent, 1894 (summary in French at the end of the volume).

²⁶ See "Comptes Rendus," vol. CXXVIII, 1899, p. 125; also pp. 97-100 of "Die Mutationstheorie," vol. I. It must also be remarked that De Vries has a voice in these matters. He is one of the pléiade of anatomists represented by Van Beneden, Boveri, Strasburger, Guignard, Fol, the brothers Hertwig, Manpas, Blutschli, Verworn, and many others, upon whose work Weismann's

theory—or, rather, rapidly altered theories—was based, and he is the author of "Intracellulare Pangenesis." The substance of this work was mentioned in a previous review: "Nineteenth Century," December, 1892.

²⁷ Hugo de Vries, "L'Unité dans la Variation" "Revue de l'Université de Bruxelles," III, April, 1895; "Alimentation et Sélection" ("Volume Jubilaire de la Société de Biologie," Paris, 1899). Both summed up in "Mutationstheorie," first fascicule, ch. IV.

²⁸ Judging from a foot note in "Mutationstheorie," the plants capable of such variations may be more numerous than may be thought.

displayed the capacity of giving origin all of a sudden to several new species; but it possessed it to a wonderful extent, no fewer than seven new species having been obtained in the course of a few years—not by means of selection, but in consequence of spontaneous variation. Each of the new species appeared quite fixed in the cultures, the individuals of the fifth or sixth generation of the new species being exactly alike to those of the first generation. However, these facts are so significant, and yet so new, that their bearing upon the theory of evolution cannot yet be appreciated in full.²⁹

It may be said, of course, and it has been said, that new races of domesticated plants and new varieties obtained by botanists in special conditions are not lasting; that they retain their new characters only so long as the conditions under which they have been bred continue to exist, but they return to their primitive form if they are let grow wild. But the same—we now learn—is true of wild species as well. The wild carrot and the wild radish also cease in a few years to be what they have been for hundreds of generations as soon as they are placed in conditions of an especially favorable nutrition. The Alpine plant surely is a very stable species or sub-species, but it becomes quite a new plant when it is grown in the lowlands. It seems therefore that we must accustom ourselves to consider the species as nothing else but a temporary equilibrium established, under given conditions of environment, between hereditarily transmitted dispositions (the accumulated result of previous evolution) and the given conditions of climate, living surroundings, and nutrition—a variable function, the mathematicians would

say, of these four variables. This is, at least, the conclusion one is forcibly brought to by the study of the researches faintly sketched in the preceding pages.

But what else are all other phenomena of Nature? Are they not, too, manifestations of a temporarily, more or less stable equilibrium between the various forces—an equilibrium which sometimes is destroyed in a few seconds or in a few hours, and sometimes, being itself a product of ages, requires ages for being altered?

III.

Experiments tending to prove that adaptive characters in animals may be a direct result of their physical environment are evidently less numerous than they are for plants. Not only are such experiments more difficult, but they require also accommodations which the zoologist seldom has at his disposal. Our marine and lacustrine biological stations are few, and inland zoological stations are still smaller in numbers. Still, there are already a few researches which will throw some light on the subject.

In lower animals variations are easily obtained by altering their surroundings. Thus Künstler has found that with the protozoa a slight change in the conditions of their life, such as the keeping of the basins of the zoological garden all the year round under glass, results in considerable variation which renders certain species unrecognizable.³⁰ With higher organisms variation must necessarily be slower, but it is none the less evident. H. M. Vernon, who has experimented upon something like ten thousand larvæ or *plutei* of echinoderms—chiefly sea-ur-

²⁹ In "Mutationstheorie," of which the second fascicule is just out, the new species are fully described, with colored plates and photographs of seedlings.

³⁰ "Actes de la Société Linnéenne de Bordeaux," vol. lili, p. 1; summed up in "Annuaire Biologique" for 1898, iv, 450.

chins—has found that the sizes of the larvæ and the proportions of their different parts may be altered by mere changes of temperature. If the temperature of the water in which the fecundation of the eggs takes place be lowered to 46 degrees Fahrenheit, be it only for a minute, or raised beyond a certain limit, the obtained larvæ are by about 5 per cent. shorter than the average ones. If a small quantity of fresh water, or an extremely small quantity of uric acid, be added to the salt water in which the larvæ are bred, they will increase in size by from 10 to 15 per cent.; and in all cases the proportion of the appendages to the body will be altered. Individuals which, if they were found isolated would have been described as separate sub-races, are produced by mere changes of temperature, salinity and proportion of nourishing substances in water."

The researches of Dr. A. Viré into the cave-dwelling animals of France, and especially the experiments he has made, under Milne-Edwards, in a laboratory specially arranged for this purpose in the obscurity of the Paris catacombes, are still more conclusive. It is known that the animals which live in caves and subterranean streamlets offer certain peculiarities. In most cases they are blind; their eyes have been atrophied, while the organs of touch and smell (Leydig's "Riechzapfen") have taken a considerable development. The animal takes altogether a form so different from its nearest relatives living in broad daylight that the cave-dwellers are usually described by zoologists as separate species. As to the current explanation of the cave forms, it is well known. Out of countless accidental individual variations which occur in each species (slightly less developed eyes, slightly

increased organs of the other senses), natural selection has picked out, in a long succession of generations, those individuals which accidentally exhibited variations favorable for cave-life. They survived and left progeny, while those which did not exhibit the useful variations died out. An explanation, by the way, which it is easy to suggest, but very difficult to submit to the test of experiment. Volumes have consequently been written to prove that such a "retrogressive variation" of certain organs offers no difficulty for the theory of natural selection.

The researches of Viré lead the whole discussion in a different channel—that of experiment. A few years ago Viré and Raymond discovered in the Cévennes caves two crustaceans which were described by Dollfus as new species (*Sphæromides raymondi* and *Stenasellus virei*).²³ Both crustaceans had no eyes, but the organs of touch (fine, movable hairs) and the organs of smell (the "Riechzapfen") had taken a considerable development. The latter were especially large in comparison with those of the common *Asellus* which lives in the open-air little streams about Paris. It was found also that while the common *Asellus* of the streams has a well-developed eye, colored black, the same *Asellus* has it much paler when it lives underground, and only a red spot is retained in the catacombs; finally, there is no trace of an eye in the Cévennes *Stenasellus*. This was the result of observation. Then, since 1897, Viré began direct experiments on these animals, which he continued in the laboratory opened in the catacombs. These experiments are only at their beginning, but still they have already given some important results. Placed in the open light, the *Niphargus virei*, which is colored in

²³ H. M. Vernon, "The Causes of Variation," in "Science Progress," vol. xi, 1897, p. 229.

²⁴ "Comptes Rendus," vol. cxxv, 1897, pp. 130,

131; Armand Viré, "La Faune souterraine de France," Paris, 1900. The book contains all necessary illustrations and a full bibliography.

rose, becomes covered in a few weeks with pigment spots of a beautiful brown color, thus rapidly returning to its ancestral form. On the other side, the gray-green pigment of the common *Gammarus puteanus* begins to disappear after a ten months' sojourn in the tanks of the laboratory, and with most specimens it disappears entirely after a twenty months' stay in obscurity. As to the growth of the organs of touch and smell, they were developed in a common *Gammarus fluvialilis* kept for fifteen months in the catacomb laboratory (in forty-three specimens out of a lot of forty-six) so as to attain nearly half the size they have in the cave *Niphargus*. The evolution of the organs of smell begin after a three months' stay in the underground laboratory. It is worthy of note that during the fifteen months that the experiment lasted the eye had not yet undergone any noticeable modification. Altogether the pigment of the eye seems to be much more persistent than the pigment to which the general coloration is due. We have thus in Viré's work, the first steps made towards a real study of the origin of cave forms of animals; and at the very first steps in this direction Nature was already caught in its work of making new species.

A considerable amount of research is being made at the same time in order to find out the physiological causes of color and coloration in the animal kingdom. Every one remembers, of course, the charming chapter "Color and Environment" in Wallace's "Darwinism," written from the point of view of natural selection.

In the Arctic regions [he wrote] there are a number of animals which are wholly white all the year round, or which only turn white in winter. . . . The obvious explanation of this style of coloration is that it is protective, serving to conceal the herbivorous spe-

cies from their enemies, and enabling carnivorous animals to approach their prey unperceived. [And further on:] Whenever we find Arctic animals which, from whatever cause, do not require protection by the white color, then neither the cold nor the snow-glare has any effect upon their coloration. The sable retains its rich brown throughout the Siberian winter. . . . Then we have that thoroughly Arctic animal, the musk-sheep, which is brown and conspicuous; but this animal is gregarious, and its safety depends on its association in small herds.

But what about the Polar fox, it may be asked, one of the most gregarious animals in Steller's times?—the Arctic and sub-Arctic birds which surely need no protection when they come together in scores of thousands to rear their progeny in the Arctic and sub-Arctic lands?—the white Arctic owls?—or the Yakute horses, which also breed in small groups like the musk-sheep, never undergo artificial selection, and yet display that well-known marked tendency for a white coating? So much so that Middendorff, in our discussions in the early times of Darwinism, used to make of these horses a favorite argument to prove the necessity of a *physiological* explanation as against the natural selection explanation. It may also be added that those Russian zoologists who have had much to do with the animals of the Steppes are inclined, too, to look for a physiological explanation of the dusky and sandy coloration of these animals.

The matter is, however, beset with great difficulties, which one realizes in full on reading the honest statement and analysis of our knowledge—or, rather, our ignorance—in these matters which is made by Miss Newbigin in her book "Color in Nature" (London, 1898). We certainly are bound to recognize that the beautiful colors which we see on the wings of the butterflies and the moths are in some way con-

nected with the physiological activity of the insect. Surely, as has been shown by Scudder and further confirmed by A. G. Mayer, in 1897, the markings of the butterflies and moths are not accidental but structural. The markings are disposed symmetrically in the consecutive interspaces between the nervures; the ocelli are usually situated between the same branches of homologous veins; and so on. Even when the markings are changed in our experiments, the changes, as indicated by Fisher,²² follow certain rules; while other changes may be explained either by an arrest of development or an increased internal activity for maintaining the necessary temperature, as was suggested by Urech. We surely may continue to say that the markings of insects are "accidental;" but we must take the word "accidental" in the sense Darwin used it—that is, due to causes still unknown—and in no other sense but this.

One fact relative to the colors and the markings of a number of butterflies and moths is, however, well established by this time; namely, that they depend to a great extent upon the conditions of temperature and light under which the caterpillars and the pupæ of these lepidoptera have been reared. Such researches were begun some five and twenty years ago by Dorfmeister and Weismann, and have been continued since by Merrifield and Dixey in this country, Standfuss, Fisher, Urech and a number of other explorers. Mr. Merrifield began his experiments in 1887. It is known that

many species of moths and butterflies appear under two different forms—formerly described as two different species—one of which is bred in spring and the other later on in the summer. This "seasonal dimorphism" is widely spread in Nature, and occurs even in plants. Now Merrifield's experiments, in conformity with those of Weismann, Standfuss and others have proved that one of the two seasonal forms may be bred from larvæ of the other form by simply altering the temperature under which the larvæ are reared. The two seasonal forms differ both in color and in their markings, but, to use Mr. Dixey's words, "the pattern or outline of the markings could be made to vary independently of the general coloring, and he [Mr. Merrifield] obtained from the same brood individuals showing summer markings with summer coloring, summer markings with an approach towards spring coloring, spring markings with summer coloring, and spring markings with almost the spring coloring."²³

As a rule a cooler temperature gave darker colors, and cooling of the larvæ without a subsequent forcing of them in a warm temperature gave the darkest moths. In the common butterfly, *Vanessa urticae*, a moderately low temperature generally deepened the coloring to some extent, lowered the tone of the yellow patches, and spread the dark portions. It appeared, moreover, that the size and, though less markedly, the shape of the wings were affected by the temperature of breeding; or, the wings being somewhat reduced

²² "Entomologische Nachrichten," 1898, xxiv, p. 37; summed up in several scientific reviews.

²³ The original accounts of Mr. Merrifield were published in the "Transactions of the Entomological Society of London." F. A. Dixey has summed them up in "Nature," December 23, 1897 (vol. lvii, p. 184), reproducing some of the very interesting drawings. A detailed account of Weismann's experiments (frequently mentioned in his previous writings) was only

published in 1895, in "Zoologische Jahrbücher, Abtheilung für Systematik," Bd. viii.

²⁴ F. A. Dixey expressed, in connection with Merrifield's experiments, the idea that certain of the modifications produced in "*Vanessa atalanta*" by both heat and cold show a return towards the ancestral type of "*V. callirhoe*" and to a still older form of "*Vanessae*." Fischer, on the basis of his extensive experiments, expressed also the idea that the variations provoked in

in size, the scales became scanty and deficient in pigment so as to show the membrane of the wing.²⁶ It is also interesting to note that while some cooled specimens of *Vanessa urticae* bore resemblance to a northern variety, some of the heated specimens were like a southern form, and that (as was indicated by Mr. C. W. Barker) the rain-period butterflies of Natal differ from those of the dry period precisely in all those directions in which variation was obtained by cooling. Again, we have in these experiments a peep, so to say, into Nature's ways of originating new species.

Finally we have the well-known experiments of E. B. Poulton, who changed the colors of several common species of British caterpillars from green to various hues of brown and gray by rearing them amidst darkened surroundings (black and brown twigs were mixed with their food, or they were placed in dark-painted boxes, and so on), and the experiments of J. T. Cunningham on fishes. Poulton's experiments are so well known to the general reader from his most interesting popular book, "Color in Animals," as also from Wallace's "Darwinism," that a mere reference to these now classical researches is sufficient.²⁷ As to the experiments of J. T. Cunningham, although they are less known, they are also very conclusive. It is known that in most fishes the upper surface is more or less colored, while the lower surface remains uncolored and has a silvery aspect; and that this

double coloration is generally supposed to have originated as a means of protection for the fishes. It evidently permits a fish not to be detected by its enemies. However, Cunningham made experiments in order to see whether the absence of coloration on the ventral surface may not be due to the absence of light falling upon it. He consequently kept a number of young flounders in two separate basins, one of which was provided with mirrors so as to illuminate the lower surface of the fishes as well, while the other was of the ordinary sort. The result was that after a time a certain amount of coloration appeared on the ventral sides of the flounders of the first basin, first in the middle portion of the body, and then spreading both ways towards head and tail. It is true that small spots of pigment appeared on the ventral surfaces of a few fishes of the second basin as well, as they often do in nature; but the percentage of spotted individuals was small and the spots did not increase.²⁸

It must be confessed that all these researches are only first steps towards the foundation of a science of which the need is badly felt—the physiological experimental morphology of animals. These first steps are in the right direction; but they are very slow, and probably will remain slow so long as the matter is not taken in hand by physiologists. Consequently, without even attempting to touch upon the wide subject of variation in free nature, or of paleontological evidence, I

butterflies by different temperatures are arrests of development ("Hemmungs-Erscheinungen"), in consequence of which older atavistic forms are fixed; and he developed the same ideas in a book, "Neue experimentelle Untersuchungen und Betrachtungen über das Wesen und die Ursachen der Aberration in der Faltergruppe *Vanessa*," Berlin, 1896. The idea is, however, contradicted by Urech, and needs confirmation.

²⁶ The experiments are most suggestive, and raise a number of secondary questions, for which the original memoir must be consulted in "Transactions of the Entomological Society of London."

1892, p. 293 (good summary by G. H. Carpenter in "Natural Science," April, 1893, II, 287), as also the memoir of Miss Lillian Gould and two of W. Bateson in the same volume. The memoir of E. B. Poulton contains also observations subsequent to the publication of his book.

²⁷ "Journal of the Marine Biological Association," 1893, III, p. 111. Summed up in many reviews; also in Miss Newbigin's book. Considerations of space compel me to leave for another occasion the "wilful" changes of color in certain animals which may be better dealt with in connection with mimicry.

will permit myself to mention here one set only of observations taken from this vast domain, because they throw some additional light upon the facts mentioned in the foregoing pages. I mean the well-known wonderful collection of land molluscs which was brought together by J. T. Gulick, and which illustrates the incredible amount of variation that takes place in the family of *Achatinellæ* on the small territory of the Oahu Island of the Sandwich group. Having lately had the privilege of examining this collection at Boston under the guidance of Professor Hyatt, who gave me full explanations about the work he is doing now upon this collection, I will take the liberty of adding a few words to what has been said about it by Wallace and Romanes. The Oahu Island has, as is known, a range of mountains nearly forty miles long along its eastern coast. Several valleys are excavated on the inner slope of this range, and each valley has its own representatives of the *Achatinellæ* land molluscs, which could be described in full conscience as separate species, more than 100 in number, with several hundred varieties. A broad valley separates this range from another shorter and lower range running along the opposite coast.

The doubts which the author of "Darwinism" has expressed concerning the complete identity of climatic conditions in all the valleys are probably justified. There is, I was told, a slight difference between the maritime and the land slope of the first range, and there is, so far as information goes, a difference in the rainfall at one end of this range and at its other end. But when one sees the strikingly minute and yet persistent differences between the species and varieties—each limited to its own valley or valleys—and grows acquainted with Professor Hyatt's

many years' work in order to follow the molluscs in their migrations from the maritime slope to the different valleys of the land slope, and next across the flat land towards the second ridge, and sees the growth of this or that minute distinction in the course of time and migration, one cannot but accept the explanation of Professor Hyatt. Variation once having set in a certain direction has continued in that direction so long as conditions not unfavorable for it have prevailed; and isolation, geographical and physiological, has prevented cross-breeding. On the other side, on examining the collection of Gulick, one feels that one must overstrain the potentialities of that admirable theory of natural selection if one attempts to explain through it the maintenance and growth of such insignificant yet persistent specific characters, as, for instance, the very slightly different markings appearing in this or that species, and gradually developed in the next ones.

We have thus a solid body of evidence growing from year to year, and showing us how variations in the structure and the forms of animals and especially of plants are arising in nature as a direct result of the mutual intercourse between organism and environment. To this Weismann and his "neo-Darwinist" followers will probably reply that all these facts are of little value, because acquired characters are not transmitted by heredity. We have seen that in plants they are. No botanist evidently believes that a scar in a plant or a mutilation can be transmitted, any more than a scar in the ear of a man or a clipped tail in a rat, which, as Ceresia remarks, is made to breed immediately after the tail has been clipped. But the most prominent botanists are of the opinion that if the equilibrium between nutrition (in its wide sense) and expenditure has been broken, and a new adjust-

ment has been produced in the plant, this adaptation will be transmitted in most cases by heredity; and that so long as the new conditions last, the plant will *not* have to begin its adjustment afresh in each generation. The effect will be cumulative. We are consequently authorized to suspect—although proof or disproof of this has not yet been attempted—that something similar will be found in animals; that, for instance, the cave animals of Viré, born from his *Asellus* specimens in the underground laboratory, will not have the eyes so developed, and their olfactory organs so undeveloped, as they are in an *Asellus* taken from an open-air stream.

As to Weismann's theoretical views

The Nineteenth Century and After.

one remark only need be added here to what has been already said in a previous Review (April, 1894), namely, that most of the founders of our present knowledge about fertilization refuse to accept Weismann's theories, and that one of them, Boveri, has lately proved by continuing his series of remarkable discoveries that the whole question of heredity is still in a state in which generalizations like Weismann's are premature. They surely stimulate research. But no sooner are they born than they must be recast, new discoveries still rapidly following each other. But this subject is so interesting in itself that it will have to be dealt with separately on some future occasion.

P. Kropotkin.

THE FIRST LINE.

21st OCTOBER, 1805.

This day is full of glorious victory.

Echoes of conquest whisper from afar

In every wave of the remembering sea.

Dear England! hath thy crown a richer star

Than this brave jewel, Nelson's Trafalgar?

Or hast thou in thy missal lovelier name

Than his who stricken in the ebb of war

Pillowed his head on thine unsullied fame

And smiled into Death's eyes from out the smoke and flame?

Let the sea speak to thee, the jealous sea

Whose scorn of weakness is the scourge of fears,

Let her surge be a trumpet unto thee,

Her waves a memory ringing in thine ears.

Heed her, or thou shalt place sad dust with tears,

No laurel, on thy proud cathedral graves;

Heed her, or in tradition-robbing years

Thy trampled children looking o'er the waves

On this great day shall curse the sires who made them slaves.

Shall the shrugged shoulder speak a nation's mind
 When at their post the easy wardens sleep?
 Shall we be blind because our chiefs are blind?
 And keep no count because no count they keep?
 Nay! by the sacred blood that won the deep,
 And by the words on our dead Nelson's lips,
 We will not hold our British birthright cheap,
 Assured our star shall never know eclipse
 While British seamen man their country's honest ships.

If Alfred builded, canst not thou maintain?
 If Nelson conquered, canst not thou make sure?
 Are all thy riches, all thy splendor vain,
 Thy realms a Paphian's glittering furniture?
 Thine is wide empery—Wilt thou abjure
 The open ocean, empire's silver key?
 Perish the drunken thought! Be strong, endure;
 Thou must be England, and thou must be free,
 And while this England stands, England's must be the sea.

Therefore above the voices of the mart
 Hear the sea's thunder in the narrow street;
 Is thy head London?—then, behold, thy heart
 Is ocean. Let the pulse of England beat
 Thro' all the seas in England's matchless Fleet!
 What if in Armageddon men should say—
 Her ships and not her seamen knew defeat!
 Thou with thy millions and thy boundless sway
 Thou with the laurel in thy hand on Nelson's Day?

The London Times.

Harold Begbie.

THE CIRCUS.

THE LAMENT OF A PURE MIND.

We must reluctantly assume, I suppose, that the success of the new Hippodrome means the death of the old circus, and that if we want again to see the circus of our youth we must first leave London. Not that the Hippodrome is unexhilarating; but it lacks the essential glory of the circus—the noble old traditions are wanting. Those smiling young women, for instance, who throng the Hippodrome doorways,

masquerading as grooms—what do they there? At the doorways should be negroes; and "What makes you look so pale?" a clown should ask, ere the evening is over, of the blackest of them. And tan—what is a circus without tan? That mingled scent of horse and tan that used to meet one at the pay-box is inseparably a part of the circus fascination. But there is no tan at the Hippodrome, nor is it sug-

gested for a moment that it is any more the domain of horses than of lions. A horse now and then, it is true, eludes the vigilance of the manager and finds its way into the ring; but I heard the other evening two of the audience exchange satisfaction upon the security from equitation that the Hippodrome assures, and I am certain they were expressing the feeling of the house. For any emphasis that was laid upon horses we might as well have been in Venice. And they call it a Hippodrome! the word circus, it seems, having gone out of date. Only in the provinces, those strongholds of good sense and wise conservatism, and in Limbo, does the word circus now cause a thrill. In London we are too clever.

"Horses bore one," say the new sightseers; which means, of course, that the circus is not for them at all. For them the Hippodrome, the Hall of Variety. The circus is for a class of pure mind that is not bored; that takes with rapture everything that is offered. When Lord George Sangar (there is no peer of the realm on the roll-call of Variety Hall managers!) when Lord George Sangar sends round his procession to intimate to a palpitating town that all are invited, there is a tacit omission of critical, nicely-appraising, hair-splitting faculties. The circus is not for them; it is for the childlike, the indiscriminating, the acceptive; for the same pure minds that enjoy apple dumplings. Whatever enters the ring should stir you to your depths—even an exhibition of what is called the Haute Ecole—or you may as well be elsewhere. I must confess, with all my circus enthusiasms, to some desperately dull moments during exhibitions of the Haute Ecole; but we all have our lapses. Even then, however, the circus exerts its spell. Look round the house—the staff of grooms are permitting no shade of tedium to cross their countenances; all are tense, interested,

delighted. They clap their white gloves with splendidly simulated approval, even surprise. If one's eyes stray from the Haute Ecole they can rest upon these loyal servants. To a pure mind the circus can never be dull.

With the horses has gone the ringmaster. He figured once at the Hippodrome the other evening, and was then lost forever. But a circus without a ringmaster! They used to have black hair, parted in the middle and beautifully smoothed, evening dress (even at matinées) and white gloves. The ringmaster was almost one's earliest hero; the butcher came first perhaps, and then the policeman and railway guard; but the ringmaster, when his hour struck, thrust these plebeians, these usurpers, these Warbecks and Simnels, into impenetrable darkness. That whip was beyond all steels, all truncheons, all bull's-eye lanterns and whistles; one would not exchange it for a sceptre. The ringmaster's effulgence was superior even to the dimming influences of the clown's wit. That immortal dialogue following upon the bet of a bottle of "wine" (always "wine;" what is "wine?" champagne? claret? sherry? port?—port, I suspect) that the ringmaster could not answer three questions with plain yes or no; how often have I heard it and how potent it always is! The first question was anything; the second question was anything; but the third, propounded by the clown after long self-communing, was steeped in guile: "Do you *still* beat your wife?" There is no way out of that; affirmative and negative alike are powerless to rob that "still" of its sting; and off goes the clown with his bottle of wine, crack goes the whip, round ambles the old white horse with a back like Table Mountain, and the Signorina resumes her pretty capers. And to-day the ringmaster is seen only for an instant, and the speaking clown not at all!

And there is another, a tenderer, loss. With the ringmaster and the clown, the tan and the horses, have passed the ladies of the ring. We who are older can perhaps spare them with a finer stolicism than the very young; and here, on such a subject as this, my pen gives place to a worthier—to one who has written some of the most charming prose of any living author. Readers of "Dream Days" will remember how in his romantic childhood Mr. Kenneth Grahame, accompanied by Harold, visited by happy accident the circus—"the magic ring." Let us have some true eloquence:—

We gripped the red cloth in front of us, and our souls sped round and round with Coralie, leaping with her, prone with her, swung by mane or tail with her. It was not only the ravishment of her delirious feats, nor her cream-colored horse of fairy breed, long-tailed, roe-footed, an enchanted prince surely, if ever there was one! It was her more than mortal beauty—displayed, too, under conditions never vouchsafed to us before—that held us spellbound. What princess had arms so dazzlingly white, or went delicately clothed in such pink and spangles? Hitherto we had known the outward woman as but a drab thing, hourglass-shaped, nearly legless, bunched here, constricted there; slow of movement, and given to lusty action of limb. Here was a revelation! From henceforth our imaginations would have to be revised and corrected up to date. In one of those swift rushes the mind makes in high-strung moments, I saw myself and Coralie, close enfolded, pacing the world together, o'er hill and plain, through storied cities, past rows of applauding relations—I in my Sunday knickerbockers, she in her pink and spangles.

Summers sicken, flowers fall and die, all beauty but rides round the ring and out at the portal; even so Coralie passed in her turn, poised sideways, panting, on her steed; lightly swayed as a tulip-bloom, bowing on this side and on that as she disappeared; and

with her went my heart and my soul, and all the light and glory and the entrancement of the scene.

Harold woke up with a gasp. "Wasn't she beautiful?" he said, in quite a subdued way for him. I felt a momentary pang. We had been friendly rivals before in many an exploit; but here was altogether a more serious affair. Was this, then, to be the beginning of strife and coldness, of civil war on the hearthstone and the sundering of old ties? Then I recollected the true position of things, and felt very sorry for Harold; for it was inexorably written that he would have to give way to me, since I was the elder. Rules were not made for nothing in a sensibly constructed universe.

But Coralie's reign was not forever. A few minutes later—

Brayed in by trumpets, Zephyrine swung passionately into the arena. With a bound she stood erect, one foot upon each of her supple, plunging Arabs; and at once I knew that my fate was sealed, my chapter closed, and the Bride of the Desert was the one bride for me. Black was her raiment; great silver stars shone through it, caught in the dusky twilight of her gauze; black as her own hair were the two mighty steeds she bestrode. In a tempest they thundered by—in a whirlwind, a *sciocco* of tan. Her cheeks bore the kiss of an Eastern sun, and the sand-storms of her native desert were her satellites. What was Coralie, with her pink silk, her golden hair and slender limbs beside this magnificent, well-figured Cleopatra? In a twinkling we were scouring the desert, she and I and the two coal-black horses. Side by side, keeping pace in our swinging gallop, we distanced the ostrich, we outstrode the zebra; and as we went it seemed the wilderness blossomed like the rose.

These glowing, impressionable boys would visit in vain the new Hippodrome. No Coralie is there, no Zephyrine. All, all are gone. (But, incidentally, why does not some one com-

pel Mr. Kenneth Grahame to write more?)

The indictment of the new Hippodrome practically consists in the statement that it is not a circus. It is too good. A circus can offer poorer fare and yet by pure minds be considered excellent, unsurpassable. Take, for example, the band. The Hippodrome has a band that would hardly be out of place in the Queen's Hall; but a circus need no such refinement. It is conceivable that there is a Stradivarius in the Hippodrome orchestra; but a circus bandsman can be sufficiently an Orpheus on a half-guinea cornet. And there is that painful matter of the inexpensive tan. In the old circuses it used to fly up now and then and dust the stalls; and now and then a horse's hoof would beat against the side of the ring with a heavy thud. All this is gone. There are no brazen discords now, no heavy thuds, no flying, aromatic tan. And no stables! It used to be a rapture to go through the stables in the interval—down the long, sloping passages, with gas jets in wire cages—and find oneself between the tails of countless plebald horses extending as far as the eye could reach. Here and there a glimpse might be caught of an acrobat or a clown, or, more exquisite sight, of a fair equestrienne. The friendly, warm scent of those stables I can recall at this moment. Now it is no more. It used to puff out into the street and act as a more attractive invitation to the passer-by than any prismatic poster. And with it came muffled strains of the band and the crack of the whip—all combining in the late-comer to work his anticipation to intensity. These excitements are over. Cranbourne Street knows them not.

And those old, pleasant, innocent frauds are not practised there; the imposing five-barred gates that, as the horse approached them, were sloped

into insignificant wattles; the rings through which the Signorina purported to leap, but which in reality were insinuated over her by compliant attendants. And then there was that venerable jockey performance, the culmination of which was a leap from the ring to a standing position—albeit at an angle of thirty degrees—on the horse's back. In the old circuses it was the custom of the horseman to miss the crowning jump two or three times, in order that a fiercer flame of interest might be kindled in the audience. After two failures the band would stop (always the presage of a moment of strain supreme), the horse's head would be loosed, he would be urged to a greater pace, and the feat would gloriously succeed. Then what a crash of brass and outburst of delight in the building, involving even the staff and ringmaster in the expression of ecstasy. Those old simple days!

The versatility of the circus fills an ordinary being with despair. On one evening, I remember, two dazzling brothers, dressed in the costume of naval officers, walked airily up and down a pair of parallel tight ropes—danced, leaped, turned somersaults; and then, as if this were not enough, took each a violin, and, proceeding with their capers on their dizzy thread, played the while a tune; not merely any tune, but a recognizable one—the "Keel Row," or something of that order. Now to most persons it is not given to dance even on a level floor; but here were men who could dance on a string, and were musical to boot. In course of years I might, I fancy, reach to a painful progress down a thick rope, but never, I am certain, could I fiddle out a recognizable tune. Not that black envy spoiled my appreciation of the brethren. On the contrary, I experienced pure, unselfish admiration. But why are gifts distributed with such

curious impartiality? Why can every stableman play the concertina?

A worse shock to my vanity was in store. To be put to confusion by the superior accomplishment of one's own kind is nothing. It happens every day. But to be shamed by a seal is another matter. For years and years I have tried, and tried in vain, to attain even the simplest proficiency as a juggler, an equilibrist. To keep three balls in the air at once, to balance a stick on my forehead—these have been steady ideals for a quarter of a century; but I can do neither. Yet a little later on the same evening, a seal—an ordinary wet seal from some chilly Northern sea, a thing that is killed to keep warm the shoulders of rich men's wives—balanced a billiard cue on its nose with as much intelligence as the superb Cinquevall. That animals can be taught routine, I knew; that they can be coached into mechanical feats is a commonplace; but to get a seal to understand the law of gravity is a miracle. Not only in a stationary position did it balance the cue, but it moved flappingly along the stage with its precarious burden. This is very wonderful. And other things happened too—displays of humor, well-reasoned games of ball, and so forth—which show us that it is time for us to revise our notions of this gentle creature. Here is a potential new force. It is time to clothe our wealthy ladies in other material, and think of the seal less as a skin than a mind. We might try experiments. Suppose the Lord Chancellor really were a Great Seal. . . . Perhaps the seal is the overman of the future.

Versatility does not, however, flourish in a luxurious temple like the Hippodrome as in the smaller travelling circuses and the circuses proper. There, every one can throw a somersault at a pinch—even a double one; every one can crack a whip; and no one is too

proud to exchange lyrical tights for the prosaic uniform of an attendant. Indeed it is part of the fun—an additional joy—to keep track of this perplexing variousness of the performers; to detect in the ringmaster of turn 8 the daring bare-backed steeple-chaser of turn 2, and in the third Brother Belloni of turn 10 to identify the clown Alberto who, in turn 5, while the pink lady rested after the arduous task of having banners slipped between her feet and the horse's back (called a "flying leap"), cracked such delicious jokes. But this discovery would come as a shock; one likes to think of a clown as a clown for all time. One likes to think of him as wearing ever a conical hat and flamboyant trousers eight sizes too large. I met our local circus clown once (Bimbo was his unforgettable name) in his own everyday clothes, and for a moment it was as though the light had died out of the world. Later in life I learned that a well-known waiter in mufti can depress one similarly—though not to the same extent. But to meet, after beef-eating hours, a favorite Beefeater in a cricket cap, must be worst of all—worse than a bishop in tweeds. But is it possible to make a favorite of a Beefeater? Can one play with fire?

And the zeal of the circus! That little army of grooms that guard the two doorways, and, when the turn is done, rush to prepare the ring for the next—how swiftly deft they are! The way they roll up the carpet at the Hippodrome and transform the ring into a fairy palace (beautiful desecration!) is a turn in itself. Firemen have the name for rapid execution, but no brigade could beat that. Those diverting, ill-dressed clowns, that, affecting to assist, only impede, are not allowed in when real business is afoot. It seems that there are people, by the way, who prefer the noisy buffooneries and parrotings of the theatre clown to these

artists. At Hengler's in Argyll Street—before folk skated there on real ice—was one Auguste (which has, I believe, come to be a generic name) whose imperious gesture of command, bidding the servants remove the carpet, is indelibly stamped on my memory. Marceline, as the Hippodrome's Auguste is called, is also great. To remember his true genius as an ingratiating grotesque, and then to watch him, as I did last winter, doing his best to leaven the inanities of the comic portions of Cinderella—so foreign to the spirit of the circus proper—was a misery. When will some one take these venerable conventions in hand and bruise them into impossibility? When will this illusion that vulgarity is the life-blood of pantomime be dispelled, and the sweet story of Cinderella be prepared for children's laughter, shorn of the coarseness of the ugly sisters and their gross father? Must pantomimes always be dominated by comedians whose ideal is to make Seven Dials guffaw?

The Cornhill Magazine.

But so far as the circus is concerned, such regeneration is irrelevant; for the circus should know nothing of Cinderella. Mazeppa—yes, and Dick Turpin's ride to York; although I doubt if we shall see either in our London pleasure dome. The new Mazeppa is Henri Fournier, lashed to a Mors car; a Mors car—portentous name! and the Dick Turpin of this era would escape from Black Maria on something far fleetier than Black Bess. Or a Masque of Horses might too fittingly be prepared to-day, when horses are a little in disgrace, wherein some friend of the noble creature should devise a pageant of his use to the world from earliest times, with the great individual horses of history—such as the Earl of Warwick's, slain to hearten his men—in occasional tableaux; the whole culminating ironically in the triumph of steam, pedals and paraffin. But I fear this program would be too appropriate to a Hippodrome to be popular. I was forgetting that "horses bore one." Unless, of course, they "plunge."

E. V. Lucas.

CASILDA'S MIND.

I.

Casilda Fane wondered a little defiantly what "he" would think and say if he knew that she had escaped from her aunt's protecting wing, and was seated on the grassy border of a trout-stream, with—actually, with her feet, and (not to be too precise) ankles, deliciously laved by the clear water which rippled so irresistibly over a sunny shoal of sand. But he was in London, and Casilda at Trégomar in Morbihan, in the very heart of the least frequented province of Brittany.

Behind her, a field of *sarrasin* ten-

derly perfumed the August zephyrs—ivory flowers nestling close in one unbroken sea of foam above their fluted, orange-tawny stems. To her right, a rampart-like wall of great stones, overgrown with furze and bracken, bedecked with a thousand little delicate ferns and wild-flowers, shut out a wide pasture-field. Beyond lay the gleaming white ribbon of road that ran from Trégomar to Quimperlé. As she sat, secure under the shelter of the clump of willows which leaned from the ruinous end of the wall, Casilda, lifting her head could just see the bridge which carried the road across her

stream, and the mile-post at its side which testified that two kilomètres lay between her and the empty marketplace of Trégomar.

Closing presently her pocket-pen, she addressed herself, reluctantly (for there were magpies to watch in the copse on the other side of the stream, and, nearer still, shoals of little fish and a busy kingfisher), to a final reading of the letter which she had written to "him," to Marmaduke Brent, Esq., 4 Paper Buildings, Temple, London, E.C. "I can't—I can't—I can't," she had been saying to herself all the morning, while she read to her aunt; and "I won't," she had declared, aghast at her decision, as she put on her broad-brimmed hat, before setting out for the walk to which she had devoted the later part of the afternoon.

In the letter which was destined to fall like a thunder bolt on the complacent lover in Paper Buildings, you would have looked in vain for a "won't," and even the tempered brutality of "can't," was softened by three close-written pages of elaborate feminine periphrasis. But the effect was the same. Briefly, Miss Fane had changed her mind; and she submitted to Marmaduke's consideration the expediency of releasing her from their engagement.

With much originality, she invited her cousin (he was the only son of the aunt under whose escort she was travelling) to console himself with the thought that it was so much better that her discovery should have been made before it was too late. She sighed as she slipped the letter into its envelope. She was an abandoned wretch, of course; she ought never to have said "yes." And in three or four days' time Marmaduke's reply would come. He would write to his mother, no doubt; and Mrs. Brent—!

Casilda's imagination grovelled ignominiously before the task of forecast-

ing her aunt's demeanor. The situation was complicated by the fact that Mrs. Brent's sprained ankle made it impossible for aunt and niece to part company for at least another week—a week which they would have to spend *tête-à-tête* here at Trégomar. And yet, Casilda decided, as she flicked her wet feet delicately with an inadequate pocket-handkerchief, nothing should induce her to delay by so much as a single post the firing of the train which would bring about the explosion.

Perhaps she would break it gently to Mrs. Brent beforehand . . . but anyhow the letter must go. She wished now that she hadn't fastened the envelope; perhaps she ought to have made it plainer that, whether he consented to release her or not, the engagement must be regarded as at an end. What if he declined to release her . . . ? The letter must go—or should she tear it up? After all it was so hard to make up one's mind!

As she turned to watch the flight of a chattering magpie, her eyes rested for a moment on the distant bridge, and she became aware with a faint touch of surprise, that a man was seated astride upon the gray stone parapet. Strangers seldom found their way to Trégomar.

A curious panic seized her. A gray tweed coat, of English cut, knickerbockers, a knapsack—if it should be Marmaduke! But the idea was ridiculous; and, besides, the man was lighting a pipe; Marmaduke never smoked pipes; and it was difficult to picture the sedate barrister in knickerbockers. Still—an Englishman—and on his way to Trégomar. He had lifted his knapsack—or was it a sketching-case?—from the parapet, and was slinging it, postman-like, at his side. With abated interest, Casilda watched to see which direction he would take; and in an instant she realized with a shock, that he had scrambled down the steep bank

at the end of the bridge and was walking briskly along the side of the stream towards her retreat. A second later she had gathered up her scattered properties—a sketch-book—writing-paper—a sunshade—her shoes and stockings and was speeding barefoot, under cover of the wall to the little wood of chestnuts which lay behind the field.

It was not until she reached her haven, and sank, breathless, indignant and with tingling feet, on a mossy hillock, that she discovered that her haste was responsible for the loss of one of her shoes. Where had she dropped it? she wondered, as she lifted her head cautiously to question the grassy path which ran down the side of the field to her late resting-place by the rivulet. Her doubt was resolved when she realized, with mingled consternation and resentment, that the stranger was stooping—that he had picked up her shoe, and was subjecting it to a careful scrutiny. A shoe—it was humiliating—but it might have been worse! No doubt he would drop it presently and pass on. Alas, her expectation was cruelly deceived, for the monster passed on, indeed, but from her ambush Casilda could distinctly see that he had tucked the little brown russet-leather shoe into a presumably capacious pocket.

II.

It was six o'clock—nearly dinner-time—when Casilda threw herself, exhausted, upon the wooden bedstead which half-filled her little chamber at the "Lion d'Or." Her anxiety to avoid the high road had committed her to a devious route of winding lanes and field-paths, and the stocking which had so inadequately protected her unshod foot was dusty and full of holes. She would be lame for weeks, she told herself, as she buried the odd shoe in the

depths of her trunk and began, wearily, to prepare for encountering her aunt at the dinner-table. Descending half a hour later to the little terrace outside the dining-room, and turning towards the vine-clad arbor to which Mrs. Brent was wont, propped by a sturdy *bonne*, to convey her book or knitting, she immediately became aware that her aunt was not alone. Her heart sank as she recognized in the man—boyish, fair-haired, clean-shaven—to whom her aunt was confiding her impressions of the country, the inopportune stranger who had stolen—yes, stolen her shoe. The sound of the girl's footsteps on the gravel drew her aunt's attention.

"Oh—Silda!" There was a note of inquiry in Mrs. Brent's voice. "There you are at last? Quite a long walk, I suppose?"

"Yes—rather," said Casilda briefly, coming forward with some hesitation, and looking less than her eighteen years in a dainty white frock and a charming self-consciousness. "Some way beyond—beyond Ste. Barbe."

"Oh!" put in Mrs. Brent. "I thought you were going in the opposite direction—along the Quimperlé road?"

"That road looked so hot!" Casilda murmured, with a refinement of mendacity.

"It was!" the man declared impersonally.

"This gentleman—Mr.—"

"Carington—Hugh Carington," he supplemented with an apologetic blush.

"Mr. Carington has been telling me that he has walked all the way from Quimperlé since *dejeuner*!"

"I'm fond of walking," said Carington simply. "It's a pretty road, too, and there's no end of a good bathing-place in the trout-stream in the valley."

Casilda tucked her feet under her chair. "You remember the trout-stream?" she reminded her aunt.

"Where we saw those lovely dragonflies a week ago."

Carington stroked his chin reflectively. How lucky that he had shaved to-day! And—a week ago? Certainly that little brown shoe hadn't been there a week. . . .

"Are there many people staying at Trégomar this summer?" he asked, glancing from Mrs. Brent to her niece.

"Very few," said Mrs. Brent, half regretfully. "There was a painter at the other little inn—"

"He has gone," Casilda interposed. "We have had the place quite to ourselves till now." Then she continued quickly. "But I fancy there are some people staying in—in the neighborhood. Meurice—the little boy at the mill—told me that he had met some *demoiselles anglaises* on the Quimperlé road this afternoon. By the bridge," she added with intention.

"Americans, I expect," Carington nodded wisely. A discreet youth, he decided to suppress for the present at least, his story of the derelict shoe.

Before dinner was over, it had become apparent that Hugh Carington was no stranger to Trégomar and the "Lion d'Or." The smiling *bonne* who waited at table treated him with the special attention due to an *ancien pensionnaire*; and before long her assiduity had driven him to explain, laughingly, to Mrs. Brent that this was his fourth visit to Trégomar.

"They think I'm a—a kind of harmless lunatic, you know, because I paint. They give me a studio in the roof—among their potatoes and apples—that strikes them as very quaint—that I should want to sit up there!"

"Oh—a painter?" Mrs. Brent had rejoined with much condescension. "That is so interesting. My niece is very fond of sketching—"

"Oh—my sketching!" Casilda protested.

"I don't find very much time for

picture-galleries," Mrs. Brent continued affably. "But—I seem to remember your name—the Academy, perhaps—?"

"I've never exhibited in London," Carington smiled. "Only in Paris—and not much there yet. They've got an awfully nice old orchard here, at the Convent. I want to get leave to do a figure-subject there, one of these peasant-girls. . . ."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brent cautiously. "What is the girl asking?" she added, turning to Casilda. The *bonne* repeated her inquiry.

"Only if we wish to take our coffee in the arbor, as usual," Casilda explained.

"Such an extraordinary accent!" Mrs. Brent sighed. "Perhaps Mr. Carington will join us?" she added graciously. "I never object to a—a cigarette in the open air."

Casilda frowned. She would have liked to say that she didn't want any coffee; but, after all, that wouldn't help her, for she could not stay in the dining-room with a pair of commercial travellers and the Surveyor of Roads, and the inn afforded no other retreat save the arbor and her own room.

It was after nine o'clock when Carington made his adieux, declaring that he was going for a walk. If his talk had been directed almost entirely to Mrs. Brent, it was with her niece that his eyes had been no less attentively engaged.

"Rather a nice boy—considering—" Mrs. Brent murmured, suppressing a yawn. "Have you written to Marmaduke to-day, dear?"

Casilda started. After all, she had not posted her letter.

"Yes," she said. "That is, no, not to-day."

"You seem tired," her aunt continued presently. "We will go up to my room, I think; and you might read to me a

little? Please call Thérèse to help me up the stairs."

An hour later, alone in her bedroom, Casilda dismissed the doubts which, all the evening, had besieged her mind, with the familiar reflection that, after all, she need not decide anything until to-morrow. She was one of those people to whom to-morrow always promises the best advice and a field clean-swept of hesitancy; for whom a problem is a thing to be "slept on." And she was able to compose herself to sleep without any more definite conclusion than that, perhaps, it would be better to defer posting the momentous letter (luckily she had not dated it) until her aunt was well enough to leave Trégomar.

With this Mr. Carlington in the way, it would be so very awkward to incur her aunt's resentment. She knew so well that Marmaduke's fond mother would treat her as a naughty, ungrateful child; she could not bear to think of enduring such a humiliation under a third person's eye. And Mr. Carlington certainly made use of his eyes—in a painter, that was doubtless natural. And he was clever: his handling of her aunt—the manner in which he had ingratiated himself with that somewhat censorious matron—had certainly been adroit. He was young, too, she reflected, much younger than Marmaduke, and far better looking.

It was annoying that he should have dropped from the clouds like this, particularly that he should have possessed himself of her shoe; but perhaps it was hardly fair to blame him: it was she who had been careless, indiscreet. Still, if he had mentioned the subject she would never have forgiven him—never! What would he do with it? She wondered sleepily. It was rather a nice shoe; it was tiresome to have the pair spoilt, when she had only worn them for a fortnight; but somehow she was glad that it wasn't shabby—down at

heel—on the whole, that would have been much worse. . . .

III.

It is, perhaps, hardly surprising that during the next few days Casilda's rambles were not altogether solitary. And before attributing the blame, or credit, to the inscrutable laws of chance, it would be well to remember that the dormer windows of Carlington's studio garret commanded really excellent views of each of the four roads which converge upon the market-place of Trégomar. Carlington, moreover, enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the native population, and it is reasonable to suppose that, when passing the time of day with such of his friends as he might happen to encounter on his walks abroad, a hint might be forthcoming as to the precise spot at which his charming compatriot had established herself with her novel and sketch-book.

However that may be, the loungers of the market-place speedily became accustomed to see Miss Fane return to the hotel accompanied by an assiduous squire, and knowing winks had been exchanged. It is possible that if Mrs. Brent had been in the habit of lounging in the market-place, her maternal bosom might have been gently ruffled; but it was to the garden and terrace behind the hotel that she limited the gratification of such perambulatory instincts as her injured ankle allowed her to indulge. A pleasant boy, she had thought Carlington; but it would never have entered her mind that he could be compared, seriously, with "my Marmaduke." To Casilda, on the other hand, the comparison presented itself persistently.

About her sketches, for instance. Marmaduke had said that she sketched charmingly, considering that she had enjoyed no teaching, and the mention

of the subject always embarked him upon a learned (from guide-books) disquisition on the galleries of Florence and Dresden. Mr. Carington declared roundly that her drawings were worth a dozen of the cookery-recipe productions of the young lady who had sat under a master and knows the correct formula for autumn sunsets and the exact mixture for the foliage of oak-trees. "Fresh—unconventional," he had murmured. "Nice little bit—the sort of feeling that can't be taught . . ." And he must know better than Marmaduke, this real artist, who despised the Academy, and was full of such amusing stories of the great studios of Paris. . . .

"Extraordinary thing," said Carington, as, late in the afternoon of the fifth day after his arrival, he encountered Miss Fane in the hanging wood of chestnuts below the chapel of Ste. Barbe. "I had intended to walk towards Langonnet, but something told me—" He broke off with an expressive glance.

"It's so pretty here," Casilda declared cautiously.

"Ah!" He surveyed her with eloquent eyes. Then he frowned. "But I forgot—I'm afraid I'm making myself a nuisance."

Casilda gazed at him, her candid face full of innocent surprise. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh—nothing!" said Carington gloomily. A few minutes later he interrupted his companion's light ripple of conversation to protest that he couldn't help it—that he had been talking to her aunt. It was plain from his voice that the implication was something very tremendous.

"You can't help—talking to my aunt?" Casilda smiled. "Why shouldn't you? and she enjoys it very much, I'm sure. She has said so, more than once."

Carington shook his head. "You are laughing at me, Miss Fane; you have

been laughing at me all these days. Well, if it has amused you—"

Presently he continued, his voice tragically lowered. "Mrs. Brent hinted that—that you are engaged to—to her son. Is it true?"

"Oh," Casilda gasped. "In—in a sort of way. Not exactly . . . But—what right have you to question me?"

She confronted him with a fine show of indignation.

"In a sort of way?" he murmured hopefully. "Forgive me, I have no right. Except that I—I—"

"If you please we will change the subject. Indeed, perhaps it would be better if you were to continue your walk."

Carington bowed. "Your wish—" he murmured. "But—you won't be so cruel—you will let me walk back to the inn with you?"

Casilda had risen from her seat, and she watched him in silence while he possessed himself of her books and sunshade.

"I suppose if you are going back too, it would be rather ridiculous to ask you to go another way."

"Yes," he said humbly. "Do let me come with you. I—I won't transgress again."

As she passed before him down the narrow track that led to the valley, she noticed with a thrill that he lingered for a moment to retrieve the little bunch of wild flowers which had fallen from her bodice.

The two had accomplished more than half their journey when the light shallop of their conversation again drifted into troubled waters.

"I am in a dilemma," the man said suddenly. "I'm bound to tell you—but I'm rather afraid—"

"I don't see how I can possibly have anything to do with your dilemmas!"

"No . . ." Carington admitted. "But I think you could help me . . . Still, I won't say another word."

Casilda stole a side-long glance at him. "There were such squirrels in the little wood, just dozens!" she put in, inconsequently. Two minutes later she interrupted her companion's gallant efforts to pursue her new topic.

"Of course if I can help you," she faltered, in a voice which persisted, provokingly, in running up into an unfamiliar key. "I suppose I ought to—I mean, it would be only right, and you ought not to deprive me of the opportunity."

Carington laughed nervously. "Oh, it isn't so serious as all that! At least, it's very serious, in a way, for me—but you wouldn't think so."

Casilda gazed at the horizon with a pensive smile. "I'm not generally considered so very unsympathetic," she protested plaintively.

"Oh, I didn't mean—no one could be more sympathetic, or—charming in every way," he added softly.

"That was quite unnecessary, Mr. Carington," Casilda declared with an attempt at firmness. "And I am waiting for you to be serious."

"Oh, serious!" echoed the other. "When I tell you that it's all about a— a shoe!"

"A shoe?" the girl repeated.

"You don't happen to have lost one lately?"

"No," she breathed quickly, throwing as a sop to her conscience the fact that she knew very well where it was.

Carington's face fell. "Then—I think that's about all!" he said lamely.

"I don't quite see the dilemma," Casilda suggested.

"Oh," said Carington, "it's there, but it turns out that it isn't a bull after all—I mean, it hasn't got horns."

Casilda was silent for a moment. "Suppose," she said presently, "only suppose—but if I had said yes, that I had lost—?"

"You would have made me very happy! At least comparatively happy."

"I don't think it would be nice of you to be happy because I lost things."

"Oh! but if I found them."

"Do you mean that you have found a—a shoe?"

Carington nodded. "The day that I came. I picked it up by the river, and I couldn't find an owner for it anywhere round, so I carried it off in my pocket."

"And gave it to Jean-Pierre—to the town-crier?" Casilda hazarded.

"Well—no. You see it's rather a nice little shoe, and I had an idea that the owner might not like—anything in the shape of publicity."

Casilda shot a grateful glance at him. "But there's nothing to be ashamed about in losing a shoe," she declared, recovering her ground.

"Oh, no," the other smiled. "Still—"

"One might have taken—the owner might have taken it out with her just to sew on a button."

"Laces," Carington murmured. "Brown Russia-leather, with a brown silk lace . . . and bought at Paul Barc's, in Sloane Street."

(True, Casilda reflected—thirty shillings, and the bill not yet paid!)

"Well," she said cheerfully, "you can always send it to Paul Barc; he would probably know whom it was made for."

"That's supposing it was made to order."

"Oh it was—probably," Casilda added just in time.

Carington eyed her sharply. "The fact is," he declared after an interval of silence, "I—I hoped it was yours. It looked as if it might have been . . ."

"I think I told you that I hadn't lost a shoe," Casilda put in hurriedly.

"Oh, I know now," he sighed. "But before I knew, I was torn between my hope that it was yours—something that you had worn—that I was cherishing—treasuring, and my fear that it belonged to some other girl—"

Casilda seemed intensely interested in an apple-tree on her side of the road.

"It oughtn't to have made the least difference," she said, just audibly.

"Oh, I know," the man sighed, "since—this afternoon. But how could I help—loving it if I thought it belonged to you, and of course, if it didn't, I shouldn't want to look at it twice. That sounds involved, but you see my dilemma. Was I to take an interest, or wasn't I?"

"And—and did you, or didn't you?" Casilda inquired, presently.

"I'm bound to confess I took no end of an interest. It was wrong of me, I suppose—I ought to have known."

"Perhaps you did know—I mean—oh, I really think we have talked quite enough about an old shoe!"

"Nearly new," Carlington corrected her. "And quite a pretty little shoe, though not pretty enough . . . Well, I suppose I may as well send it off to the man in Sloane Street?"

Casilda considered the question gravely. "I—you might as well keep it a little longer," she suggested. "In case some one claims it? I should think one—the girl who lost it might make inquiries—"

An hour later, when Casilda descended from her chamber to the dining-room, she carried with her the momentous letter which she had written nearly a week before to Marmaduke Brent. At dinner she seemed by turns pre-occupied and strangely animated. Afterwards, while the little party of three discussed their coffee in the arbor, she had scarcely a word for her aunt, and none at all (it seemed to him) for Carlington. When he said good-night, declaring, as usual, that he was going for a walk with his pipe, she handed him the letter with an air somewhat elaborately indifferent.

"You might post that for me," she said.

"To Marmaduke?" her aunt smiled. "That reminds me; perhaps Mr. Carlington would kindly post this letter for me."

Casilda dropped her eyes before the frown which darkened Carlington's face. "Yes, to Marmaduke," she said slowly.

IV.

Casilda, watching the moon from her bedroom window, calculated that at the end of four days she might expect Marmaduke's reply. By that time her aunt would be well enough to travel; indeed, Mrs. Brent was already so far recovered as to have arranged a carriage expedition for the morrow. And it was not unnatural that Mrs. Brent should be by no means reluctant to escape from the primitive accommodation of the little inn to which her disability had tied her for so many tedious days.

A quick step broke the silence of the deserted market-place, and Casilda drew back, softly closing her window. The sight of the shoes which she had taken off in the afternoon brought a light of mischief to her eyes; and in an instant she had opened her door, and deposited them in the passage outside. Since Hugh Carlington's arrival, she had been careful to discontinue this practice; but now, it seemed, she was no longer afraid of the conclusions that he might draw if he should happen to see that these shoes, too, bore the name of the maker in Sloane Street.

Nearly an hour passed before he came upstairs, but Casilda was still awake, and able to assure herself, half regretfully, that he had paused for just an instant as he passed her door. In the interval her thoughts had kept her busy. The romantic glamor of the afternoon had faded away, and the doubts which had been so insistent before she wrote her letter again assailed

her mind. Well aware that she was behaving badly, unpardonable sin in a portionless damsel, she realized that, in the eyes of her critics, her offence would seem all the more heinous because it had been committed after she had become acquainted with the young landscape painter. Before she went to sleep, she more than half wished that she could recall her letter; but there was consolation in the thought that, after all, the step was not necessarily final, irremediable.

She half hoped, half feared, that Marmaduke would be obstinate; that he would plead with her. It would be something, at least, to bring her placid lover to his knees . . . It was pleasant to have this attentive young squire to carry her sketch-book, and make her pretty speeches. She was more than half in love with him, but—her “but” implied, amongst other things, that Marmaduke was possessed of a good income and excellent prospects, whereas Mr. Carington, oh, that would be a case of “love in a cottage!”

The next day was occupied, for Casilda and her aunt, by the expedition of which mention has been made, a visit to one of the historic *châteaux* of the province; and it was not until late in the evening that Carington found an opportunity to exchange a word with the girl, whose *manèges*, it must be confessed, had somewhat puzzled him.

“You’re quite sure it isn’t your shoe?” he suggested persuasively.

“I thought I told you that I hadn’t lost a shoe.”

“It wouldn’t be lost if you knew where it was,” he hinted with some acuteness.

Casilda opened her eyes. “How should I know, till you told me yesterday?”

He nodded. “All the same—Paul Barc, you know.”

“Paul Barc?”

“You do get your shoes there?”

“Oh!” she gasped mendaciously, “I didn’t think men were so inquisitive.”

“Ah!” he pleaded. “When one’s so deeply interested!”

“Besides,” she continued, “ever so many people go to that shoemaker.”

“But—it is yours?” he insinuated.

“I think you ask too many questions,” she replied with dignity.

Two days later, meeting her by the mill in the afternoon, he provoked a repetition of this expression of her opinion.

“Oh,” he sighed, “that’s a pity—”

“A pity?”

“That you should think so—when I want to ask so many more!”

“Of course I’m not obliged to answer them.”

“I want to know, tremendously, whether you are really engaged? You said—in a sort of way. If only I could hope that—that—”

He was very close to her as they leaned on the parapet of the little bridge that crossed the mill-stream, and the moment was propitious. She let her eyes rest on him for a moment, pensively.

“That’s a forbidden subject,” she reminded him.

“Yes—but if it wasn’t?”

“Oh—if!” she laughed, pretending not to notice his hand which had fallen on hers.

“Silda,” he breathed softly, “I never heard the name before.”

“It’s short for Casilda,” she explained. “I don’t much like it.”

“You might tell me!” he pleaded.

“It’s time to go back to the hotel,” she declared.

Just before they parted, in the market-place, she murmured, on the spur of a sudden impulse—“You have no right to ask, but I’m not—not nearly so much as I was a few days ago!”

Before he could speak she had vanished.

Next morning she confided to the

cracked mirror which swung undecidedly over the Lilliputian crockery on her washstand, her growing conviction that she was a dreadful little wretch, and a flirt, and everything that was horrid. "If only I wasn't so afraid of poverty!" she sighed.

She had risen early. At ten o'clock Marmaduke's letter would come, and she was already in a fever of expectation. On the morrow, Mrs. Brent had decided, they were to leave Trégomar for a less rustic retreat, some thirty miles away.

Casilda was at the postoffice when the mail arrived, and she waited for nearly half an hour while the process of sorting was performed. Yes, there was a letter for Miss Fane; another for Mrs. Brent; both addressed by Marmaduke's hand. If he had written to his mother before "having it out" with her, Casilda vowed that she would never forgive him. Forgive him, Casilda reflected as she fingered her letter irresolutely. Perhaps he wouldn't ever want to be forgiven!

A moment later she had opened the envelope, and had skipped from the first words to the last with incredulous eyes, and a little gasp of surprise not unmingled with relief. "Why hasn't my little Sildy written to me for so many days?" He had seen such a convenient flat near the Park, and he was very busy with a heavy Indian appeal, and Uncle Richard had kindly promised a Broadwood semi-grand, *et patati, patata*; and at the end a reiteration of his desire to hear from her. . . .

Of course, he hadn't received her letter when he wrote. These French post-offices! And yet "Mother tells me that you have almost decided to leave for Ploërmel on Saturday." Now Ploërmel had not been talked about before the day on which Casilda had entrusted her letter to Mr. Carington. It was strange, surely, that Marmaduke should have received his mother's

letter which the young painter had posted at the same time . . . ?

Well, she would have to wait till the next morning, a whole day and night. Was it to be Marmaduke and the eligible flat near the Park, or Hugh Carington and a cottage, very vaguely realized, in the precincts of Fontainebleau? Which did she want? Did she want either? It would be time enough to decide when Marmaduke's letter came.

The exigencies of packing curtailed her accustomed leisure of the afternoon, and she did not see Carington alone until the hour before dinner, when she encountered him in the market-place.

"What a blank, empty day!" he sighed. "And you are really going to-morrow?"

He looked very hot and dusty, Casilda reflected. And he was wearing a pink shirt—a pink shirt with a dark blue tie; as a painter, he ought to have known better.

"Yes, we're going to-morrow morning," she admitted.

He was silent for a moment. "And you will be alone—you and your aunt—at Ploërmel?" he asked abruptly. They were strolling in the direction of the inn; Casilda quickened her step a little.

"Really, I hardly know," she answered discouragingly.

"I was thinking," he continued, "it isn't very far, and I have heard that the country is paintable."

"Oh, yes," Casilda interposed cordially. "You ought to go there some day, you would find plenty of subjects."

Carington eyed her plaintively. "I see," he nodded. "You don't want me to come, no doubt Mrs. Brent is expecting 'my Marmaduke!'"

Casilda flushed angrily. "I think you are forgetting yourself," she declared. "I can't allow you to talk like that."

"Forgive me," he sighed. "But you

can't expect me not to hate him! And if you only knew how much I want—how much I want you to sit to me!" he concluded rather lamely.

They had reached the entrance of the "Lion d'Or."

"Don't go in yet," he pleaded. "One more walk round the market-place, or I shall think that you are angry with me."

"I am," she smiled, yielding, after a moment's hesitation, to his entreaty. "But as I haven't been out for a proper walk to-day—"

"I looked for you," he murmured.

Casilda remembered that Marma-
duke wore flannel shirts—gray flannel
sometimes—in the country. That was
even worse.

"I don't think you ought to have
looked for me," she said more gently.
"I shall begin to be afraid that our
meetings have not been accidental."

"Did you think that they were?" he
smiled.

Casilda drew herself up, ignoring the
question. They were passing the post-
office, and a sudden idea occurred to
her.

"You didn't forget to post that letter
for me the other evening?"

Carlington frowned. "I didn't for-
get," he said slowly.

"Thank you," Casilda murmured. "It
was rather important."

"Important!" he echoed bitterly.
"How could you be so cruel?"

His eyes flashed as Casilda glanced
at him, and his sun-burnt face looked
strangely grim. Cruel, she reflected;
no doubt he could be cruel.

"I didn't post it!" he blurted sudden-
ly. "I tore it into a thousand bits and
threw it into the river."

"Oh!" the girl gasped. Then as a
strange feeling of relief succeeded to
her first thrill of surprise and indigna-
tion, she yielded to a fantastic little
quaver of laughter.

"Then you're not angry?" he faltered,

with an almost ludicrous change of ex-
pression.

Casilda was silent for a moment, bit-
ing her upper lip. Then she turned to-
wards the inn.

"I ought to be," she declared cheer-
fully. "But it would be a pity to quar-
rel now, since—"

"Since?" he echoed in bewilderment.

"Since we are not likely to meet
again—ever."

"I don't understand," he stam-
mered.

"It's not necessary that you should,"
she smiled sweetly. At the entrance of
the hotel she paused. "You are very
young," she declared with a fine as-
sumption of dignity. "And I am will-
ing to believe that you have had no
intention—that you have not been wil-
fully impertinent. But I think that,
on reflection, you will admit that you
have presumed a little on the kindness
which my aunt and I have en-
deavored to—show to a solitary
stranger."

She had disappeared before Caring-
ton found any words to meet the occa-
sion.

"Well, I'm ——!" he murmured,
with much emphasis, as he turned his
back on the hotel.

At dinner he found himself treated
by both aunt and niece with neither
more nor less than their accustomed
cheerful affability. They both ex-
pressed polite regret when he declared
that he found himself unable to join
them over their coffee in the arbor.
Mrs. Brent paid a graceful tribute to
the chance which had thrown him in
the path of their wanderings.

Next morning, Casilda, rising early
to complete her preparations for de-
parture, experienced a gentle pang,
which for a moment interrupted her
speculations as to whether Marma-
duke's flat was north or south of the
park, when she opened her bedroom
door to find a small brown shoe dis-

posed forlornly in the centre of the wolf-skin mat.

"He was rather a nice boy," she sighed, as she explored the interior of the shoe, half disappointed to find it empty. "But quite impossible!"

Temple Bar.

At breakfast Mrs. Brent was greeted by the voluble landlady with the news that Mr. Carington had gone for a long walk—that he had desired her to make his adieux to *ces dames*.

Arthur Moore.

THE SECRET OF EMERSON.

Much may not unjustly be said in disparagement of Emerson, but the fact remains that within little more than eight months his countrymen will be keeping his centenary, and that their proceedings will be followed with lively interest wherever the English language is spoken, and here and there in the regions where it is not. After this, discussion as to the fact of Emerson's eminence may be waived as superfluous; but it may not be useless to seek for some formula summing the man, and tersely expressing, if this be possible, the peculiar secret of his distinction. No such definition can be exhaustive, the various orders of genius, however great their diversity, always have this one quality in common, that they are incommensurable. We must approach as near as is feasible, and, reversing what Emerson himself tells us of the instinct of the human mind to draw a circle as widely as it can around every object, draw ours as close to the original as may be, in the hope that one nearer still may come to be inscribed in process of time.

If one strove to state the peculiar characteristics of Emerson in the fewest possible words, it might not be amiss to define him as a seer without pretensions to the supernatural. He stands midway between mystics like Blake and Swedenborg, whose teaching is professedly based upon communications from another world, and rea-

soners like Stuart Mill or Herbert Spencer. So, it may be objected, does the poet, who, though he need not, like Dante, claim to have perambulated Hell, Heaven and Purgatory, must be able to affirm with Coleridge,

I on honey-dew have fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

But there exists a clear distinction between poets in general, including under this term all obviously inspired writers, whether their form of expression be verse or impassioned prose, and Emerson. It is the distinction between inspiration and intuition. The poet, when he really writes as such, is in a measure in an abnormal state. He is conscious of a visitation from without, of the presence of something that has come to him without his seeking, and might at any moment depart, leaving him impotent and mute. "The mind in creation," says one of the greatest of poets, "is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness." This, literally and figuratively, may be described as inspiration, and is as conspicuous in great imaginative prose-writers, such as Carlyle and Ruskin, even in writers of the grade of Borrow and Jeffreys, as in the poets themselves. In Emerson it seems exceptionally wanting, but is replaced by the much rarer, though perhaps not

finer, endowment of intuition. Emerson is not a prophet, but a seer. It is usual to class him with Carlyle, and the points of contact are assuredly numerous. But the methods of the two are quite distinct. Carlyle takes up some extensive subject, and fuses it in the glow of his own imagination, hurling in idea after idea to feed the flame. All that is colored by the light of this volcanic imagination seems for the time a new heaven and a new earth. Emerson stands forth calmly producing his ideas in an almost casual sequence, like beautiful crystals, crystalline in the perfection of their transparency and their geometrical regularity, but, if one looks into them, capable of affording glimpses of an infinite within. And, as a crystal or a gem cannot be partly genuine and partly false, Emerson is commonly either very right or very wrong. You cannot say of his deliverances, as so often of Carlyle's, that they are a mingling of truth and error; they must in general be taken altogether or rejected altogether. If they are accepted, this is by no means due to the author's powers of reasoning, or to any special gift of eloquence, or to the ability to overwhelm the contrary views with sarcasm or invective. The appeal is simply to the intuitive faculty of the reader or hearer, who is supposed to be capable of verifying what he was incapable of discovering for himself. This is precisely the position of Blake or Swedenborg, and Emerson is hence more fitly classed with the seers, whose insight comes to them by simple intuition, than with the poets and prophets, who require to be taken out of themselves.

To all but a thorough mystic Emerson's advantage over Blake and Swedenborg must appear unspeakable. Their supernatural pretensions are a continual offence, inasmuch as, by a continual propounding of what it is impossi-

ble to accept, they force upon the most friendly hearer, the alternative of deception or delusion. Neither of these has any possible application to Emerson; he might as well be accused of burglary or arson. It is much to have demonstrated that there is no necessary connection between spiritual insight and supernatural phenomena, and that a seer need never have had a trance in his life.

From a purely literary point of view, Emerson's peculiar gifts may well be less advantageous to him. They disable him from the practice of literary art on any extensive scale. Art implies the subordination of parts to the total effect. Something must be kept in the shade. Emerson's disquisitions, consisting mainly of a succession of detached thoughts complete in themselves and but loosely connected with each other, are incapable of this treatment. As they resemble crystals in their purity, their individual symmetry and their permanent worth, so also in their incapacity for combination, save as constituents of a chain or a pattern. As a German æsthetician might say, Emerson's composition is deficient in architectonic; he builds up nothing. How weak the instinct for formative art was in him, his *Essay on Art*, valuable and suggestive as it is in many respects, sufficiently indicates. The same indifference to art is notable in the other great teacher of his age, Carlyle. Yet one feels sure that this consummate master of portraiture with pen and ink must have appreciated a fine portrait with the brush when he saw one; one has not the same confidence as regards Emerson.

Carlyle was an artist in other respects; he delighted in the concrete, and he excelled in giving his conceptions imaginative form. The concrete is in a sense the element of art, whose most airy conceptions must be moulded out of something, and their embodi-

ment in imaginative form is, at least as regards its higher departments, the very cause and condition of its existence. Emerson's remarks frequently display admirable insight into the life around him, yet the world of men is clearly not his proper element; and he has no power to give his conceptions imaginative form. He reveals, but he does not create. The truth he declares has always been there; he has not evoked it, but divined it; his merit is to have been the first to see it. He can make the most illuminating and incisive remarks on individual traits of character, but not even in "Representative Men," where he had ample room and verge enough, can he exhibit a character in its totality. Much less can he create a person or an environment, as Carlyle has done in "Sartor Resartus." How great the loss must be may be realized if we can imagine all the poetry and all the wisdom of "Sartor Resartus" remaining, but Teufelsdröckh and Weissnichtwo and Entepfuhl and whatever imparts substance to the vision taken away. If Emerson could have embodied his gospel in a figure like Teufelsdröckh, or even in lifelike portraits of some of the remarkable disciples with whom he was actually familiar, such as Thoreau or Alcott, he would have appealed to much wider circles and gained greatly in influence and popularity. Ruskin is as incapable as Emerson of evolving an ideal character or fully delineating a real one. The sight of so extensive a work as "Modern Painters" is somewhat alarming; one is inclined to echo Carlyle's naïve ejaculation on beholding Millais's fine house and furniture, "Can all that have come out of *paint*?" But Ruskin's subject compels him to deal with the concrete. He means to preach and he does, but he cannot discourse for five minutes without importing some gorgeous landscape, or

beautiful natural object, or striking trait of human personality, or supreme work of art.

Emerson has, nevertheless, one signal advantage over those of his contemporaries who claim to be something more than narrators or reasoners. None of them is so like him steeped in the very element of beauty. The beauty which failed to commend itself to him when it came as art at one remove from the primal source captivated him entirely when it presented itself as nature, or as human characters, or institutions accordant with the reason of things. He then writes as with a thrill of pleasure. His words are the aptest and choicest. And his own language has in a remarkable degree the power of calling up the sentiment of beauty. Unlike the ambitious splendors of Ruskin, or the dainty device of Pater, his words never appear to be employed for the sake of rhetorical effect, or selected for peculiar fitness, but to come of their own accord as self-conscious that they and no others are the right ones. Save for an occasional attempt at unseasonable smartness, his diction never loses this exquisite propriety. It may be said to him, as he says to his readers:—

Thou can'st not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And ripples in rhymes the oar for-
sake.

The character which we have attributed to Emerson of a seer without supernatural pretensions invites comparison with two illustrious Englishmen of whom the same may in a measure be predicated, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Coleridge cannot perhaps be entirely acquitted of an occasional propensity to masquerade in prophetic attire; but undoubtedly the more oracular he is the less he is of a seer. His claims to the gift of intuition rest less

upon his philosophical than upon his critical utterances, which are sometimes so marvellously illuminating as to seem directly derived from the source of all light, and to need no corroboration by the exercise of the reasoning faculty. Wordsworth, however, affords a closer parallel. There is a striking affinity between these two children of nature; the main distinction perhaps is that Wordsworth is conscious and over-conscious of a mission, while Emerson can hardly be said to have proposed any object to himself except that of speaking as it might be given to him to speak. He actually is the ideal which Wordsworth frequently embodies in his personages, but rarely realizes in himself. His great defects

in comparison with Wordsworth are the lack of pathos and of the feeling for artistic form, except in isolated sayings, nearly always polished and symmetrical, and in a few poems like "Rhodora," so beautifully finished as to render the generally amorphous character of his poetry almost incomprehensible. Another puzzle arises out of the lack of humor common to both these illustrious men. One has just as much of it as the other—that is to say, neither has any; and yet, by some trace of innate refinement or benediction of the Muses, Emerson never appears absurd from insensibility to the humorous, as frequently happens to Wordsworth.

Richard Garnett.

Literature.

TOO LATE.

I.

Bring no vain chaplet to my grave.
Once, when you might, you could have blest
A lonely life, an aching breast;
But nothing now can help or save.
Your love, when needed, was not given;
And now who cares? Life's bonds are riven.

II.

Shed o'er my dust no fruitless tears.
Ah, once your pity had been sweet
To bleeding hands and weary feet,
Through all the joyless, bitter years!
Nay, weep not for the might-have-been;
God's rain will keep my grave-plot green.

III.

Breathe o'er me, dead, no word of praise.
Once, living, I had leapt to hear
The tones of love, the voice of cheer
Make music through my sunless days;
But now! the wind alone may sweep
Over the daisies where I sleep.

IV.

O idle tears, O wreath too late,
 I care not now: the need is o'er;
 My day is past—I feel no more
 The stress, the heat, the chill, the hate.
 O Love, in life ye came not nigh;
 And now! 'twere well to pass me by.

*George Bird.**Longman's Magazine.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Long ago when Trollope was becoming known as the historian of Bassetshire, I was one of his devoted readers. Some time later I happened to find myself alone at an inn where the literature consisted of waifs and strays from the Tauchnitz reprints. Among them was one of Trollope's novels, and I rejoiced at the prospect of a pleasant evening. To my grievous disappointment I suddenly broke down. My old favorite had lost all charms. The book was as insipid as yesterday's newspaper. Of course I explained the phenomenon by my own improvement in good taste, and for a long time I held complacently that Trollope should be left to the vulgar herd. Lately I have begun to doubt this plausible explanation. An excellent critic of Victorian novelists (Mr. Herbert Paul) told us, it is true, the other day that Trollope was not only dead, but dead beyond all hopes of resurrection. There are symptoms, however, which may point rather to a case of suspended vitality. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a very appreciative article upon Trollope, regards his temporary obscurity as illustrating an ordinary phenomenon. As literary fashions change, the rising generation throws aside too contemptuously the books which pleased its immediate predecessors, and which will again interest its successors. Trollope, he thinks, may have for our chil-

dren the interest at least of a singularly faithful portrait of the society of fifty years ago. Such of our unfortunate descendants as have a historical turn will be overwhelmed by the masses of material provided for them; and no doubt it will be a relief to them when weary of official despatches and blue-books, and solemn historical dissertations, to clothe the statistical skeleton in the concrete flesh and blood of realistic fiction. They may learn what the British squire or archdeacon of the period looked like, besides ascertaining the amount of his income and his constitutional position. In course of such reading, they may discover that such personages, if taken in the right spirit, are really attractive. Nobody can claim for Trollope any of the first-rate qualities which strain the powers of subtle and philosophical criticism; but perhaps it would be well if readers would sometimes make a little effort to blunt their critical faculty. May not an author beg to be judged by his peers? "I know that I am stupid and commonplace," I am often disposed to say; "but if you would condescend to be a little less clever for once, you might still find something in me." Nobody will listen to such an appeal; and yet if we could learn the art of enjoying dull books, it is startling to think what vast fields of innocent enjoyment would be

thrown open to us. Macaulay, we are told, found pleasure in reading and re-reading the most vapid and rubbishy novels. Trollope's novels are far above that level; and though the rising generation is so brilliant that it can hardly enjoy them without a certain condescension, the condescension might be repaid.

If any one is disposed to cultivate the frame of mind appropriate for Trollope he should begin by reading the "Autobiography." That will put his mind in the proper key. Trollope indeed gives fair notice that he does not mean to give us a "record of his inner life." He is not about to turn himself inside out in the manner of Rousseau. He must, no doubt, like all of us, have had an "inner life," though one can hardly suppose that it presented any of the strange phenomena which delight the student of morbid psychology. He professes to tell us only such facts as might have been seen by an outside observer. He tells us, however, enough to suggest matter for speculation to persons interested in education. Nobody ever met the adult Trollope in the flesh without receiving one impression. Henry VIII, we are told—and it is one of the few statements which make that monarch attractive—"loved a man." If so, he would clearly have loved Trollope. In person, Trollope resembled the ideal beefeater; square and sturdy, and as downright as a box on the ear. The simple, masculine character revealed itself in every lineament and gesture. His talk was as hearty and boisterous as a gust of a northeaster—a Kingsley northeaster that is, not blighting, but bracing and genial. The first time I met him was in a low room, where he was talking with a friend almost as square and sturdy as himself. It seemed as if the roof was in danger of being blown off by the vigor of the conversational blasts. And yet, if I

remember rightly, they were not disputing, but simply competing in the utterance of a perfectly harmless sentiment in which they cordially agreed. A talker of feeble lungs might be unable to get his fair share in the discussion; but not because Trollope was intentionally overbearing, or even rough. His kindness and cordiality were as unmistakable as his sincerity; and if he happened to impinge upon his hearers' sore points, it was from clumsiness, not malignity. He was incapable of shyness or diffidence, and would go at any subject as gallantly as he rode at a stiff fence in the hunting-field. His audacity sprang not from conceit, but from a little over-confidence in the power of downright common sense.

Here is the problem to which I referred. If we inquired how such a character had been developed, the last hypothesis which we should make would be that it was due to such surroundings as are described in the "Autobiography." If one wished to bring up a lad to be a sneak, a cynic and a humbug, one would deal with him as Trollope was dealt with in his childhood. Many distinguished men have preserved painful impressions of their school-days. Thackeray has sufficiently indicated what he thought of the morality of a public school in his day. Dickens felt bitterly to the end of his life the neglect from which he suffered during part of his childhood. Trollope had a more painful and prolonged experience than either. His father was a man of such oddity and perversity that it must have required all the son's filial duty in later years not to introduce him in a novel. He would have been more interesting as a model than the gentleman who stood for Micawber, though certainly without Micawber's peculiar claims to be attractive. He was a man of ability and learning, who had ruined good prospects at the bar, by a singular facility for quarrel-

ling with his bread and butter. By way of retrieving his position, he had taken to farming, of which he was absolutely ignorant; and when he got into the inevitable difficulties, he set about compiling a gigantic "Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica," for which he was equally incompetent, and which would have ruined a publisher had any such person been forthcoming. He was most anxious, his son assures us, to do his duty to his family, but equally misguided in his plans for their welfare. Anthony's chief recollections at least were of standing in a convenient position while his amiable parent was shaving, so that his hair might be pulled at any slip in Latin grammar, and of being knocked down for stupidity by a folio Bible. It was all meant in kindness, but only produced obstinate idleness. The child was sent as a day boy to Harrow, where the headmaster could only express his horror that so dirty a little wretch should belong to the school; and his comrades unanimously excluded him from their society. Then he was sent to a private school, where the master treated him as a degraded being, for faults committed by others, and had not the manliness to confess when he discovered his mistake. His next experience was at Winchester, where his elder brother thrashed him daily with a thick stick. Being big, awkward, ugly, ill-dressed and dirty, he was generally despised and "suffered horribly." Then he returned to Harrow, and was at the same time employed occasionally as a laborer on his father's farm. He was universally despised, excluded from all games, and though he "gravitated upwards" to near the top of the school, by force of seniority, represented at the age of nineteen the densest ignorance of his lessons attainable even by a boy at an English public school. The one pleasant thing that he could remember was that he once turned against an oppres-

sor. The bully was so well thrashed that he had to be sent home for repairs.

The spirit in which Trollope took this cruelty is characteristic. Less painful experience of the life at a public school helped to convince Cowper that human nature was radically corrupt, and Shelley that the existence of a merciful Providence was doubtful, and Thackeray that there was something radically wrong in the social order. Trollope, who hated tyranny as earnestly as any one, seems only to have drawn the modest inference that the discipline at Winchester and Harrow was imperfect; and, for the time, he did not even go so far. He was always, as he says, "craving for love," even for the love of the young bullies who made his life a burthen. He was miserable in his school-days, because he "envied the popularity of popular boys." They lived in a social paradise from which he was excluded. But he apparently did not think that his exclusion was wrong. It was simply natural—part of the inevitable and providential order of nature. He accepted the code under which he suffered as if it had been the obvious embodiment of right reason. It was quite proper that poverty and clumsiness should be despised and bullied; that was implied in the essential idea of a public school, and his comrades naturally treated him as a herd of wild animals may trample upon an intruder of an inferior species. It "was their nature to," and there was no more to be said about it. It is pathetic to observe the average child accepting its misery as part of a sacred tradition; but in Trollope's case it had one advantage: he bore no malice to anybody. The brother who had thrashed him every day became, as he testifies, the best of brothers, and Trollope cherished no resentment against individuals or to the system. The toughness looked

like stupidity, but, at any rate, was an admirable preservative against the temptations to which a more sensitive and reflective nature would have been liable, of revolting against morality in general, or meeting tyranny by hypocrisy and trickery.

His start in life was equally unpromising. As he knew no languages, ancient or modern, he became classical usher of a school in Brussels, with the promise of a commission in the Austrian army. Then he was suddenly transferred to a clerkship in the London Post Office. He was disqualified for the new position by general ignorance and special incapacity for the simplest arithmetic. A vague threat that he must pass an examination was forgotten before it was put in execution, and Trollope characteristically takes occasion to denounce the system of competitive examination by which he would have been excluded. Meanwhile he was turned loose in London, and attempted to live like a gentleman on £90 a year. The results are indicated by a couple of anecdotes. A money-lender once advanced him £4, for which, first and last, he paid £200. This person, he says, became so much attached to him as to pay a daily visit at his office and exhort him to be punctual. "These visits were very terrible, and can hardly have been of service to me in the office." This mild remark applies also to the visits from the mother of a young woman in the country who had fallen in love with him, and to whom he "lacked the pluck to give a decided negative." The mother used to appear with a basket on her arm and an immense bonnet upon her head, and inquire in a loud voice, before all his companions, "Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?" No wonder that he was miserable; he was hopelessly in debt, and often unable to pay for a dinner; he hated his work, he says,

and he hated his idleness; he quarrelled with his superiors, who thought him hopelessly incapable, and felt that he was sinking "to the lowest pits." At last he heard of a place in the Irish Post Office, which everybody despised, and was successful on applying for it, because his masters were so glad to get rid of him. At the same time they informed his new superior that he would probably have to be dismissed on the first opportunity.

If the "Autobiography" had been a novel instead of a true story, the continuation must have been pronounced utterly improbable. No sooner does Trollope get to Ireland than the story changes; he sets his hand to the plough and wins the respect of his superiors; he at once begins hunting, and though very heavy and very blind and "not a good horseman," rode straight and bold and steadily for the next thirty years, letting neither official nor literary duties interfere; he makes a happy marriage at an early period; he rides up and down over Ireland and England setting things straight; and is sent on missions to Egypt and the West Indies and the United States and Australia; and turns out his daily tale of copy at home or abroad, travelling or resting; and rises in his office, and withstands Sir Rowland Hill, and has "delicious feuds" with his colleagues; and retires with a sense that he has both done his duty and thoroughly enjoyed his life. Of all this, which may be read in the "Autobiography," nothing more need be said, or it needs only to be said that so prosperous a consummation was never tacked to so dismal a beginning. It seems to suggest the immoral inference that we need take no thought for our sons' education. The innate good qualities will come out and the superficial stupidity is only a safeguard against over-sensibility; the wasted and unhappy youth and boyhood may be the stepping-stone to

a thoroughly honorable and prosperous career. I am here only concerned with the light which the story may throw upon the novel-writing. Trollope himself dwells chiefly upon that subject and sets forth his views with the most engaging candor and simplicity. He propounds some theories which may scandalize the author who takes a lofty view of his vocation; but they are worth notice if only because they are more frequently adopted than avowed by his rivals.

It seems, in the first place, that in one respect his early life had been propitious in spite of all probability. His mother had supplied the one bright influence. One of his father's most preposterous schemes had turned out well by sheer accident. He had sent his wife, Heaven knows why, to open a bazaar in Cincinnati. She was to make a fortune by selling pin-cushions and pepper-boxes to the natives of that remote region, whom he must apparently have supposed to be in the state of savages ready to barter valuables for beads. The Yankee was not quite so innocent. She of course lost all her money, but came home to describe the "domestic manners" of her customers with a sharpness which for a time set England and America by the ears. She discovered that she had a pure vein of rather vulgar satire, and worked it to such effect that, though she was over fifty when she began to write, she published 114 volumes before her death. She managed to keep her family afloat, and Trollope, in his darkest days, saw that one possible road to success lay in following her footsteps. He perceived that he had not genius to be a poet, nor the erudition necessary for a historian. But he had a certain taste for reading. He had, even in his boyhood, indulged during the intervals of bullying in occasional rambles through such literature as came in his way, and had decided that

"Pride and Prejudice" was the best novel in the language. At the Post Office he had learnt French, and brushed up his Latin sufficiently to enjoy Horace. Then he had been given to what he calls the "dangerous mental practice" of castle-building. He solaced his loneliness by carrying on imaginary stories of which he was himself the hero, and which he characteristically kept within the limits of possibility. He could not fancy himself handsome, or a philosopher, by any stretch of mind, but he could imagine himself to be clever and chivalrous enough to be attractive to beautiful young women. This suggested that in his mind, as in his mother's, there was a mine of literary material, and he resolved that novel-writing was the one career open to him. Accordingly he set to work in a thoroughly business-like spirit, and slowly and doggedly forced himself upon publishers.

"Nobody but a fool," says the great Johnson, "ever wrote except for money." Trollope holds at least that the love of money is a perfectly honorable and sufficient reason for writing. "We know," he says, "that the more a man earns the more useful he is to his fellow-men"—a fine, sweeping maxim, which certainly has its convenience. It is true, he declares, of lawyers and doctors, and would be true of clergymen if (which is a rather large assumption) the best men were always made bishops. It is equally true of authors. Shakespeare wrote for money, and Byron, Scott, Tennyson, Dickens, Macaulay and Carlyle were not above being paid. "Take away from English authors their copyrights, and you would very soon take away from England her authors." He wrote therefore, as he avows, for the very same reasons which prompt the barrister to go to the bar, or the baker to set up his oven. I have certain qualms about

the theory of copyright—though I don't mention them to my publishers. It is not that I would deprive authors of their reward. In the ideal state of things, I fancy, the promising author will be infallibly recognized by the scientific critic; a parental government will then pay him a handsome salary and trust to his honor to do his best and take his time; and his works, if any, will then be circulated gratis. That scheme would avoid the objection which occurs to Trollope's theory. We can hardly assume that the author's usefulness to his fellow creatures is precisely proportioned to his earnings. On the contrary, the great evil of to-day is that an author has constantly to choose whether he will do the best or whether he will do the most profitable work in his power. Tennyson and Carlyle, to take Trollope's examples, would never have reached their excellence had they not dared to be poor till middle age. Had they accepted Trollope's maxim, we should have had masses of newspaper articles and keepsake rhyming instead of "Sartor Resartus" and "In Memoriam."

The temptation of the present system to sacrifice quality to quantity, and to work exhausted brains instead of accumulating thought, is too obvious to be insisted upon. When we look at Trollope's turnout, we are tempted to take him for an example of the consequences. George Elliot, as Mr. Harrison tells us—and we can well believe it—was horror-struck when she heard of Trollope's methods. When he began a new book, he allowed a fixed time for its completion, and day by day entered in a diary the number of pages written. A page meant 250 words. He had every word counted, and never failed to deliver his tale of words at the time prefixed. "Such appliances," people told him, "were beneath the notice of a man of genius." He never fancied himself, he replied,

to be a man of genius, but "had I been so, I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels." He could hardly "repress his scorn" when he was told that an imaginative writer should wait for "inspiration." The tallow-candle, he declares, might as well wait "for the divine moment of melting." Nay, he recommends youthful aspirants to "avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pen." They should sit down at their desks like lawyers' clerks and work till their tasks are done. Then they may rival Trollope, at any rate in quantity. During a period of twelve years (1859 to 1871) he did his official duties so as to leave no pretext for fault-finding; he hunted twice a week, he played whist daily, went freely into society, took his holidays, and yet turned out more work, including articles of all kinds in periodicals, than any contemporary author. He was up every morning at 5.30; spent half an hour in reading the previous day's work; and then wrote 250 words every quarter of an hour, for two hours and a half. He wrote when he was travelling on a railway, or on shipboard, and in the course of his career turned out some fifty novels, besides other work, including a *Life of Cicero*, which showed at least his daring. He lamented, I remember, at one time that Mrs. Gore (who wrote seventy novels and 200 volumes) was still ahead of him; but perhaps counting all his writing, he had equalled her before his death.

It would be absurd to argue gravely against Trollope's simple-minded views; to appeal to the demi-gods of literature who have thought, like George Elliot, that there was a difference between "tallow chandling" and bookwriting; and that, if inspiration be a daring word, some time must at least be allowed for ideas to ripen and harmonize, and that it may be well to await some overmastering mood, that

will not come regularly when an old groom calls you at 5.30 A.M. It is more to the purpose to admit frankly that some great writers have been almost equally productive. Scott took almost as business-like a view as Trollope. Lockhart tells us how an idle youth was irritated by the shadow of a hand behind a window blind; and by noting the provoking pertinacity with which it added sheet to sheet with the regularity of a copying machine, and how it afterwards appeared that the sheets were those of "Waverley." Scott, it may be replied, was only pouring out the stores of imagery which had been accumulating for many years, when as yet he had no thought of bringing them to market. Moreover, in some twelve years of excessive production even Scott's vein was pretty nearly exhausted. What stores, one may ask, had Trollope to draw upon? The answer suggests that Trollope was not quite so black as he painted himself. When he comes to lay down rules for the art—or trade—he shows that three hours a day did not include the whole of his labors. A novelist, he declares, must write "because he has a story to tell, not because he has to tell a story." To do so, he must "live with his characters." They must be with him when he wakes and when he lies down to sleep. He must know them as he knows his best friends. Trollope says that he knew the actors in his own stories—"the tone of the voice, the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear." He knew precisely what each of them would say on any given occasion. He declares, in answer to the complaint of over-rapidity, that he wrote best when he wrote quickest. That, he says, when he was away from hunting and whilst, in "some quiet spot among the mountains" where he could be absorbed among his characters, "I have wandered about among the rocks and

woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with my pen in my hand and drive them before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel."

This surely is sound doctrine; but Trollope is justifying one set of critics in order to answer another. He wrote best, he admits, when his mind was fullest, and freest from distraction; that is, when he had the "inspiration," a "rush of enthusiasm," against which he warns his disciples. No doubt a man may write quickly at such moments. The great Goethe—if one may introduce such an august example—tells us that he was at times so eager to get his thoughts upon paper that he could not even wait to pull the sheet straight, and dashed down his verses diagonally. George Eliot—to come a bit nearer to Trollope—wrote her finest part of "Adam Bede" without a pause or a correction. That you should write quickly when you are "inspired" is natural; but that does not prove that that person's inspiration is superfluous. These unconscious admissions must qualify the statement about the 250 words every quarter of an hour. Trollope's genuine gift showed itself in that practice of "castle building" which, as he tells us, he always kept up. His ideal architecture, it is true, was of a humble and prosaic kind. He did not venture into regions of old romance; nor discover ideal excellence in Utopias of the future; or even observe that the most commonplace houses may be the background for great passions or tragedies. He always kept, as he says, to the probable. His imaginary world was conterminous with that in which he lived. As he tramped along the highroad he saw wayside cottages or vicarages, or perhaps convenient hunting-boxes, and provided them with

a charming girl to flirt with, and one or two good fellows for after-dinner talk; and made himself an ideal home such as might be provided by the most ordinary course of events. This meant such day-dreaming as just repeats the events of the day—only supplying the touch of simple sentimentalism. A good many men of business are sentimentalists in secret, and after a day of stockbroking or law conveying enjoy in strict privacy a little whimpering over a novel. Trollope had abundant tenderness of nature, and his sentimentalism is perfectly genuine, though he did find it convenient to bring it to market. That was a main source of his popularity. There were—as the public held—such nice girls in his stories. Once, he tells us, he tried to write a novel without love. He took for his heroine an unattractive old maid in money difficulties; but he had to wind up by allowing her to make a romantic marriage. It is this quaint contrast between the burly, vigorous man of the world and the author's young ladies, who provide him with such sentiment as he can appreciate, that somehow attracts us even by force of commonplace.

Trollope claims another merit—not to the modern taste. "I have ever thought of myself," he says, "as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience." Young people, he thinks, receive a large part of their education from novels, and a good novelist should inculcate sound morality. *Beatrice Esmond*, for example, with her beauty and heartlessness, might seem to be a dangerous example to set before girls. But as she is so treated that every girl will pray to be unlike her, and every youth to avoid the wiles of which she was a mistress, a sermon is preached which no clergyman could rival. Let us hope so—though I must confess to a weak-

ness both for *Beatrice* and *Becky Sharp* which may imply some injury to my morals. One point, at least, may be granted. "I do believe," says Trollope, "that no girl has risen from the reading of my pages less modest than she was before, and that some may have learnt from them that modesty is a charm worth possessing." The phrase reminds me of my favorite critic, who declared that there was not a word in Dr. Watts's sermons "which could call a blush to the cheek of modesty." Trollope certainly deserves that rather negative praise. When a novelist courts popularity by appealing to a perverted taste for the morally repulsive, I consider him to be a blackguard—even though he may be an "artist;" and, at the day of judgment, he will hardly, I suppose, be divided into two.

Trollope's moral purpose, however, led him into difficulty. The "regions of absolute will," he says, "are foul and odious;" but there is a "borderland" where flowers are mixed with weeds and where the novelist is tempted to enter. The "borderland," one would rather say, is continuous with the world; and the novelist who will not speak of it will have to abandon any dealings with human nature. Trollope was confined within narrow limits. One of his novels was refuted by a religious periodical because it spoke of dancing without reprobation. A dignitary of the Church of England remonstrated with him because one of his heroines was tempted to leave her husband for a lover. Trollope replied forcibly enough by asking him whether he ever denounced adultery from his pulpit. If so, why should not the same denunciation be uttered from the pulpit of the novelist? The dignitary judiciously invited him to spend a week in the country and talk over the subject. The visit never came off, and, if that dignitary be now alive, we

would like to know what he thinks of Trollope's successors. In one novel Trollope ventured upon a bolder step, and described the career of a female outcast. The difficulty, however, imposed limitations. If a novelist is to be a preacher, he cannot simply overlook what he ought to denounce. Trollope was, in principle, a thorough "realist," but he had to write in popular magazines and submit to their conventions. It may be a difficult question whether a "realistic" description of vice makes vice more disgusting or stimulates a morbid interest. Trollope, at any rate, was in the awkward position of a realist bound to ignore realities. He had to leave gaps in his pictures of life which have, perhaps, been filled up by his successors.

We can see plainly enough what we must renounce in order to enjoy Trollope. We must cease to bother ourselves about art. We must not ask for exquisite polish of style. We must be content with good homespun phrases which give up all their meaning on the first reading. We must not desire brilliant epigrams suggesting familiarity with æsthetic doctrines or theories of the universe. A brilliant modern novelist is not only clever, but writes for clever readers. He expects us to understand oblique references to esoteric theories, and to grasp a situation from a delicate hint. We are not to be bothered with matter-of-fact details, but to have facts sufficiently adumbrated to enable us to accept the æsthetic impression. Trollope writes like a thorough man of business or a lawyer stating a case. We must know exactly the birth, parentage and circumstances of all the people concerned, and have a precise statement of what afterwards happens to everybody mentioned in the course of the story. We must not care for artistic unity. Trollope admits that he could never construct an intricate plot to be gradually

unravelling. That, in fact, takes time and thought. He got hold of some leading incident, set his characters to work, and followed out any series of events which happened to be involved. In one of his stories, if I remember rightly, the love affairs of four different couples get mixed up, and each of them has to be followed out to a conclusion. He simply looks on, and only takes care to make his report consistent and intelligible. To accept such writing in the corresponding spirit implies, no doubt, the confession that you are a bit of a Philistine, and can put up with the plainest of bread and butter, and dispense with all the finer literary essences. I think, however, that at times one's state is the more gracious for accepting the position. There is something so friendly and simple and shrewd about one's temporary guide that one is the better for taking a stroll with him and listening to gossiping family stories, even though they be rather rambling and never scandalous. One difficulty is suggested, indeed, by Trollope's sacrifice of all other aims to the duty of fidelity. We begin to ask whether it can be worth while to read a novel which is a mere reflection of the commonplace. Would it not be better to read genuine biographies and narratives of real events? One answer might be suggested by Walpole's famous remark about history which, as he said, must be false. When we read the lives of people we have known and observe the singular transformations which take place, we are sometimes tempted to think that biography is an organized attempt to misrepresent the past. Trollope is at least conscientiously laboring to avoid that error with a zeal which few Bosworths can rival. His fiction is in that respect even truer than history. Hawthorne said at an early period that Trollope's novels precisely suited his taste. They are "solid, substantial, written

on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of." Trollope was delighted, as he well might be, with such praise from so different a writer, and declares that this passage defined the aim of his novels "with wonderful accuracy." They represent, that is, the average English society of the time more faithfully even than memoirs of real persons, because there is no motive for coloring the motives of an imaginary person.

Is this really the case? Will our descendants get an accurate conception of England in the middle of the nineteenth century? Or if some "medium" could call us up for cross-examination, should we have to warn posterity not to trust too implicitly to the portraiture. Trollope's best achievement, I take it, was the series of Barsetshire novels. They certainly passed at the time for a marvel of fidelity. Trollope tells us that he was often asked when he had lived in a cathedral close and become intimate with archdeacons; and had been able to answer that he had never lived in a close and had never spoken to an archdeacon. He had evolved the character, he declares, "out of his moral consciousness," and is pleasantly complacent over his creation. Though one would not like to disparage the merits of the performance, the wonder seems to be pretty simple. Trollope had been to Harrow and Winchester, and the headmaster of one had become a dean, and the headmaster of the other a bishop. He afterwards spent two years riding through English country, and a visit, during this period, to Salisbury close, had suggested the first Barchester novel. It is not wonderful that after

such experience, he should have been equal to the costume of archdeacons; and, apart from their costumes, archdeacons are not essentially different, I fancy, from bishops or headmasters, or from the average adult male of the upper classes. Archdeacon Grantly is certainly an excellent and life-like person; an honorable, narrow-minded English gentleman with just the necessary tinge of ecclesiastical dignity. Still, if our hypothetical descendants asked us, Were English archdeacons like that? we should be a little puzzled. If Miss Yonge could be called as a witness to character, she would certainly demonstrate. Archdeacons, she would say, in her time, high-church archdeacons at least, were generally saints. They could be spiritual guides; they had listened to Newman or been misled by "Essays and Reviews;" but had at least been interested in the religious movements of the day. Trollope's archdeacon is as indifferent to all such matters as were the much-reviled dignitaries of an older generation. He is supposed to do his official duties, and he carefully says, "Good Heavens!" where a layman would use another phrase; but he never gives the slightest indication of having any religious views whatever beyond a dislike to dissenters. He has a landed estate, and is as zealous as any squire to keep up the breed of foxes, and he threatens to disinherit his son for making an unworldly marriage as if he were the great Barchester magnate—the Duke of Omnium himself.

I do not presume to inquire how far such a man represents the prevalent type more accurately than the more ethereal divine of pious lady novelists. The Trollope theory of archdeacons might be held to confirm Matthew Arnold's description of the Church as an "appendage of the barbarian;" and the philosophical historian might infer that in the nineteenth century the nor-

mal country farmer was a very slightly modified squire. Perhaps Trollope's view may be a useful corrective to the study of the ordinary lives in which the saintliness of respectable clergymen tends to be a little over-emphasized; still, it omits or attenuates one element—the religious, namely—which must have had some importance in the character of contemporary divines. And what can we say for the young women who charmed his readers so thoroughly? Vulgar satire in those days was denouncing the "girl of the period"—the young lady who was chafing against established conventions of all kinds. The young women of Barchester seem to have been entirely innocent of such extravagance. Trollope's heroines are as domestic as Clarissa Harlowe. They haven't a thought beyond housekeeping or making a respectable marriage. We could hardly expect such delineations of the fair feminine qualities as could be given by feminine novelists alone. We could not ask him for a Jane Eyre, or still less for a Maggie Tulliver. But were the average girls of forty years back made of such very solid flesh and blood with so small an allowance of the romantic? His are so good-natured, sensible and commonplace that he has the greatest difficulty in preventing them from at once marrying their lovers. He has to make them excessively punctilious on some point of their little code of propriety. One is loved by a lord, whose mother objects to a *mésalliance*; another is of doubtful legitimacy, and a third is the daughter of an excellent man whose character is for a moment under a cloud. They have to hold out till their lovers and their lovers' families have got over such scruples, or the cause has been removed. The most popular of all was Miss Lily Dale, whom Trollope himself unkindly describes as "somewhat of a French prig." She will not

marry the man whom she loves because she has been cruelly jilted by a thorough snob, and makes it a point of honor not to accept consolation or admit that she can love twice. Readers, it seems, fell in love with her, and used to write to Trollope entreating him to reconcile her to making her lover happy. Posterity, I think, will make a mistake if it infers that English girls were generally of this type; but it must admit though with a certain wonder that the type commended itself to a sturdy, sensible Briton of the period, as the very ideal of Womanhood, and delighted a large circle of readers.

The prosaic person, it must remember, has a faculty for ignoring all the elements of life and character which are not prosaic, and if Trollope's picture is accurate it is not exhaustive. The weakness thus indicated is significant. Trollope made it a first principle to keep rigorously to the realities of life. He inferred that nothing strange or improbable should ever be admitted. That is not the way to be life-like. Life, as we all find out, is full of the strange and improbable. Every character has its idiosyncrasies; its points of divergence from the ordinary. If the average man, whose qualities are just at the mean between the extremes, who is half-way between genius and idiot, villain and saint, must be allowed to exist, it may be doubted whether he is not, on the whole, more exceptional than the so-called exceptions. Trollope inclines to make everybody an average specimen, and in his desire to avoid exaggeration inevitably exaggerates the commonplaceness of life. He is afraid of admitting any one into his world who will startle us by exhibiting any strength of character. His lovers, for example, have to win the heroine by showing superiority to the worldly scruples of their relations. The arch-

deacon's son proposes to marry a beautiful and specially-virtuous and clever girl, although her father had been accused of stealing. He endangers his prospects of inheriting an estate, but he had, in any case, enough to live upon. Surely some men would be up to such heroism, even though the girl herself hesitates to accept the sacrifice. But, to make things probable, we are carefully told that the hero has great difficulty in rising to the occasion; he has to be screwed up to the effort by the advice of a sensible lady; and even her encouragement would scarcely carry the point, had not the accusation been disproved. In this and other cases, the heroes have all the vigor taken out of them, that they may not shock us by diverging from the most commonplace standard. When a hero does something energetic, gives a thrashing, for example, to the man who has jilted a girl, we are carefully informed that he does it in a blundering and unsatisfactory way.

By the excision of all that is energetic, or eccentric, or impulsive, or romantic, you do not really become more life-like; you only limit yourself to the common and uninteresting. That misconception inspires Trollope's work, and accounts, I suspect, for the decline of our interest. An artist who systematically excludes all lurid colors or strong lights, shows a dingy, whitey-brown universe, and is not more true to nature. Barsetshire surely had its heroes and its villains, its tragedy and its farce, as well as its archdeacons and young ladies bound hand and foot by the narrowest rules of contemporary propriety. Yet, after all, Trollope's desire to be faithful had its good result in spite of this misconception. There are, in the first place, a good many commonplace people in the world; and, moreover, there were certain types into which he could throw himself with real vigor. He can ap-

preciate energy when it does not take a strain of too obvious romance. His best novel, he thinks, and his readers must agree with him, was the "Last Chronicle of Barset." The poor parson, Mr. Crawley, is at once the most lifelike and (in his sense) the most improbable of his characters. He is the embodiment of Trollope's own "doggedness." One fancies that Trollope's memory of his sufferings under the "three hundred tyrants" of his school-days, and of his father's floundering in money matters, entered into his sympathy with his hero. Anyhow, the man with his strange, wrong-headed conscientiousness, his honorable independence, blended with bitter resentment against the more successful; his strong domestic affections, which yet make him a despot in his family, is a real triumph of which more ambitious novelists might be proud. Such men, he might have observed, though exceptional, are far more real than the average persons with whom he is generally content. Another triumph, of which he speaks with justifiable complacency, is the famous Mrs. Proudie. He knew, he declares, "all the little shades of her character." She was bigoted, bullying and vulgar, but really conscientious, no hypocrite, and at last dies in bitter regret of the consequences of her misrule. He killed her because he heard two clergymen in the Athenæum complaining of her too frequent reappearances. But he thoroughly enjoyed her, and continued, as he declares, to "live much in company with her ghost." I should guess, though I cannot speak from a wide personal observation of the class, that no British bishop was ever so thoroughly henpecked as Dr. Proudie. The case was, at any rate, exceptional, and yet, or therefore, is thoroughly lifelike. Mrs. Proudie, that is, is one genuine type, albeit a very rare one, of the Englishwoman of the period, and Trollope

draws her vigorously, because her qualities are only an excessive development of very commonplace failings. In such cases Trollope can deal with his characters vigorously and freely, and we do not feel that their vitality has been lowered from a mistaken desire to avoid a strain upon our powers of belief. He can really understand people on a certain plane of intelligence; pompous officials at public offices, and dull members of Parliament, and here and there such disreputable persons as he ventures to sketch, as, for example, the shrewd contractor in "Dr. Thorne," who is ruined by his love of gin, are solid and undeniable realities. We see the world as it was, only in a dark mirror which is incapable of reflecting the fairer shades of thought and custom.

Hawthorne's appreciation of Trollope's strain was perhaps due in part to his conviction that John Bull was a huge mass of solid flesh incapable of entering the more ethereal regions of subtle fancy to which he was himself a native. Trollope was to him a John Bull, convicting himself out of his own mouth, and yet a good fellow in his place. When our posterity sits in judgment, it will discover, I hope, that the conventional John Bull is only an embodiment of one set of the national qualities, and by no means an exhaustive portrait of the original. But taking Trollope to represent the point of view from which there is a certain truthfulness in the picture—and no novelist can really do more than give one set of impressions—posterity may, after all, consider his novels as

a very instructive document. Perhaps, though it would be idle to prophesy confidently, one remark will be suggested. The middle of the nineteenth century—our descendants may possibly say—was really a time in which a great intellectual, political and social revolution was beginning to make itself perceptible. The vast changes now (that is, in the twenty-first century) so familiar to everybody could then have been foretold by any intelligent observer. And yet in this ancient novelist we see the society of the time, the squires and parsons and officials, and the women whom they courted, entirely unconscious of any approaching convulsions; imagining that their little social arrangements were to endure forever; that their social conventions were the only ones conceivable; and, on the whole, numbers occupied in carrying on business in a humdrum way and sweetening life by flirtation with healthy and pretty young women without two ideas in their heads. Then they will look back to the early days of Queen Victoria as a delightful time, when it was possible to take things quietly, and a good, sound, sensible optimism was the prevalent state of mind. How far the estimate would be true is another question; but Trollope, as representing such an epoch, will supply a soothing if rather mild stimulant for the imagination, and it will be admitted that if he was not among the highest intellects of his benighted time, he was as sturdy, wholesome and kindly a human being as could be desired.

Leslie Stephen.

THE MONTENEGRIN JUBILEE.

Exactly half a century will have passed this autumn since the accession of Danilo the Second to the "rough rock-throne" of Montenegro led to the conversion of that remarkable State from a theocratic government to a temporal principality. Ever since the year 1516 the Black Mountain had been governed by a prince-bishop, or *vladika*; and since 1696 that dignity had been made hereditary in the family of Petrovich, of which the present Prince Nicholas is the worthy descendant. But the inconveniences of a system which prevented the Montenegrin ruler from marrying, the consequent transmission of the hereditary headship of the country from uncle to nephew instead of from father to son, and the banter of the Czar Nicholas the First induced Danilo to change the time-honored practice which had made Montenegro unique among the European States of the nineteenth century. Early in 1852 the new ruler's proposals were accepted by the Montenegrin senate, and it was solemnly announced that Montenegro was a secular State under the hereditary government of a Prince. Since that date the wild and unknown highland principality, which was generally regarded by Europe as a nest of brigands and savages, has entered the great family of European nations, and its reigning house has become connected with some of the most distinguished of European monarchs. Now, therefore, when just fifty years have passed since the accession of the first Petrovich prince and when his nephew and successor, the real founder of modern Montenegro, is about to celebrate his own sixtieth birthday, it may be worth while to trace the progress made in one of the most interesting and least known of existing States.

Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria, nube.

Such was the saying which in by-gone days attributed the piecemeal formation of the Hapsburg dominions to a policy of marriage rather than of war. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, in spite of a recent protest of his affection, does not love the Austrians, whose occupation of the Herzegovina, that cradle of the Petrovich family, he can never forget, and whose representatives at his capital have not been always to his liking; but he seems to have taken to heart the Austrian maxim of matrimonial politics. Neither of his two wars against the Turks, in 1862 and again in 1876-7, though they both attracted the attention of Europe, and the latter ultimately led to the large increase of his territory and its extension down to the Adriatic, has been of such service to him as the possession of seven charming and marriageable daughters. The union of one of them, now dead, with Prince Peter Karageorgevich, the head of the rival Servian family which disputes with the house of Obrenovich the uneasy Servian throne, has placed Prince Nicholas in the position of the near relative of a claimant, possibly in that of a claimant himself, to that troublesome heritage. From time to time the historic dream of a re-union of two Serb States, separated since the fatal field of Kossovo, under the sceptre of a new Dushan, more fortunate than the mediæval monarch of that name, has vexed the pacific slumbers of the Prince. The absence of an heir in the Obrenovich family has led some Servian politicians to cast their eyes on the ruler of Montenegro; and others, aware that Austria-Hungary would

never permit a union of the two Serb States across her possessions, which might serve as a magnet for the Austrian and Hungarian Serbs, have lately talked of the Prince's second son Mirko, now twenty-two years of age, as a possible successor of King Alexander. Prince Mirko is a young man of talent, a poet (like his father) and a musician of distinction, one of whose compositions was recently performed in Rome, and he is sure to play a considerable part in the politics of the Balkans. But neither he nor yet his elder brother, the Crown-Prince Danilo, who was married two years ago to the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, has so far been of such social and political service to his father as the present Queen of Italy. The Italian royal marriage was a love affair of the most romantic character, and ever since the accession of his son-in-law to the Italian throne last year, Prince Nicholas has been a personage of much importance. The quidnuncs credit him with the part of a mediator whenever Italy and Russia are desirous of coming into closer relations with one another, and he has even been assumed, without much evidence it is true, to be desirous of breaking up the Triple Alliance for the benefit of his Russian patron and for the furtherance of his own schemes at the cost of Austria. While he has publicly denied the truth of these rumors, Prince Nicholas has adopted the style of a Royal Highness, nominally to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his own accession last year, really to give himself a social status more in accordance with his altered circumstances. Moreover the marriages of two others of his daughters with connections of the Russian Imperial family, the Grand-Duke Peter Nikolaevich and the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and that of yet a fifth daughter with Prince Francis Joseph of Battemberg (a particular favorite of Queen

Victoria) have brought the ruler of the Black Mountain, whose predecessors were regarded as almost outside the pale of civilization, into close personal relations with the heads of both the Russian and the British Empire. Alexander the Third called him his "only friend;" Nicholas the Second, despite his own pacific aims, has furnished him with rifles and ammunition for his warlike subjects; and the Prince's visit to our late Queen three years ago greatly interested both hostess and guest.

As the Prince has two unmarried daughters in reserve, it is possible that he may add yet further to the already long list of his distinguished sons-in-law. Princess Xenia may perhaps hold sway in Crete, and Princess Vera, at present too young to think of wedlock, may find in due course an orthodox spouse in Holy Russia. At the same time, these matrimonial alliances, like all good things, have had their disadvantages. When Freeman, exactly a quarter of a century ago, wrote in these columns his memorable article on his visit to Montenegro, that country was poor, but the needs of its sovereign were small. At the opening of the twentieth century, the Black Mountain, even though its area has been so much increased since then, is still a poor land in the main, while the expenditure of the reigning family has been inevitably increased. Frequent journeys, undertaken in royal style, occasional hospitalities at Cetinje when everything has to be brought from Cattaro or Ragusa, the erection and furnishing of a palace for the Crown-Prince and his wife, the greater number of diplomatists who are accredited to the village-capital—all these are sources of additional expense. It is said that on one occasion when the Prince returned from one of his European tours, there was only £20 in the treasury. Hence, Montene-

gro, like every other Balkan State, has undergone of late years a financial crisis, which, after attempts to raise a loan in England and France, culminated in the inspection of its finances by a Russian expert. Hopes are, however, entertained of a rich return from the newly discovered deposits of iron ore in the principality, and a narrow-gauge railway, the first ever projected along the granite sides of the Montenegrin mountains, is to be constructed for the purpose of developing them from the inland town of Nikshich down to the beautiful bay of Antivari. There is something incongruous in the association of the steam-engine with the

warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred
years,

but in these days the Prince and his hereditary enemy are on visiting terms, while, in spite of his poetic temperament, the royal dramatist of Cetinje has always had a keen eye to the main chance. He has, no doubt, been partly responsible for the newly developed interest which the Italian Government has been taking in the commercial possibilities of Albania, and he has long cherished the scheme of a great Slav railway which shall unite the Russian, Roumanian and Servian systems with the Adriatic at the now almost deserted port of San Giovanni di Medua, once famous as the scene of Skanderbeg's heroic achievements, where Italy has just established a post-office to supplement the efforts of the new Italian steamship service from Bari to Scutari. But neither funds nor the political good-will of other Powers than Russia are forthcoming for the vast undertaking of the Pan-Slav railway. Meanwhile, like the practical man that he is, the Prince has devoted his energies to the making of roads, and has connected all the principal

towns of his dominion with highways, which are indeed a marvel after the miserable bridle-tracks of Turkey. He avowedly aims at the gradual conversion of his people from the militant to the commercial state of society under the auspices of his benevolent despotism. The philosopher and the economist may rejoice when this transformation is accomplished, but the Montenegro of the future will in that case be a less romantic country than the Homeric land which, till some twenty years or so ago, had been the scene of one long Iliad of war.

But the Prince, though aware of the importance of trade, has not neglected his defences. He has thoroughly reorganized his military system, and at the present moment he could put upwards of forty thousand armed men into the field, who, if useless or nearly so, outside their own country, would rival the Boers at guerilla tactics within its rocky boundaries. Occasional brushes with the Albanians, though much less frequent than of old, still keep the warriors' hands in, and a permanent instructional battalion has been introduced, which is the most lasting memorial of the bicentenary of the Petrovich dynasty five years ago.

Although he personally superintends almost every department of government and takes a deep interest in foreign, and especially English, politics, the Prince has also found time for much literary work. His best known drama, "The Empress of the Balkans," which, written like all his other works in Serb, has been translated into one German and two different Italian versions, deals with the heroic age of Montenegro in the fifteenth century and was composed under the influences of the last war with Turkey. It is thus not only an historical play, but contains obvious allusions to the existing state of the Balkan Peninsula at the time of its composition. In such a

sentiment as that put into the mouth of one of the characters, "Every man of Servia is our brother, whatever be his religion," we may see an allusion to the idea of a great Servian kingdom which shall embrace the Catholic Croats no less than the orthodox Serbs. In the proud boast of a Montenegrin, "Our land, if it be no fountain of riches, yet conceals something great and noble," we may read the Prince's own conviction of Montenegro's inborn superiority over all other Balkan lands. When one of those women of Montenegro, to whom the play is dedicated, complains that "a rapacious people has made its nest in Dalmatia," we may be sure that the royal dramatist is thinking not of Venice but of her Austrian successor, who since 1814 has been his neighbor, and has this summer, by means of the new railway down to the Bocche di Cattaro, made it possible to throw masses of soldiers upon his frontier at that point. "Oh," exclaims Ivan Beg, "Oh, that Bulgarians, Serbs and Croats would give each other their hands in a brotherly embrace and esteem the wisdom of the Greek people! Then, indeed, would very different songs resound from Olympus to the Drave and the riven races would proudly raise their brows, now bent in the dust beneath the cruel yoke;" in these words we can see a hint of that Balkan Confederation which has been the Utopian dream of many a statesman. When another Montenegrin plaintively says, "Not even from our victory can we derive advantage," it is in reality the Prince who is venting his anger upon Europe for handling over the Herzegovina, where the blood of his people was spilled in the last war against the Turks, to the Austro-Hungarian Occupation. Take this again, "The principalities of the Balkans are not great, but neither are they the petty money with which the Princes can pay their debts to the Sul-

tan or to other strangers;" this is, in fact, a protest against the diplomatic practice of treating the Balkan States as pawns or counters in the great game of high politics. In short, the "Balkanska Carica," which has often been performed in the theatre at Cetinje, may be described as the Prince's political creed no less than his dramatic masterpiece. Nor is the plot lacking in interest, with its strong patriotic motive—the refusal of a Montenegrin woman to share with a traitor, her lover, the proffered prize of the Balkan crown. Unfortunately, in translations at least, the drama has not been very successful. At Florence once I bought a copy for a penny from an itinerant vendor who had a whole barrow-load of them. So even a royal author is not sure of readers even in his son-in-law's kingdom; *habent sua fata libelli*. A second drama, published in 1895, and entitled "Prince Arvanit," is also founded on the national history, while his Royal Highness, who had hitherto confined his literary labors to the drama and to poetry, has nearly finished a historical novel upon the foundation of Montenegro. Naturally one who writes in so unfamiliar a language as Serb, is at a great disadvantage outside the limits of the scattered Servian race; but in Dalmatia, in Belgrade and in his own country, the Prince is regarded as the first of living Servian poets. Nor does he disdain the humbler work of journalism. His hand may sometimes be traced in the Cetinje paper, "The Voice of the Black Mountain," and he is supposed to have inspired the ill-starred "Nevesinje," which, after a series of strong attacks on the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, collapsed some two years ago. Few sovereigns have been the objects of more frequent interviews—I have myself more than once had the honor of an audience—and in his case they are never a mere tissue of diplomatic

platitudes. For the Prince, though an excellent diplomatist, does not disdain that plain speaking of which in an earlier age Lord Palmerston was a master; and his eldest son, who recently told an Italian journalist that Austria regarded Montenegro as a carpet over which she could walk into Albania, in this respect, at least, imitates the example of his sire.

That Montenegro has made great progress in the last fifty years is obvious; but it must be admitted that the principality has now reached a critical stage in its development. Prince Nicholas remarked, when he was at Belgrade in 1896, that his people would never consent to do finnick-ing work such as he saw the subjects of King Alexander doing in the cigarette factories of the Servian capital. It cannot fail to be difficult to accustom the warlike sons of Czrnagora to the regular routine of modern business. All their ideas and all their ideals are of the olden time, and a Montenegrin, away from his own country, is apt to grow homesick and to feel himself an exile, even though he be the *kavass* of an Embassy at Constantinople or a policeman in Crete. So long as Prince Nicholas lives, his Montenegrins will cheerfully follow him into whatever channel he chooses to direct their activities; they would prefer fighting to a quiet life, but if a hard fate denies them the joys of Albanian raids or skirmishes with Austrian sentries on the frontier of the Herzegovina, then, to please their lord, or *gospodar*, they will live in peace with their neighbors. But Prince Nicholas will be sixty this autumn and has already been forty-one years upon the throne—a record surpassed by the Austrian Emperor alone among European rulers and very rare in so volcanic a land as the Balkan

Peninsula, where assassination or enforced abdication usually cuts short a sovereign's career.¹ Now the Montenegrin Crown-Prince, though a mighty hunter and a young man of agreeable manners and good education, is not likely to prove a second Nicholas; indeed, there is no doubt that the reigning Prince of Montenegro is a man of exceptional ability, who may well be compared with that able organizer, the King of Roumania, in his very different sphere. Like the late M. Stamboloff, he is, it is true, *un géant dans un entresol*, and has never had full room to stretch his limbs and use his faculties to the extent which would have been possible if he had been the Autocrat of all the Russias, instead of the Autocrat of little Montenegro, "the smallest among peoples" still, despite the Berlin Congress, the Dulcigno Demonstration, and the subsequent delimitations of its territory. Of course the position of a Crown-Prince gives little scope for the display of talents, whether under an absolute or a constitutional government, and Prince Nicholas is not the man to resign any part of his prerogatives to his eldest son. But Prince Danilo is not considered, by those who know him well, to be of the stuff of which great rulers are made, and in the Balkans more than elsewhere princes must be accomplished diplomatists and strong characters, if they wish to hold their own in that maelstrom of intrigue and mutual rivalries which statesmen call the Eastern Question. Besides, success no less than failure, might prove fatal to Montenegro. An enlarged Montenegro would cease to be the Montenegro that we know, and the virtues and qualities that have made and preserved it so far might disappear if it became a second Servia.

¹ The last Prince of Montenegro and Prince Michael of Servia were assassinated; the last King of Greece, the last King of Servia, the last

Prince of Bulgaria, and the last Prince of Roumania, abdicated.

The whole position of affairs in that part of the Balkan Peninsula has been enormously modified since 1878, and not to the advantage of Montenegrin aspirations. From the moment when Austria was confirmed as the successor of Venice, in her possession of Dalmatia, after the nine years' interlude of French rule in that beautiful province between 1805 and 1814, it was clear that, sooner or later, the *hinterland* of the rocky strip of coast would fall to the share of the Hapsburgs. When that event at last occurred, Prince Nicholas found to his infinite disgust that for a decaying Power in the shape of Turkey he had now as neighbor on that side, a civilizing and strong Power, which, shut off from Northern Italy since 1866, had become conscious of its manifest destiny as an Eastern Empire. The patent success of Austro-Hungarian rule in the occupied provinces, despite occasional discontent among the orthodox Serbs fomented by Russian or Russophil papers, has converted a temporary occupation into a practically permanent possession in all but the name. Side by side with this the expenditure of vast sums on the fortifications of the Bocche di Cattaro, which are fast taking the place of Pola as the Austrian Portsmouth, the military railway aforesaid, and the projected extension of the Bosnian railway from Sarajevo to the Austrian outposts in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, all tend to tighten the hold of the Austrian eagle on the Montenegrin frontier. If, therefore, the Prince expects further territorial expansion, he must seek it at the expense of the Turk in Albania. It has, indeed, been a maxim of diplomacy for the last two centuries that, whether he be conquered or be conqueror, the Turk pays, as we saw at the conclusion of the Greco-Turkish war of 1897. In fact, we might parody the familiar

Horatian line and write: "Whatever mistake the Greeks commit, the Sultan is punished." But when it comes to a partition of their country, the Albanians, as they showed Europe in 1880, will have something to say, and that warlike race is probably quite a match for even Prince Nicholas's new-model army with all its Russian rifles. Montenegro, therefore, would appear to have reached its greatest area, and it will be well for the Prince's successors if they take to heart the historic saying of Hadrian on his death-bed not to extend the frontiers of the State. The existing arrangements of Montenegrin society, no less than the hostility of neighboring Powers, would be strong arguments in favor of letting well alone.

Even in so unprogressive a society as that of the warriors of the Black Mountain the last half century has marked the invasion of some modern ideas which are slowly but surely affecting the minds of the people. The national costume, formerly universal all along the Dalmatian coast and in the mountains behind it, has almost entirely vanished from Cattaro, though it is still common at Cetinje. The Prince invariably wears it in his own country; yet I have a photograph of him in ordinary attire when on his way to visit England, and his daughters are said to prefer European dress, which is perhaps natural as the rather unbecoming garb of the Montenegrin women scarcely appeals to the eternal feminine. In the future it is probable, if we may judge by the analogy of most other Balkan States, that the hideous clothes of the Western male will become the fashion in those mountains also, especially as the Crown-Princess can, as a foreigner, scarcely hope to exercise the same influence as that very remarkable lady, the present Princess, who by both birth and ideas is a true daughter of Czrnagora.

As more Montenegrins go abroad to study, it is almost inevitable that, despite their intense love of home and innate conservatism, they should bring back with them some foreign notions which may prove scarcely compatible with paternal despotism. Since the Italian marriage intercourse with Italy has become much more frequent, and it is to be hoped that the sight of the Italian cities will not tend to make the sons of Montenegro discontented with their lot. That was the result of the marriage connection between the former princely family and Venice in the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries, and it ultimately led to the voluntary abdication of the last of the Black Princes and the substitution of the rule of elective Prince-Bishops in his stead. Prince Nicholas is a splendid example to the contrary; for, though educated in Paris, he is a thorough Montenegrin, and holds strong views on the disadvantages of foreign education. But then he is a man of great force of character, who is not easily moulded by his surroundings. The discovery of mines, again, is apt to cause the introduction of some undesirable elements into a primitive society, and the future development of Montenegro, to which Lord Cranborne alluded in the House of Commons last July, when Mr. Sinclair foolishly proposed the abolition of our useful Minister Resident there, can scarcely be accomplished without brushing some of the bloom off the peach. Public education, however, is one of the boasts of the Montenegrin ruler; yet from what I have seen of its results in some other Balkan communities, I doubt whether it will tend to make the people happier. For, whatever may be the case in Western Europe, the effects of our culture upon the virgin soil of the Balkan Peninsula are not always satisfactory. The late King Milan, who had all the advan-

tages of Western training, was a far less reputable ruler than his great predecessor, Milosh, who spent his youth in tending his father's flocks in the Servian valleys, nor can the Parisianized Turk in a black coat compare in respect of sterling qualities, with the untutored peasant who is one of the best soldiers in the world. For in a Homeric society such as Montenegro it is primitive virtues and primitive qualities that are needed; and if such a State once enters on a period of transition, it is apt to lose in rugged strength more than it gains in polish. As it is, the Montenegrins are nature's gentlemen, and in stature and physique they are the worthy descendants of the men who held that spot alone in all the Balkans against the Turkish hosts. But warfare has changed much in these latter days, and bravery and physical prowess are no longer as in the time of the Prince's heroic father Mirko, the victor of Grahovo, the surest weapons in the fight. In internal administration, too, differentiation of functions is sure to go on. As we saw, since 1851, the Prince has no longer been a priest as well; although he is still head of the judicial system, the famous tree outside his palace, under which he used to sit to hear causes, has been lately blown down, and its fall may prove an ill omen for the personal exercise of judicial functions by the ruler. He will probably always continue to lead his people on the field of battle, as every Montenegrin ruler, priestly or lay, has done; but, as has been pointed out, in Montenegro as elsewhere there is a tendency towards the formation of a standing army on European lines.

For every reason it is to be hoped that this most heroic people may preserve its independence and its form of government intact. In these democratic days it is desirable to have a pattern of benevolent autoc-

racy, where the sovereign governs as well as reigns, and the name of Parliament is unknown. No autocrat has better illustrated the practical merits of such a system for a small and primitive State than has Prince Nicholas; and while representative institutions have proved a farce in Bulgaria, and a doubtful blessing in Roumania and Greece, the two best governed Balkan States are precisely those which have been submitted to an enlightened autocracy. In this age of capitalism, small States, like small tradesmen, seem to have a gloomy future before them. But Montenegro's heroic his-

Macmillan's Magazine.

tory entitles her to the perpetuation of that honorable independence which she won by the valor of her own right arm, and the present jubilee of the princely office finds her better known and more highly considered in Europe than she has ever been in all the five centuries of her eventful existence. Let us hope that Prince Nicholas may live long, to give the world practical lessons in personal government, to enrich the literature of the Serb people, and to share with the King of Denmark the congenial part of father-in-law to all Europe.

W. Miller.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK

VI.

As I write, the season is dying, and, before these pages of the log-book reach my reader's eye, it will be dead. Fashionable news trickles slowly to Stuccovia; and we have only just discovered that Society has stolen a march on us, and that, while we have been observing the Court mourning with Chinese exactness, Belgravia has been making merry as if nothing in particular had happened. We hear of "tiny dances," which are only distinguished from ordinary balls by the circumstance that the invitations are sent out on visiting-cards. The Helots of Park Lane have given concerts which cost a thousand pounds apiece; and the most authoritative dames in the peerage have assembled their brisk and modish crowds at Osterley and Syon. It was really too bad of "Classy Cuttings" to put us on the wrong tack by announcing that the King would allow no gaieties this season; but, though Bertha is disappointed, Selina and I are secretly thankful. Ball-going is not much in our way, and

ball-giving even less. Still, we felt that we ought to do our utmost to compensate the dear girl for her disappointments; and we have honestly striven to find fresh outlets for her social instinct. As a rule, the festivities of a Stuccovian July are bounded by Mrs. Soulsby's garden-party, where we eat ices from Whiteley's and listen to the brass band from the Amalgamated Cabdrivers' Orphan Asylum, while the lower orders of the parish rest their elbows on the railing of the Gardens and assail us with flying sarcasms. But this year Mrs. Soulsby, following the example of Lambeth and Fulham, and ignorant of what the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Jersey intended, proclaimed in the Parish Magazine that her party would not take place; so we were driven further afield. The head of my family is a member of the M.C.C., and, as he happens to be fishing in Norway, he was generous enough to give us tickets for the Oxford and Cambridge match. We made up a little party from Stuccovia, and Bertha looked very nice in a white frock with a large bunch of cornflow-

ers. Whether it was purely by accident that young Bumpstead turned up on the Saturday just as we sat down to luncheon I will not venture to say; but Selina gave me a meaning look, and I left the cold chicken and lobster salad to their fate. When play was resumed, I found myself sitting close to Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley, and, though I think her son an odious young snob, I could not help feeling some compassion for him, as his mother surveyed the ground through her *lorgnette*, and emitted a series of shrill comments to which a group of grinning undergraduates listened with palpable delight. The pavilion struck her fancy very much. "What a capital house that must be to see the game from! I see they let windows. Dear Randolph, don't you think you could run across and see how much they charge?" The umpires caught her eye. "Who are those men in white smock frocks? What are they for? Oh! I understand. I suppose one is a Cambridge man and the other an Oxonian. No? They don't belong to either University? Then they don't care which side wins, and that makes them quite impartial. What a capital plan!" The title of "Captain," printed after the name of S. H. Day, filled this intelligent woman with curiosity. "I thought they were all students—why do they have one Army man? I wonder if he is the Captain Day we met at Sandown. I wish I wasn't so shortsighted, for I should recognize him in a minute, and I should like to ask him to tea. Throughout this soliloquy young Bounderley looked exquisitely uncomfortable, but his agony reached its climax when his mother, after intently watching Marsham's second innings, exclaimed with the air of one who suddenly lights on an illuminating discovery: "I tell you what it is. This man means to go on all the evening unless he is stopped. Why don't they take him off and put on another?"

But the match was only one among the many gaieties which Selina, impelled by sisterly affection, provided for Bertha.

The heat of summer suggesting outdoor entertainments, we duly made our way to the Great County Sale at Earl's Court. Selina, who yields to none in her devotion to Royalty, chose a coln of vantage near the entrance, and curtsied into the earth as the Duke of Cambridge passed her. The manœuvre, though well planned and prettily executed, somehow missed its effect, but I could not help thinking that the Royal eye rested rather approvingly on Bertha, who was standing next her elder sister.

I apprehend that Selina thought the same, for she remarked with asperity that some one—I did not catch the name—had "got very old," and that, if he had not been in his dotage, he must have remembered that she had been his *vis-à-vis* in a quadrille at the Loamshire Hunt Ball.

Naturally it was to the Loamshire stall that we first directed our steps, feeling assured of a welcome from the magnates of our own county which would tend to re-establish our self-respect. But somehow the reality did not accord with our anticipations. The Topham-Sawyers, indeed, were very affectionate, and hoped that Bertha was enjoying her visit to us, "in spite of its being such a bad season;" and the wife of the head of my family constrained me to spend ten shillings on a button-hole of her own making. But the daughters of the Lord Lieutenant seemed indifferent to their old neighbors; and all paid what I thought was unnecessary court to a mountainous matron, of aspect more gorgeous than gracious, whose name sounded like "Goldbug," and who, as we subsequently discovered, has taken the principal place in Loamshire for a term of years.

Mrs. Goldbug had a paragraph to her-

self in the next issue of "Classy Cuttings," which described her as clad in "a wonderful dress of softest white silk with innumerable small flounces and an enormous black crinoline hat. Beads, also, of the most gorgeous kind were worn in masses, the chain reaching almost to her feet."

The wearer of the enormous black crinoline hat stared, I thought, rather insolently at Selina, and though the Lord Lieutenant's daughter audibly murmured in her ear the magic words, "Topham-Sawyer," the spell produced no effect. Mrs. Goldbug evidently knew nothing about the county, and cared less. But the county knew all about her, and was working her for all she was worth—which I imagine, was no trifle.

Thus mortified where we ought to have been made much of, we were not long in shaking off the dust of Earl's Court from our feet and plunging into the depths of the Underground. For, indeed, both Selina and Bertha were a little tired by their athletic efforts in the crowd at Stafford House the night before; and it is a characteristic of all the Topham-Sawyers that being tired is with them a synonym for being cross.

As soon as it was announced that the National Life Boat Institution would have a *fête* at Stafford House, Selina resolved to attend it; and though, as a rule, she is economical even to the point of parsimony, she hesitated not a moment in spending four guineas in tickets for herself and Bertha. She had got hold of a story that the house will shortly revert to the Crown, and she was determined, as she said, "to see the dear old place once again." The period at which she was a habitual frequenter of its Scagliola halls she conveniently but vaguely indicates as "those days." At the Cashington's last dinner-party I overheard her pensively murmuring to her neighbor, "No one was so much at Stafford House in those

days. The dear Duchess was the kindest friend I ever had, and wanted to present me, only mamma preferred doing it herself. No, we don't know the present people; and I am not sure we should care to. Everything is so completely changed. But I can't help having a feeling for the house where one spent so many happy hours, and I should like Bertha to see it just for once."

I believe that these romantic reminiscences do not lack a foundation of fact; for the late Mr. Topham-Sawyer sat on a railway board with the late Duke of Sutherland, and his wife and daughters were sometimes asked to the "large parties" at Stafford House. Whether they ever penetrated to the inner circle of the "small parties" is a question which I should not like to put to Selina, for she has a just distaste for morbid curiosity.

So the Pilgrimage of Fashion was duly made, in a neat little vehicle supplied by the Coupé Company, which Selina wisely prefers to the rather mouldy productions of the Stuccovian livery-yard. Selina always looks her best in black, so she was in high spirits and not the least "tired." I satisfied myself that she had got her tickets, five shillings as a provision against emergencies, and the door-key, and then went with a good conscience to my club, dined there in great peace, and finished the evening at "The Man from Blankley's." Next morning both Selina and Bertha breakfasted upstairs, so as to renew their energies for the County Sale, and I had no opportunity of questioning them about the proceedings at Stafford House. But I looked out for "Classy Cuttings" on the ensuing Saturday, and was gratified by perusing a descriptive notice in which, as old-fashioned critics used to say, I was at no loss to distinguish the gifted touch of Mrs. Bottle Green. This lady made her fame by a Romance of High Life, in which people

were summoned to dinner by "the ancestral sound of a gong," and seated themselves on "what looked like dining-room chairs, but, rightly considered, were English History." An authoress thus high-toned is naturally in great demand as a chronicler of social "Functions" (I love that word), and I am told that she sucks no small advantage out of her connection with "Classy Cuttings." She was quite at her best in describing the performance at Stafford House. I transcribe her narrative *verbatim et litteratim*:

The *fête* began at nine o'clock, but hours before then hungry sightseers disposed themselves in Pall Mall, ready to bestow an indiscriminating admiration on the "paying guests" of Stafford House. Two guineas would secure you admission, and those who arrived early enough and took a liberal view of the rights with which two guineas endowed them could shake hands with the Duchess, who stood half-way up the main staircase, and enjoy all kinds of consequent illusions. You might construct a scale of illusion by payment according to this plan—say so many guineas for sitting down to supper next a Royal Duke, and so many for spending the whole evening in the company of a marquis—and I have no doubt that the scale was actually, if insensibly, put into practice to-night. It is said that this is the last day on which Stafford House will be thrown open, and certainly it could not have done itself greater credit for the last time. Vauxhall (as described by Thackeray), Versailles, the entertainments of Sardona Palus—all these names which are connected with brilliant and fantastic entertainments passed through my head as I walked into Stafford House. Constellations of electric lights glowed on the Oriental carpets, the spacious stair, the marble Corinthian pillars, and the pictures after Veronese. The state apartments run round the whole of the first floor, and Louis XIV speaks to you from every chair and from every couch. Up those stairs by Ronald

Moore walked, and since then has walked many a celebrated person known for accidental or intrinsic reasons. To-night—rare occasion—the great glass doors at the foot of the main stairs were thrown open. They are supposed by a tradition to be opened only for Royal persons and for a departing bride. From top to bottom of this stair was a fluid crowd of well-dressed women and men, well-known and otherwise, particularly the former. Such a scene of well-mannered confusion would be difficult to equal.

A fine object of interest for the curious (and for the philosopher, too, perhaps) was the supper tables in the banqueting hall, for which 50*l.* each was paid. A 50*l.* supper table acquires a kind of heroic interest to which it is difficult to do real justice. How mean appeared the 25*l.* supper-tables laid in an annexe of the banqueting hall! although it was argued, I believe, by those responsible for the sale that the sensation of being in the banqueting hall could practically be enjoyed by those in the annexe—the sensation, that is, of being a 50*l.* supper-eater.

The printer may be responsible for "Marselles" and "Sardona Palus," but the moralization at the end is Mrs. Green's, and hers alone. As Mr. Squeers remarked when he smacked Smike's face in the hackney coach, "That's real flesh and blood. I know the feel of it."

The exertion of fighting her way through this brilliant throng proved a little too much for Selina's strength. As I said before, she was "tired" next day; and talked peevishly of being "dragged round London," and "not being made of cast iron." Not content with bewailing her own fatigues, she insisted that Bertha (whose complexion and appetite would seem to indicate the soundest health) was "pulled down," and must see our family practitioner, Dr. Snuffin, whose practice in Stuccovia and the neighborhood rivals that of his celebrated grandfather, Sir Tumley.

Bertha, who, in her native air of Loamshire can hunt all day and dance all night without turning a hair, has a whole-hearted dislike of quinine and cod-liver oil; and though, as a rule, she is properly submissive to Selina while she is under our roof, she now broke out in flat rebellion, and plainly said that if Dr. Snuffin gave her any of his abominations she would pour them down the sink.

Thus defied, Selina (who in the meantime had been exceedingly vexed with Snuffin for suggesting that what she called "nerve-exhaustion" was really dyspepsia, caused by errors of diet at Stafford House) suddenly changed her tune. She said that very likely Bertha was right after all. Certainly Dr. Snuffin was very foolish sometimes. He had a perfect mania for putting everything down to stomach; and, for her own part, she believed that both she and Bertha wanted "tone." She herself felt that she required more exercise than she got in London; and she had some thoughts of going in for "Norwegian gymnastics." At any rate, it could do no harm to hear the lecture on them which was to be given at the vicarage by the lady who invented the system.

To the vicarage accordingly we repaired. Mrs. Soulsby's friends, previously regaled with tea and cress-sandwiches, were ranged round the drawing-room on small cane chairs. Bertha and young Bumpstead shared a sofa. The Vicar leaned statuesquely on the chimney-piece. Silence was proclaimed, and the lecturer took her stand by the piano at the end of the room. She was a good-looking woman whom, but for her Norwegian professions, I should have taken for a true subject of the Kingdom of Cockaigne; no longer as young as she once had been, but still happy in the possession of a waist which did infinite credit to her method. She began by saying that most systems

of gymnastics failed because they were too ambitious. They taught us to walk, to run, to climb, to lift weights, to vault over bars, but they all forgot the indispensable preliminary. They did not teach us to stand. He, and more particularly she, who knew how to stand properly, knew the secret of strength, of health and of beauty. If we would do her the honor to look at her we should see what right standing really was. The feet planted firmly and flatly on the floor—high heels were anathema. The body upright as a column, the head thrown back, the chest well expanded and distended. Thus every organ of the body was thrown into its proper place; every muscle did its appointed work; every breath was a pleasure, every movement a picture. But important as all this was for health, for activity and for beauty, it was more important still as a contribution to national well-being, and the physical excellence of Englishmen yet unborn. "I appeal," cried the lecturer, warming to her work, "I appeal to all good citizens, and to those who care for the highest interests of the next generation. I address myself, not to mere *parents*—for the thoughtless rabbit, the mocking ape, the vain-glorious peacock, these are *parents*—but to those who in the truest and highest sense are mothers—to you, Madame," with an imperial sweep of her hand towards old Miss Wigmore (a cousin of Selina's through the Harley-Bakers) who shuddered at the appeal, and turned timidly towards Selina for protection. But at this moment a half-checked giggle burst from the corner where Bertha had been sitting, and I heard young Bumpstead on the stairs informing the waiter (who also keeps the square tidy and blows the organ) that he could not have stuck it a minute longer—not for all the money in the bank.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is reported to have completed his first long serious novel; but it will probably be found to be not too serious.

The British Society of Authors has offered to erect a monument in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral as a memorial to Sir Walter Besant.

The perennial charm of the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare" is indicated by the fact that three new editions were published in London last month.

A paragraph has been in circulation, to the effect that Mr. Thomas Hardy had given up writing novels; but the statement is denied on the best authority, that of Mr. Hardy himself.

Another volume of essays by the late Professor Max Müller is in preparation for the press. It includes papers on Buddhism, the religions of China and cognate subjects.

An International Congress of Historical Sciences is to be held at Rome next spring. Count Enrico di S. Martino, Municipal Assessor of Rome, is the president of the executive committee.

An unusual instance of literary collaboration is the work of two clergymen, the Rev. Freeman Wills and the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, in dramatizing Stanley Weyman's novel, "Count Hannibal."

Mr. F. C. Burnand, editor of "Punch," who will be remembered for his many "Happy Thoughts," has had another, in the form of a resolve to publish his reminiscences. Mr. Bur-

nand has had a wide literary acquaintance, and he has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote to draw upon.

The death is announced of Michel Balucki, one of the most eminent Polish authors, a prolific writer of romances, poetry and theatrical pieces, few of which are known outside of his own country.

The Vatican Press has issued a specially printed edition of Leo XIII's "New Century Ode" together with the various translations of it made into foreign tongues. A copy of the work has been sent to each translator.

The Crown Prince of Siam is entering the field of literature, like other royalties. He is about to publish a collection of essays on "The War of the Polish Succession," which represents the fruits of his studies at Oxford.

It seems odd to see Miss Johnston spoken of in English literary journals as "the author of 'The Old Dominion' and 'By Order of the Company,'" until it is remembered that those were the titles which, because of conflict with the titles of books earlier published, were given in England to "The Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and to Hold."

"The Oxford English Dictionary" gives Mr. J. G. Holyoake in the "Daily News" of March 13, 1878, as the first authority for the use of the word "Jingo" in its now accepted sense. But the word was used by Sir George Trevelyan in a speech at Selkirk, which was reported in the "London Times" of January 12, 1878; and it was proba-

bly from him that Mr. Holyoake borrowed it.

The editor of an English boys' paper has started a subscription list, to raise a testimonial from British boys to Jules Verne. M. Verne is somewhat out of vogue now, but if all readers who have enjoyed his daring creations were to contribute to this fund, it would reach generous proportions.

"The Academy" recently made an attempt to keep pace with the extraordinary issue of new novels by issuing a Fiction Supplement; but the attempt was futile, for in four days after the Supplement was ready there arrived thirty-one additional volumes of new fiction, beside several dozen bulky tales for boys and girls.

All great men have their caprices. Mr. Richard Croker's, it appears, is the collection of cartoons of which he is himself the central figure. Out of the abundant material at his disposal, he has recently selected three hundred and has had them privately printed in a volume for distribution among his friends. Clearly, there is no accounting for tastes.

"The Academy" reports that the Dante cult was never more prosperous than now. Among seventy new members of the Dante Society are H.R.H. the Duke of Abruzzi, Count Costa, Count Plunkett, Lord Windsor, Mr. Choate, the Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Mr. Paget Toynbee, Mr. Asquith and Prof. Saintsbury.

It is announced that Madame Psichari, the daughter of M. Renan, with the co-operation of her husband, is preparing for the press a volume of the great writer's letters to his mother, written when he had to choose, in his

youth, between the Church and a life devoted to science. It is said that the letters are written with great tenderness.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's play on the subject of Francesca da Rimini, which was written for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, was originally in English. A rough French version which Mr. Crawford read to Madame Bernhardt, was written by the author himself, but the actual version to be played will be made by Monsieur Marcel Schwob, and will be merely an accurate translation of Mr. Crawford's work.

The late Ameer of Afghanistan is best known to literature by his naïve and curious autobiography, published about a year ago. But in 1887 he edited a pamphlet, for which a committee of thirteen Mullahs had collected the material, inciting true believers to make war upon infidels. For the peace of Afghanistan and the neighboring countries it is to be hoped that the teachings of this volume have not sunk too deeply into the heart of Habibulla, the Ameer's son and successor.

The original readers of Samuel Richardson's writings were people who took their fiction very seriously. According to Miss McKenna's biography, which prefaces the new edition of the novels, the furore created by "Pamela" was so great that at Slough the village blacksmith undertook to read the story aloud for the benefit of his less-lettered neighbors, who every evening gathered round the forge for the purpose. So intense was the excitement manifested when Pamela was finally married to her pursuer that the general joy found expression in ringing the church bells as for a festival.

Not many people, probably, are aware that there is a Leo Tolstoy *fla*

as well as a Leo Tolstoy *père*. But it appears that there is, and that the younger Tolstoy is a writer as well as his father. He has been annoyed, it seems, because his writings have been in some instances attributed to the elder Tolstoy; and he writes to the "Vossische Zeitung" to suggest that in future any of his books, if translated into German, should be designated as by "Leo Tolstoy son." What Leo Tolstoy senior thinks of the confusion of identities does not appear.

That ingenious and versatile writer, Mr. H. G. Wells, made his start in letters by editing the "Student's Magazine" at the Royal College of Science. Afterward he contributed to the educational papers with slight pecuniary reward. His first success was a metaphysical article in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1890. His first book was a "Text-Book of Biology." In 1895 he began to devote himself to novel-writing, and he published four different volumes that year with as many publishers. In 1896 appeared "The Wheels of Chance," and in 1898 "The War of the Worlds."

The gratitude given to the maker of a successful compilation is woefully out of proportion to the service rendered, but of the hundreds who have gone for comfort and courage to the little volumes called "Quiet Hours" and "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," there should be some who remember Mary Wilder Tileston with warm appreciation, and will be heartily glad to see her name on a fresh title-page. "Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day" provides for each day in the year a Scriptural passage as the keynote of thought, and follows it by at least one selection, in prose or verse, from other sources. Among the authors quoted are Kingsley, Baxter, Fénelon, Drummond, Emerson, Bushnell, Trench and

Swedenborg, with a good representation of those still living. One could use a book like this for years without wearying of it. Little, Brown & Co.

Full of judicious, practical suggestion, and yet moving along higher levels of feeling and aspiration than many books with kindred titles, is "Thoughts for Every-day Living," the compilation "from the spoken and written words of Maltbie Davenport Babcock," which Charles Scribner's Sons publish. The personality unconsciously revealed in these extracts from sermons, addresses and private correspondence abundantly explains the remarkable expressions of grief and dependence called forth at the time of Dr. Babcock's tragic death. Searching, stimulating and inspiring his preaching must have been; but, above all, sincere. This little volume will extend his helpfulness to a wider audience.

Mr. E. V. Lucas communicates to "The Athenæum" an interesting account of his discovery of a hitherto-unknown little book by Charles Lamb. The title is "The King and Queen of Hearts with the Roguerles of the Knave Who Stole the Queen's Pies, Illustrated in Fifteen Elegant Engravings." It is a metrical and amusing expansion of the old nursery tale, obviously written for the illustrations. It was printed in London in 1809; and a reference to it, in a letter written by Lamb to Wordsworth, clearly avows Lamb's authorship of it. The British Museum lists yielded no reference to the book; but the copy which Mr. Lucas describes turned up in an auction sale of the late Andrew W. Tuer's children's library, last year.

In "An Oklahoma Romance" Helen Candee Churchill has woven some of the most picturesque incidents attending the great "Run" into a story in

which claim contests, shootings, jail-breakings, cyclones and floods follow one another with a rapidity which facts, perhaps, forbid to call sensational. Charming bits of description, with some very pretty love-making, relieve the harshness of the plot, and the characters of both hero and heroine are well imagined. The book is a readable one in spite of obvious crudities, and shows distinct promise. The Century Co.

Latest in the Macmillan Company's series of "New Testament Handbooks" comes "The Teaching of Jesus," by Prof. George Barker Stevens of Yale, who will be remembered with especial gratitude by many readers in connection with his remarkably stimulating and suggestive paraphrase of the Pauline Epistles. His present volume groups under such chapter headings as "The Methods of Jesus' Teaching," "Jesus' Attitude Toward the Old Testament," "The Son of Man," "The Natural and Spiritual Worlds," and "The Value and Destiny of Man," the most significant passages from the Gospels; compares or contrasts them with the Jewish thought of the period; outlines briefly the different interpretations given by the critics to those in dispute, and suggests concisely and with candor the writer's own. The text is admirably adapted to the general reader, while the footnotes contain references for collateral study which will make the volume a serviceable addition to the clergyman's library.

A real treasury of legend and lore is "The Fireside Sphinx," the volume which Agnes Repplier dedicates to the memory of that little gray cat, Agripina, whom her readers will recall as the subject of one of her most charming essays. The cat of antiquity—Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman; the cat of the dark ages, poor, persecuted

creature, "bearing the burden of man's devout distaste for his neighbor's creed;" the cat of mediæval and modern art; the cat in popular superstitions; the cat as she has left her mark on language; Dr. Johnson's cat, and Cowper's, and Carlyle's, and Whately's, and a score or two of other cats whose fame humans share; the cat of France with a chapter to herself, and the cat of to-day with another—all are described with a variety of anecdote and quotation which the individuality of Miss Repplier's style saves from any suggestion of the scrap-book or pigeon-hole. The illustrations by E. Bonsall are in striking accord with the sentiment of the text. It is a pleasure to linger over them. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It will take more than the intelligence of the average reader to trace the line that divides fiction from fact in Pauline Bradford Mackie's striking book, "The Washingtonians." A story of the early sixties, it introduces President Lincoln by name, and a prominent member of his Cabinet under the slightest of disguises, while it takes the secretary's daughter—a conspicuous figure in her day—for its heroine. The plot follows the ambitions of this brilliant woman, and ends abruptly with the collapse of the movement which was to have secured a presidential nomination for her father. The narrative interest is comparatively slight—perhaps because it runs so closely to familiar history, but the book makes a deeper impression, notwithstanding, than many more pretentious. In its group of character studies, unusual powers of insight and portraiture are shown, and the appeal made to the sympathies is of a peculiarly poignant quality. "The Washingtonians" is a notable addition to the long list of novels whose scene is laid at the national capital. L. C. Page & Co.

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CONTENTS.

I. British Foreign Policy. BY A.B.C., ETC.	<i>National Review</i>	141
II. Down the Danube in a Canadian Canoe. I. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (To be concluded)	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	153
III. Bishop Westcott.....	<i>Church Quarterly Review</i>	161
IV. Art and Usefulness. I. BY VERNON LEE...	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	172
V. Household Art. BY AUSTIN DOBSON		182
VI. Of the Personal Element in History. BY EMILY LAWLESS <i>Nineteenth Century and After</i>		183
VII. Examination Blunders.....	<i>Spectator</i>	190
VIII. Dickens and Modern Humor	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	192
IX. The Empress Frederick.....	<i>Quarterly Review</i>	199
X. To a Tudor Tune. BY FORD M. HUEFFER	<i>Academy</i>	217
XI. A Privileged Communication. BY ELLEN ADA SMITH <i>Longman's Magazine</i>		217
XII. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Place in Literature. BY D. F. HANNIGAN <i>Literature</i>		225
XIII. Some of My Personal Recollections of Cardinal Newman. BY SIR ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT, BART.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	229
XIV. Life in Labrador. BY W. T. GRENFELL.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	240
XV. A Religion of Murder	<i>Quarterly Review</i>	249
XVI. The Evening Hour. BY ANNIE L. KNOWLES.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i>	258
XVII. Omens at Coronations. BY CHARLES BENHAM <i>Nineteenth Century and After</i>		258
XVIII. Did Shakespeare Write Bacon? BY LESLIE STEPHEN <i>National Review</i>		264
XIX. A Londoner's Log-Book. VII.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	268
XX. The Russian Trans-Asiatic Railway.....	<i>Speaker</i>	275
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.....		278

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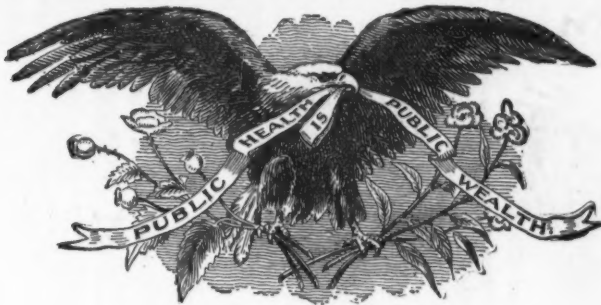
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